Does Al Smith Hold the Winning Cards?

by Jay Franklin

Liberty

5c

WEEK
ENDING
MAY 7, 1932

America's Best Read Weekly

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE

Leslie
Thrasher

Faces that laugh at weather *are shaved*

with Barbasol

Take a tip
from veteran sportsmen —

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!

Barbasol prevents dry, harsh, weather-etched skin — insures a soft, smooth, pliant face and weather-proof complexion

WHERE fish are game and winds are keen, long hours in the open roughen and weather-mark unprotected skin.

Here's a tip from veteran sportsmen to every out-of-doors man — SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Use Barbasol, which increasing millions have made the world's largest-selling shaving cream.

Once you have tried it you'll wonder at the punishment you took from old-fashioned shaving methods. You'll throw away that shaving brush and banish tender face for good.

Because it *is a cream,* and free from biting, soapy alkalis, it provides marvelous protection and balm-like healing power against the marks that weather scores on out-of-doors faces.

Barbasol softens the whiskers instantly, yet holds the hairs straight up for a clean, close shave. And your razor clips them off, crisp and easy, without pull or scrape.

Just use it right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd: **1.** Wet your face and leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. (No need for vigorous rub-in.) **3.** Wet a good blade — and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists, 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

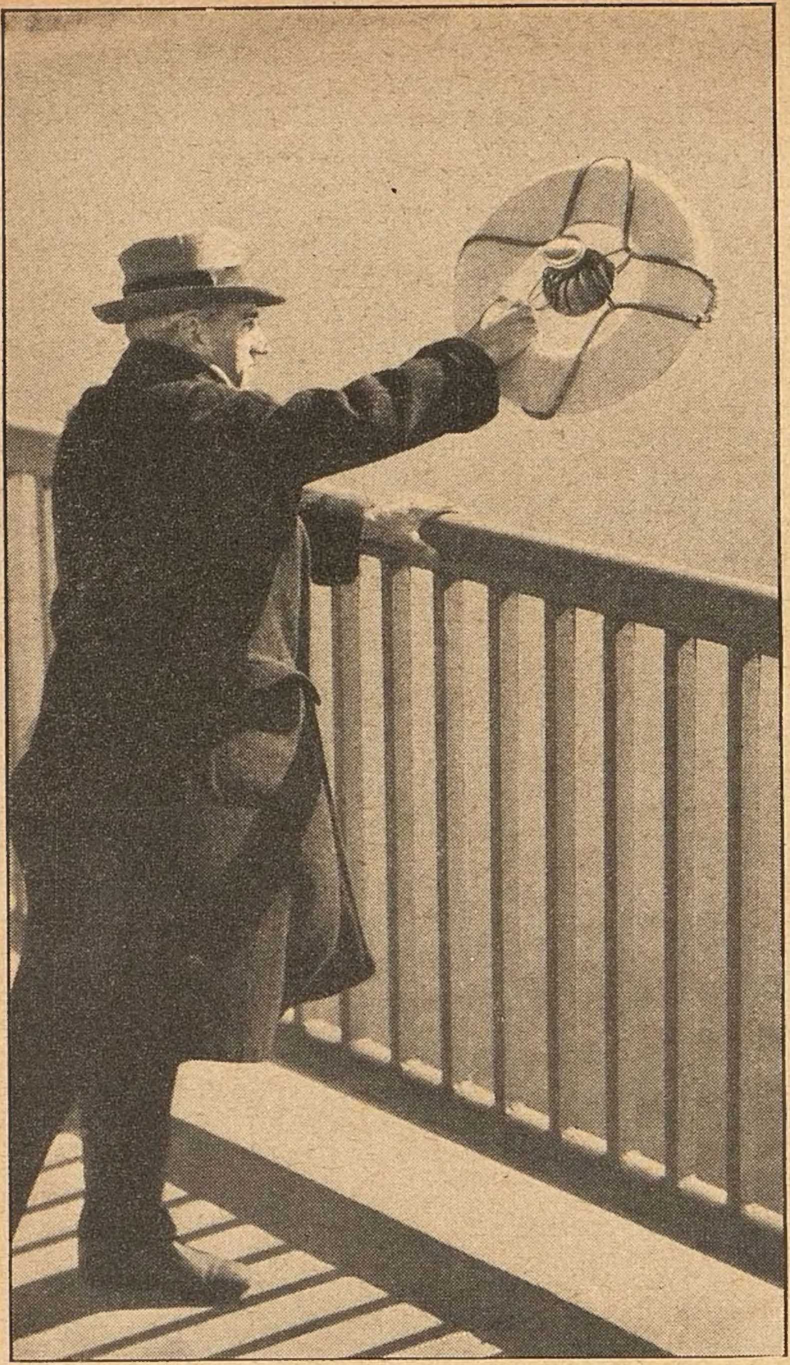
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers — mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations



Skipper John Lynch rescues Pocket Ben from the Hudson River. The George Washington Memorial Bridge, scene of Pocket Ben's daring leap, is in the background.

• •

Mr. Leo Geenens, Superintendent of the George Washington Memorial Bridge over the Hudson river, hurls Pocket Ben 260 feet to the water below.

POCKET BEN LEAPS FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Does "Steve Brodie" 260 feet into Hudson River but still keeps accurate time

NEW YORK, N. Y. (*Special*). In his search for "stunts" to prove his sturdy worth, Pocket Ben leaped from the new George Washington Memorial Bridge 260 feet into the Hudson River—and lived to tell the time!

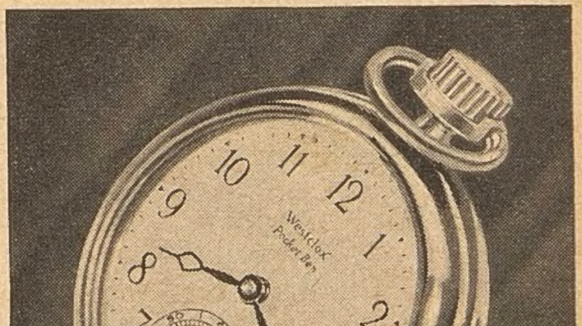
Exactly at 11:50 Pocket Ben was sealed in a rubber sack and wired to a life preserver. Then Leo Geenens, Superintendent of the gigantic new bridge, took charge. A crowd gathered. Ready? One . . . two . . . three . . . and Pocket Ben was tossed far out into space.

Down . . . down . . . down . . . turning and whirling through the air. A loud splash and flying spray as Pocket Ben dived into the river. Then he bobbed to the surface and began drifting down stream with the outgoing tide. Was it possible Pocket Ben could survive the terrific jolt of that fall?

A rescuer was waiting in the Hudson. Skipper John Lynch stood at the bow of his cruiser, "Helys," boat hook in hand to pull Pocket Ben out of the water. With a long sweep he landed the watch on deck. And in another moment the sack was unsealed. There was Pocket Ben still ticking away merrily and on time to the dot—12:06 p. m.

Pocket Ben tells you the correct time wherever you go. He is faithful. He is dependable. And you'll be proud to show the slim, handsome fellow in the most polite circles.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
LaSalle, Illinois
Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited
Peterborough, Ontario



Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands. Convenient pull-out set. Tested in three positions. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Ill. **$1.50**

POCKET BEN

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Another sturdy, reliable watch
The Westclox Dax $1.00.

MAY 7, 1932 **Liberty** VOL. 9 No. 19

America's Best Read Weekly

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE HORRORS OF AERIAL WARFARE

There was a time when humans fought with nature's weapons—bare hands and teeth, and the crushing power of mighty, muscular arms. Then stones and clubs and rude weapons came into being.

With the advancement of civilization we have passed from the flintlock rifle to the machine gun. But now even this last-named weapon, which can lay low an army as a harvester mows wheat, has lost some of its efficiency with the coming of the airplane.

Aviation has opened up a new world. From the beginning of time, to fly has been man's outstanding ambition. To fly like a bird is one of the first desires of a growing boy, and now we fly from five to ten times faster than a bird; we can skim through the air like a rocket. And these swift-moving aërial engines, when manned with bombs, and machine and other guns, are the deadliest weapons man has ever devised.

And when poison-gas bombs are added to this array of offensive powers, it is indeed a combination that should be able to wipe out every semblance of human life in any of our cities within a few hours.

It is generally acknowledged that the various foreign countries are far better prepared than we are for aërial defense. Doubtless there is truth in the statement that the nations of the world are too poor to go to war at this time. But war has been known to be one method of acquiring wealth, especially when a wealthy nation can be easily conquered.

National defense at this time means first and foremost the building up of our air forces. Through the aid of sound and motion pictures the entire civilized world has been given the opportunity of seeing the horrible devastation and loss of human life from aërial attacks by the Japanese in their recent conflict with China.

Entire cities were destroyed; in a few hours the buildings of a community of more than half a million people were leveled to the ground by fire and explosives; hundreds were killed and wounded; many were killed as they fled for safety in the streets.

And a view of the wreckage of this catastrophe is all that is needed to convince any well informed citizen of the need for protection against such brutal warfare.

Our aviation experts tell us that our cities are not properly protected at this time against such warfare. New York City, with its teeming millions, would be at the mercy of an aërial attacking force. And its huge skyscrapers would be a thrilling target for an enemy.

And Japan loves war. Any nation of people just emerging from a semisavage state is inclined to glorify armed force. In a recent election in Japan it was stated that the political party in favor of war piled up huge majorities.

And then there is China, the slumbering giant, with its hundreds of millions of inhabitants. They might awaken at any time. And their appetite for conquest may be made more active by the record made by their soldiers in their recent conflict with Japan.

And no one knows what Russia may decide to do when the great problems within its own country have been satisfactorily solved.

It is said that we have a larger number of air pilots in this country than any of the European nations have, but we do not have the aviation equipment. In virtually every foreign nation bonuses of various kinds are offered to encourage aviation. There are no such inducements in this country, which indicates a lack of foresight on the part of our officials that is indeed deplorable.

There is no country in the world where aviation receives greater appreciation than here in these United States. Lindbergh fired the enthusiasm of every growing boy, and the average boy of today takes to the air like a duck takes to water. Our officials should be given the power by Congress to encourage " air-mindedness " to the last degree. Our future salvation as a nation depends upon impregnable air forces.

Flying is said to be safer even now than automobile travel. European aërial statistics maintain that the regular air-transport service is sixty times safer than riding in an automobile. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but the time will undoubtedly come when travel through the air will be the safest mode of transportation. And if something is not accomplished toward the advancement of this phase of our national defense, every official in this division of our government should be requested to study the motion pictures of the aërial catastrophes of the Japanese-Chinese warfare until they are properly impressed with the terrors of aërial conflict.

We, as a nation, should be protected from the possibility of such an attack. And there is only one protection—an air force greater in numbers and more complete in equipment than any possible opponent who might attack us. It will be freely admitted that there is no present danger of an attack of this kind, but no one knows what may happen within the next few years. And it takes many years to properly train and equip an aërial army.

And it is protection of this sort that we should demand from our Congressional representatives.

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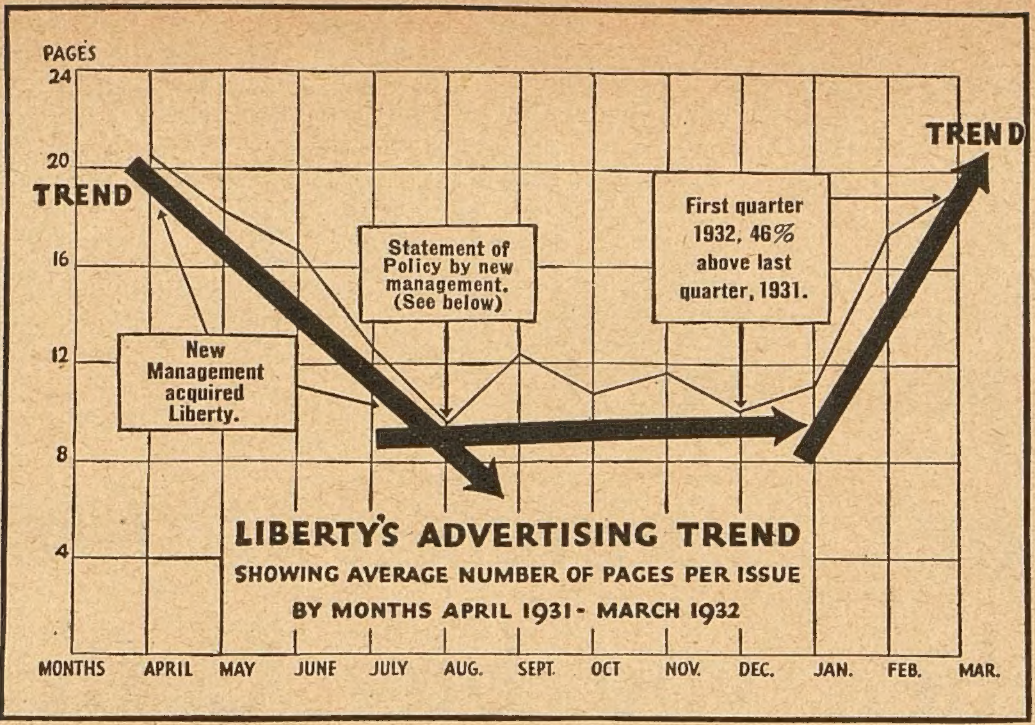
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



Liberty's First Quarter Closes (1932)

46% Above Last Quarter (1931)

Liberty's Advertising Trend Reversed

THE above chart shows how advertisers have begun switching to Liberty. Note the trends shown:

First, April through August, 1931: Liberty was acquired by new management in April, 1931. Contracts through August issues had already been placed.

Second, September through December, 1931. The official statement of policy by the new management had been presented:

a. Liberty's editorial policy of dramatic, concise, human stories and features, paced to the Post-War public, successful in having built nearly two and one-half million circulation, the greatest voluntary issue-by-issue demand ever received by any magazine, was to be continued. And was to be improved upon in accordance with many suggestions made.

b. Liberty's paper stock and printing standards were to embark upon a plan of consecutive improvements.

c. Liberty's business policies were to be standard, uniform and consistent with the best interests of its advertisers.

Third, January through March, 1932. The new management had made public the results of its comprehensive program of investigation to uncover Liberty's profit possibilities for advertisers. One must remember that Liberty had been acquired solely on the knowledge that more men and women were asking for Liberty every week than any other magazine published. It was felt that such public support must have a significance for advertisers. During the summer of 1931, therefore, Dr. George Gallup, Professor of Journalism and Advertising at Northwestern University, was given a free hand to find out Liberty's possibilities as an advertising medium. The Association of National Advertisers was asked officially to observe Dr. Gallup's work.

Dr. Gallup and his staff used the method for which he is famous. Instead of soliciting reader votes, guesses or opinions, the investigators visited nearly 15,000 men and women, found the readers of the leading mass weeklies, leafed through their magazines with them, page by page, checked every single editorial and advertising item that had been seen or read.

They visited six cities, checked six consecutive issues of the four mass weeklies.

And six times the findings agreed.

Not only were Liberty's editorial pages found better read (a situation pre-ordained by Liberty's greater week-by-week public demand) but Liberty's advertising pages were found to have stopped:

48% more persons than in Weekly A
23% more persons than in Weekly B
112% more persons than in Weekly C

In times like these when (a) sales are slow, (b) advertising appropriations are being watched more closely, (c) people are diverted from magazine reading by motor cars, movies and radios, is it any wonder that advertisers should be interested in a magazine thus *proved* to be in tune with the times, thus established as enjoying the greatest degree of reader attention?

Is it any wonder that advertisers should be attracted not only by Liberty's lowest-page-per-thousand-cost-among-major-magazines, but by the possibility of *doubling* the number of persons who would actually SEE their advertisements, without spending an advertising dollar more?

On the theory that these new *facts* on how many persons actually *see* an advertisement would prove more persuasive than habit or tradition in 1932, Liberty deliberately set its 1932 advertising quota 15 percent above 1931 billing. Now January, February and March have already closed with billings 22 percent, 13 percent and 19 percent respectively *above* their quotas. First quarter of 1932 shows billing nearly 50 percent over last quarter 1931.

The big parade has started. And it is a parade following the tune not of big bass drums, but of the measured ring of dollar profits. Advertisers interested in facts and figures as a basis for Post-Depression activities are invited to write for more information. Address, Liberty, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Some of LIBERTY'S *Quota Busters*

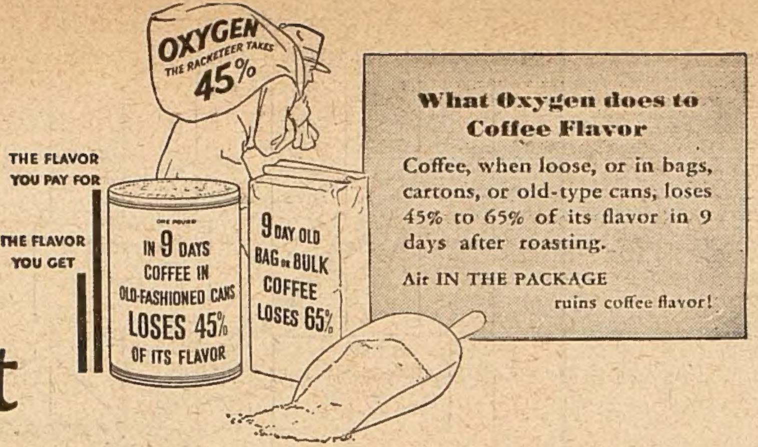
New

Colgate's Shaving Cream
Del Monte Products
Dill's Best Tobacco
General Electric Hotpoint Range
General Electric Hotpoint Appliances
General Electric Refrigerator
Heinz Spaghetti
Hind's Greaseless Texture Cream
Hit-of-the-Week Records
Hyvis Motor Oil
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
International Sterling Silver
Kroehler Furniture
Lavoris
Lysol
Maxwell House Coffee
Modess
Morton's Salt
Post's Bran Flakes
Postum
Royal Typewriter
Seiberling Tires
Vick Chemical Company

◆

Returned with Increase

Beeman's Pepsin Gum
Camel Cigarettes
Chesebrough Vaseline Hair Tonic
Chesterfield Cigarettes
Coty Preparations
Dentyne Gum
Ethyl Gasoline
Forhan's Tooth Paste
General Electric Radio
Grape-Nuts
Heinz Beans
Kleenex
Kotex
Mum
Philco Radio
Spud Cigarettes
Zonite

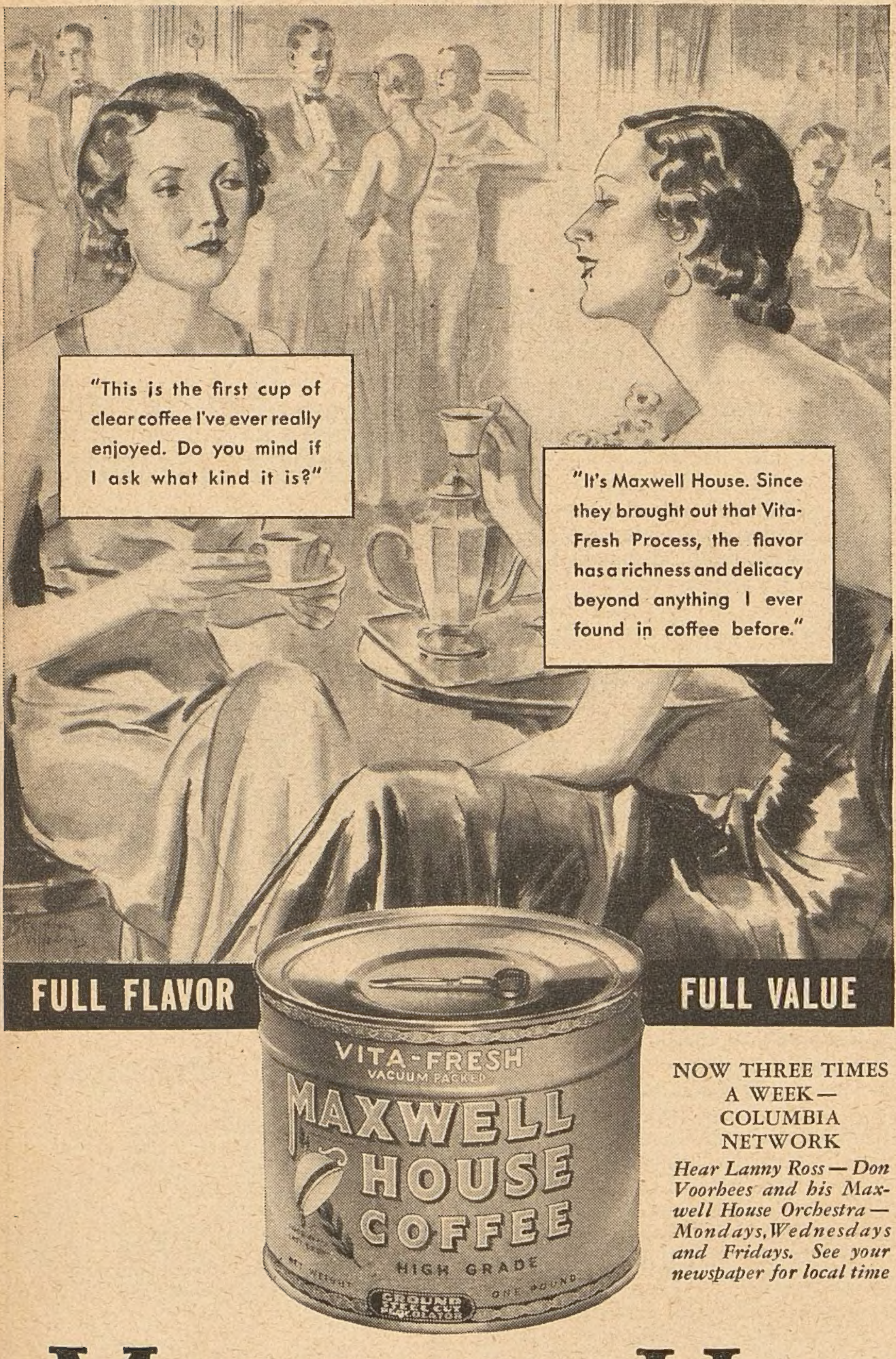

OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45%
THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
ONE POUND
IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
9 DAY OLD BAG OR BULK COFFEE LOSES 65%

What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor

Coffee, when loose, or in bags, cartons, or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.

Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

If you want full flavor . . . *watch out for Oxygen* when you buy Coffee


"This is the first cup of clear coffee I've ever really enjoyed. Do you mind if I ask what kind it is?"
"It's Maxwell House. Since they brought out that Vita-Fresh Process, the flavor has a richness and delicacy beyond anything I ever found in coffee before."
FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE
VITA-FRESH VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
ONE POUND
GROUND

NOW THREE TIMES A WEEK—COLUMBIA NETWORK

Hear Lanny Ross — Don Voorhees and his Maxwell House Orchestra — Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. See your newspaper for local time

Only Maxwell House is completely protected against Oxygen, the flavor racketeer . . . by the VITA-FRESH *Process*

OXYGEN is the relentless foe of coffee flavor. The very minute coffee comes from the roasting oven, Oxygen, in the air, begins to steal away its flavor.

So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for.

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

The finest coffee blend achieves a new deliciousness

Imagine this famous Southern blend as it comes from the roasting ovens saturated with delicious fragrance, aroma, and flavor. Then imagine it whisked by some instant magic directly to your kitchen. That, in its results, is what the Vita-Fresh Process accomplishes. It adds a new deliciousness to the most delectable of all coffees.

Ask your grocer today for a pound of Maxwell House. Serve it for dinner tonight, then listen for the little chorus of surprise and delight that is sure to greet its smooth, full-flavored perfection.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A GENERAL FOODS PRODUCT

Good to the last drop

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

Acme photo

DOES *Al Smith* *Hold the Winning* CARDS?

A Frank Appraisal of the Happy Warrior's Chances of Dictating Who Shall Be the Democratic Nominee for President

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 12 minutes 35 seconds.)

EIGHT years ago, Alfred Emanuel Smith, wet, Governor of New York State, Tammany politician, wearer of the brown derby and product of the East Side and the Fulton Fish Market, strove for the Democratic nomination for President. In the Madison Square Garden convention he was brought to a standstill by William Gibbs McAdoo and yielded to a compromise candidate who was easily beaten by Calvin Coolidge.

Four years ago, the same Al Smith—McAdoo being out—was nominated by the Democratic convention at Houston, Texas. His brown derby became a symbol of the revolt of the city-bred, the aliens, and the wets against the complacent forces of the dry countryside. He made a game campaign and was shatteringly defeated by Herbert Hoover, although Smith received nearly six million more votes than had ever been cast for a Democratic Presidential candidate.

It seemed to be the end. Al Smith was through. Now,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOES AL SMITH HOLD THE WINNING CARDS?
Continued from page seven

four years after Herbert Hoover crushed him in the most dreadful political defeat the Democrats had suffered in fifty years, Al Smith has lifted his head and has refused to admit that he is a Presidential has-been. On February 8 he published an "I-might-choose-to-run" statement which has made him available for the Democratic nomination after months of sitting on the fence, while his friend, Franklin Roosevelt, was headed for the nomination.

The statement, backed by the memory of Smith's fifteen million votes in 1928, has proved a political bombshell. The "Block Roosevelt" movement came to life with a vengeance, and the Hoover Republicans cheered up, while the Southern and Western Democrats began looking anxiously to their lines of communication.

The old brown derby is no longer Smith's political tombstone, and the man who played the part of the corpse at the big wake of 1928 may be leading the political parade in 1932. Even while Roosevelt continues to gain delegates, the threat of divided support from New York may prove fatal to his candidacy, leaving Smith—if not the nominee himself—able to dictate the nomination. Not since Bryan came back, after his fatal Free Silver campaign of 1896, to give the Democratic Party two more personally conducted tours to defeat, has America seen anything quite like it.

The political resurrection of Al Smith is the most important event in recent national politics. Al is, first of all, the only Democrat in sight who might block the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt. Smith's statement—dog-in-the-manger as many Roosevelt men regard it—is the first real menace to the Roosevelt boom. Smith is solid with the Raskob crowd, which controls the Democratic national organization and which holds the party mortgages. The Raskobites don't like Roosevelt, never have, and never will. They regard him as an outsider, too independent.

Smith may not finally get the nomination, but he can at least split Roosevelt's New York support simply by being "available"; he can divide Roosevelt's strength in the wet East and he may be able to force the selection of a candidate who will sign on the dotted line and do right by our Nell.

There is no gratitude in politics. Roosevelt put Smith's name in nomination in 1924 and 1928 and ran for Governor in 1928 at Smith's urgent request. Smith was defeated; Roosevelt was elected and reëlected. Smith didn't quite like it. Last year he opposed Roosevelt's policy on reforestation, only to have the New York voters agree overwhelmingly with Roosevelt. The appearance of his "might-choose-to-run" statement has caused his name to be entered for the primaries in several states where Roosevelt had a chance to overcome the Raskob opposition, and while the first tests—in Maine and New Hampshire—were won by Roosevelt, Massachusetts and New York are worth ten such local victories. Here, in 1932, is the big chance for a Democratic President to be elected, and why should it not be Al Smith?

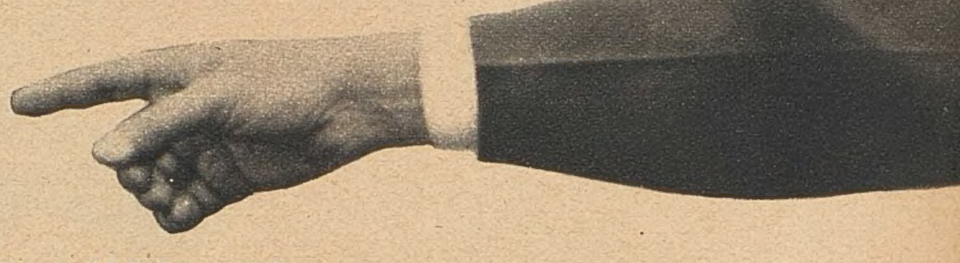
THE answer to all charges of ingratitude is: "Baloney!" Smith has a perfect right to desire the nomination and the Presidency, and his friends have a perfect right to work for his success. Talk of a deep-dyed plot to block Roosevelt and clear the track for some fellow who will stand when hitched is so much moonshine. If Al wants the nomination, he wants it for himself, and not to spite Roosevelt; and the people of this country may as well get used to the idea that Smith is a real candidate, and would prove a pretty strong one, too, if nominated.

With the dice loaded against him, he polled more votes than any Democratic candidate had ever received, and almost as many as were cast for Harding and Coolidge. The shift of 500,000 ballots would have given him the election of 1928. Now, with the Republican "prosperity" argument knocked higher than a kite, with President Hoover's weird record of ungainly problems, stalled policies, and rotten bad luck, with the wet sentiment rising and prices falling, Al Smith would make a very dangerous opponent for any Republican candidate. His greatest handicap, on form, would be that he was defeated once before and it is always easier to lick a man the second time.

When one considers how completely the previous Democratic contenders have passed out of the picture, Al's "availability" is a miracle. Jimmy Cox, John Davis, William McAdoo—where are they now? On the side lines or in the cheering section. But Al Smith has the knack of keeping himself in cold storage and still remaining a "hot tip" for the Presidential sweepstakes. As President this political skill would be invaluable, since the Chief Executive must be a politician as well as a statesman.

Does he know anything about national or international politics? Nobody seems to know, though everybody seems to feel that he would be flexible enough to take advice and sensible enough to select good advisers. In a period which may demand quick decisions and good teamwork, rather than great brainwork and careful blue-printing, Al Smith's ability to work with men and things as he finds them would be worth having in the Presidency.

HIS past is an open book. He worked his way up from the slums of New York's East Side to national prominence. From the Fulton Fish Market to the Governor's Mansion at Albany and to the Democratic nomination of 1928, he has marched with the help of Tammany Hall. Yet no one has ever pinned a dirty dollar on him or has fastened the taint of Tammany corruption upon his political activity. He is a great vote-getter. He gave the State of New York an efficient and enlightened administration, and much of Governor Roosevelt's reputation for sane progressivism is due to his pursuit of Smith policies.



Underwood & Underwood photo

Smith regularly made mincemeat of the Republican candidates for Governor, and when he ran for the Presidency he staged a campaign which, for color and vigor, had not been equaled in this country since the days of Bryan. He accepted defeat like a man, and built the Empire State Building while Hoover was discovering that the Presidency was a gold brick. Smith has brains, frankness, charm; he can get votes; and he is the luckiest man in America. If he had been elected just before the panic of 1929, no words would have been too black for him and he would have been condemned to oblivion and his party to complete collapse.

So far as the issues of this election are concerned, Al Smith stands in the open on two of the three great principles which will arouse the voters. On prohibition, he is a frank and personal wet who believes in state rights and would favor home rule on the liquor question. So far as unemployment is concerned, he is for the dole. At the Jackson Day dinner last January, he came out bluntly and stated that the federal government would have to relieve the distress of the unemployed or a very dangerous situation would develop. On the issue of America First!—the new wave of nationalism which swamped Hoover's war-debt policy and made Newton Baker drop the League of Nations—Al is not committed. He probably doesn't know or care two hoots about abroad, but, as a New Yorker, he would be inclined to take the say-so of the big bankers. On the other hand, his interests have been so exclusively American that he could roar for isolation as loudly and sincerely as any other candidate.

He is a little shaky on minor issues. On the tariff, he would favor reduction in a general sort of way. His water-power policy represents a sensible compromise between the ideal of public ownership and the fact of private operation. On the issue of hard times, he knows what depression and unemployment mean to the self-respecting poor.

SMITH has brains, frankness, charm; he can get votes; and he is the luckiest man in America.

Everything that has happened since 1928 has played into his hands. As the wave of nationalism injures Baker and Roosevelt, Smith is untouched. As the breakdown of international finance discredits the Democratic international-banking candidates—Owen D. Young and Melvin Traylor—Smith is unshaken. As hard times and unemployment shake the patience of the country with Hoover, Smith is an ideal candidate for the people who are suffering. As the wet tide rises, Smith's policy on prohibition is becoming closer and closer to practical politics.

Smith's weakness—and it is so serious that he is regarded by many Democrats and some Republicans as the only man who can reëlect Herbert Hoover—lies in the character of his friends and of his foes. The line-up and prejudices of the election of 1928—the first Presidential campaign in this country to be fought and won on a religious issue—still stand. That campaign smashed the Solid South and developed hatreds and prejudices which have barely healed. Smith's renomination would be the signal for the reappearance of the passions which defeated him in 1928, and in their most dangerous form. If we had a campaign of bigotry when we were smug and prosperous, what would happen when we are poor and discontented?

SMITH would be supported by the same big bankers and big industrialists who want a lower tariff, by the same liberals and progressives who are impatient with the Hoover administration, by the New York and Chicago political machines, by the aliens and new-stock Americans, by the wets, by the cities, by the unemployed, by the East and North. He would be opposed by the drys, the farmers, the Native Americans; by the reactionary politicians of the South, by the boosters of the West, and by the run of the chambers of commerce and labor unions.

Another 1928 campaign, conducted in a time of depression, would shake this country to its foundations. His nomination four years ago cost the country a wave of bigotry and prejudice, in both parties and in all sections, which practically paralyzed the power of the government to deal intelligently with the liquor question and weakened its will to ignore the commands of the political preachers and religious lobbies in the more vital matters of national defense. Another such campaign might easily take the form of a revolution in all but name.

If Al Smith were elected in 1932, it would symbolize a radical political upheaval. It would end the country-club notion of citizenship, in which the children of recent immigrants are treated as second-class members not entitled to the full privileges of the clubhouse. When the son of an immigrant, the product of the slums and the beneficiary of a machine like Tammany, can reach the White House the long reign of the Native American farmers—suspicious of the city feller—will have come to an end.

In office, Al Smith would not be committed, as Hoover is committed, to maintain any special policies. He would be likely to recommend unemployment insurance and to urge the modification of the Eighteenth Amendment; he would probably take the say-so of the international bankers that our tariff is too high; he could do little or nothing for the farmer; and in the whole field of economic statesmanship he would tend to follow the Hoover policies.

WHAT he would do in foreign affairs would, of course, be determined by events outside of his control. His affiliations would not dispose him to recognize Russia; but if Russian recognition becomes, as it may well become, the necessary step in the development of American policy in Manchuria, he would take his advice from his Secretary of State. He would tend, as any Democrat would tend, to strengthen our navy and to follow a less timid and petulant course in dealing with foreign powers. And he would select a good Cabinet and accept good advice, rather than try to make the Presidency a one-man show.

As matters stand, his chances of getting the Democratic nomination are only fair, although his chances of dictating the nomination are excellent. He can certainly make Roosevelt the nominee and he may break the Roosevelt candidacy. Yet his own candidacy is on a firmer basis than the bare facts of politics would indicate. Time has worked for Smith to discredit the Hoover administration; time is now working for him, in the form of nationalism, to injure Roosevelt, Young, and Baker, all of whom are tarred with internationalism. His chances of winning the election are not so good, for his nomination would threaten another break in the Democratic Party and another campaign of hatred.

By the same token, Smith's chances, if elected, of going down to history as a major American statesman are very great indeed; for his election would be as dramatic and significant as the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 and of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. Moreover, the events of 1933-37 are bound to be of such importance that whoever is head of the American government will be faced with the necessity for quick-witted and vigorous leadership. Al Smith has plenty of brains under his brown derby, and plenty of guts. He thinks on his feet, fights hard and cleanly, and does not think he knows everything.

If, as seems quite possible, his candidacy causes a big fight in the Democratic camp and heartfelt rejoicing among the Republicans, and if he has the courage and the self-sacrifice to hold back the men who want him to make a glory-hallelujah preconvention campaign, it is not because he has lost his nerve. If he puts his candidacy into first gear now it is because he is too patriotic to subject his party or his country to another orgy of sectional hatred, or because he honestly doubts, as well he may, that he has the necessary economic and international background to lead the American nation during an era of economic turmoil and international unrest.

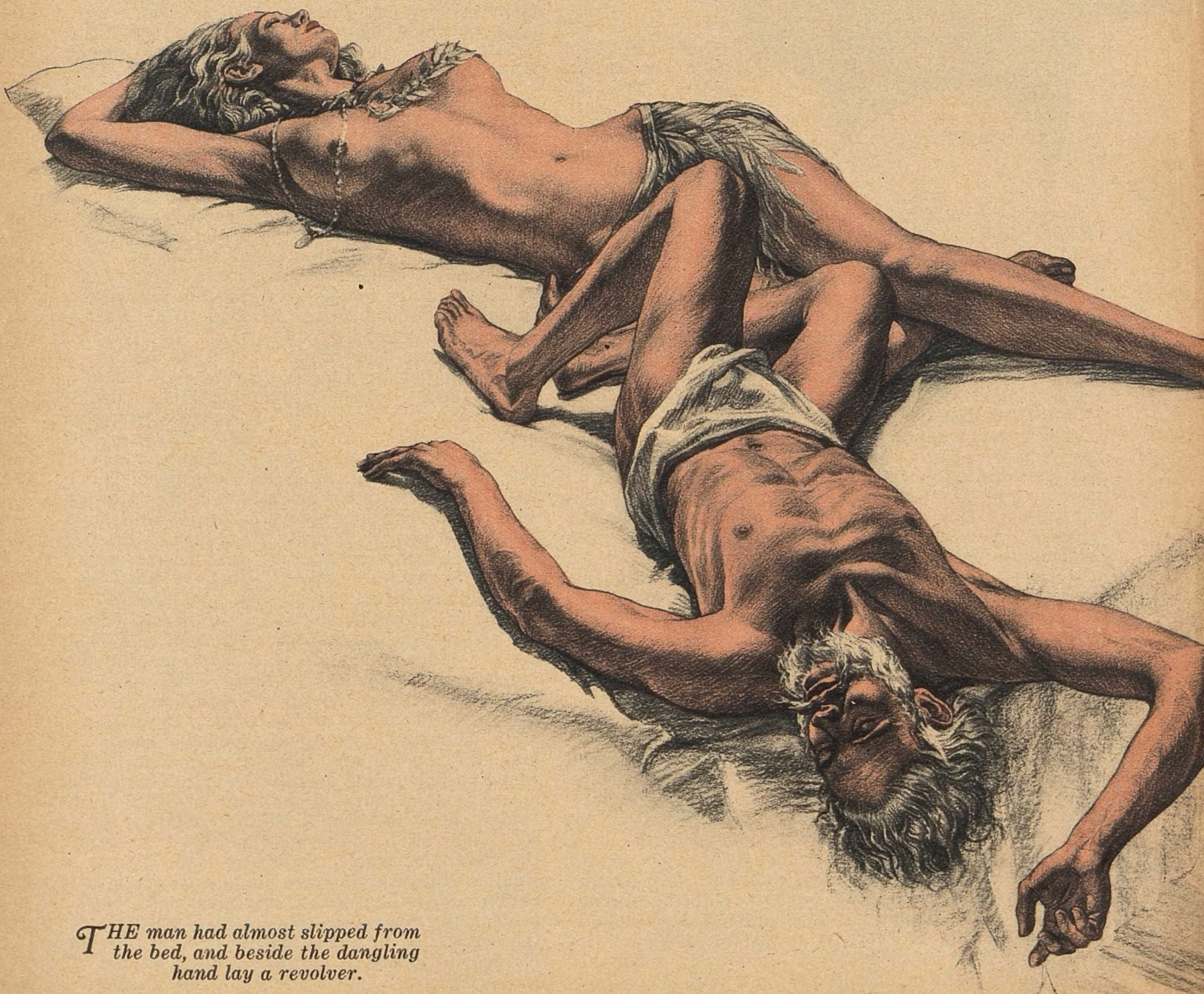
Many of us feel that Al Smith will be too big a man to seek vindication at the polls in 1932 if he believes that the East Side slums, Tammany Hall, Albany, and the Empire State Building are not enough of a political education for the statesman who must solve the currency problems, reorganize American agriculture, deal with the war debts, handle Manchuria, parry the thrusts of European diplomacy, and brave international ill will in the second great political crisis of the twentieth century.

THE END

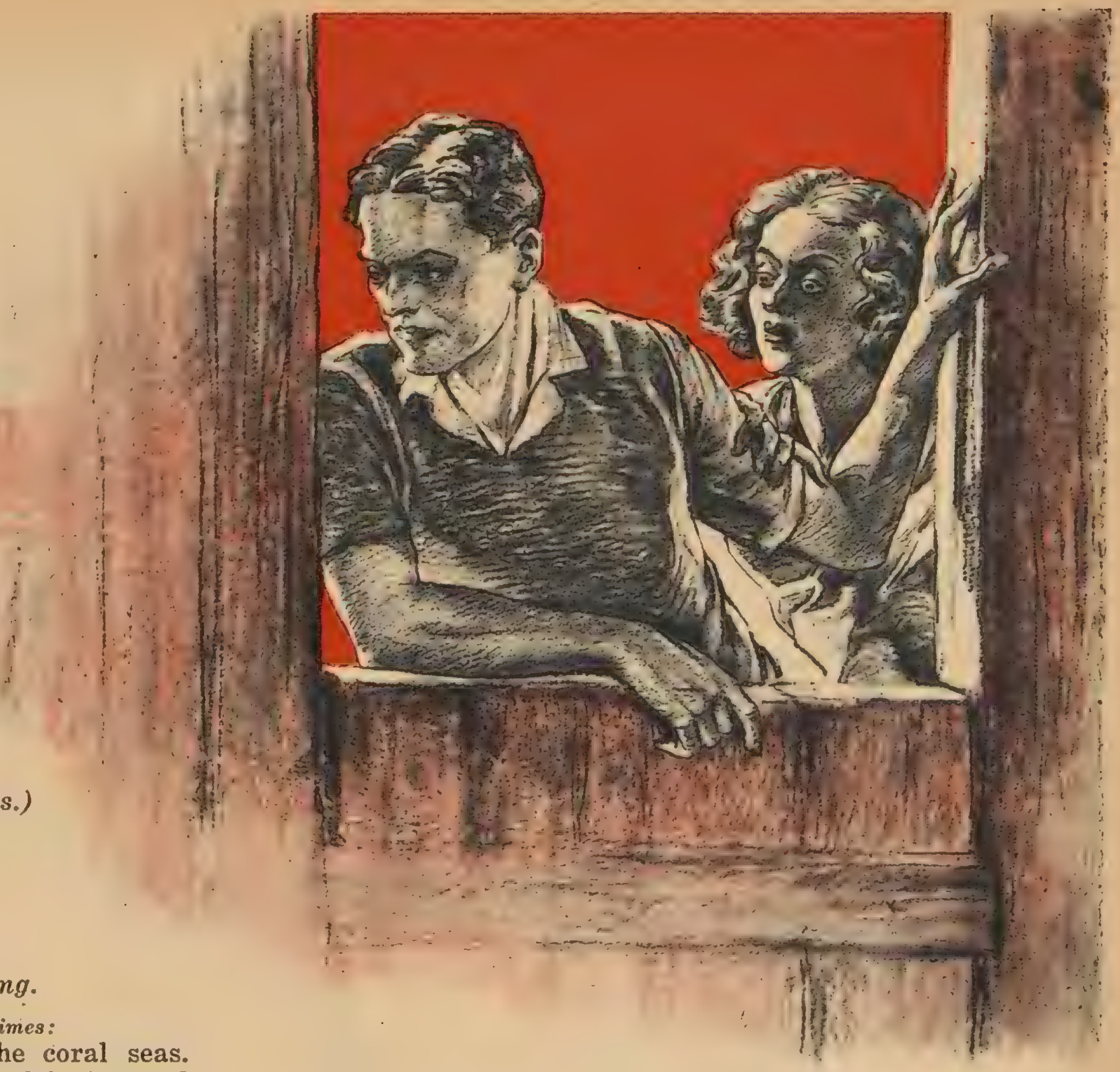
SOMETHING WICKED

A Haunting Mystery of the South Seas and Stark Tragedy in a Secret Paradise

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW



THE man had almost slipped from the bed, and beside the dangling hand lay a revolver.



IT was rather dark in the hut when they came to the door. Over Blake's shoulder Philippa looked in. Jones and his wife were lying on the bed.

Pictures by
Carl Link

(Reading time: 34 minutes 45 seconds.)

Somebody's coming this way, I know,
Somebody's coming this way, I know,
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes—
A-playing here on my banjo.
—Negro Song.

Extract from the London Times:

FOR SALE, Moon Island, in the coral seas. House, palms, fruit, vegetables, fish. Eternal summer, solitude, and peace. Thirty acres freehold. Price six hundred and fifty pounds cash. Write immediately Brothers & Co., Estate Agents, Eucalyptus Street, Sydney, Australia.

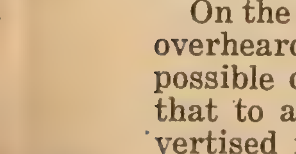
BLAKE MARTIN did better than write. He ran his bank account into red and cabled the money. It was a mad thing to do, but he was not in a sane mood. Three years' penal servitude suffered for an offense never committed; friends and acquaintances passing by on the other side; fiancée spirited away somewhere by indignant parents, lest the very sight of him should offend her; the real culprit, the man who had carried out the company-promoting fraud, rotting in a suicide's grave, unable to testify; himself still young, still hungry for the goods of life, yet condemned to loaf alone and unfriended in his bachelor rooms—these things had made the name of prudence, the thought of ordinary common sense, abhorrent. It was the prudent, sensible people who were hounding him down. Very well! Good-by forever, every virtue that they represented.

Blake, sore all over, hating the world into which he had been let go like a beaten dog, wanting above all things to get away, read the advertisement. "Island . . . coral seas . . . palms . . . solitude and peace. . . ."

"It may be a sell," he said, "but I'm ready to be sold."

When he reached the Shebas, the Western Pacific group to which Messrs. Brothers & Co. had directed him, he had a hundred or so in traveler's checks, a steamer trunk full of clothes, and nothing else in the world. But the first sight of Moon Island made up for all.

On the steamer he had heard talk about the place; once overheard a careless comment that enlightened him as to possible disadvantages: "Moon? Oh, they couldn't sell that to anyone within touch of the islands, so they advertised it in England, where the mugs bloom on every tree. Nothing grows there—nothing you can sell, at least. Too much rocks and cliff. . . . Pretty? Oh, yes, if you could sell looks. . . . Last owner? Died of fever, they say. . . . No, nobody now, unless you count the cranks that live on the little island inside the bay. I wouldn't give a ten-p'un' note for it myself."



But Moon—

You saw it first as a plum-blue peak starting up through the marvelous turquoise greens of the lagoon. As you came nearer, in your hired launch, with your goods piled in the stern, and your new, black, naked cooky boy squatted on the top of the pile, you saw it change to a splendid tapestry of palms and dark, rich, tropic foliage lit by splashes of scarlet flower, and hung, the whole height of it, against a wall of flaming blue. You saw, presently, a crescent-shaped harbor following the general line of the island (that's why they called it "Moon"), with a small, pretty islet in the middle, and a little brown hut on the islet, quite according to specification. On the large island (which wasn't so very large) a cream-colored bungalow with a red roof and green creepers climbing over it. Small breakers spilling on the pearl-white sands. A sound of sea and of soft winds among the trees.

Blake looked at it all, knew himself king of it, and said, as the dinghy of the launch came to ground, "No matter what happens, I'm glad."

Heat struck him like a blow when he got ashore. The place was somehow violent, through all its peace. The staring blues and greens, the leaping, impulsive growth of palm and hibiscus, banana and poinciana, hurling itself fiercely skyward.

"Carry my suitcases up to the house, and come back for the rest," he told Igu, the silent, stupid Sheba native who had offered to enter his service. Igu could speak almost no English, but they had told him on the mainland that he was a good cook, had cooked for the last owner, and could be trusted not to steal.

Blake, left alone on the beach, surveyed his property with more satisfaction and pride than he would have cared to acknowledge.

After a minute or two he left the beach, and walked up the narrow, overgrown pathway that led to the bungalow. This was his home, ahead of him in that green clearing: a smallish house set high on the stilt-like piles that are common in the Western Pacific; a house with wide glass windows, glittering like watchful eyes beneath the shad-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SOMETHING WICKED
Continued from page eleven]

ows of the low-hanging veranda. Over the roof, the rails, the window frames, ran wildly an unpruned creeper of some kind.

All this he noted in a careless minute or two. Next minute he became aware of something looking at him from the far corner of the veranda. A head, half concealed among the creeping vines and snaky flowers. It seemed to be leaning slightly forward; you could picture unseen arms and elbows on the rail below. He was quite certain that he saw this thing, and then, in another moment, he knew that he did not see it. It was gone.

For three breaths Blake stood still. Something in the look of the face, its inhuman aspect, the utter wickedness of it, had smitten him as with paralysis.

Then, suddenly freed, he sprang forward, reached the house, and ran up the veranda staircase. There was nobody on any part of the veranda. There was no one in any of the three main rooms. In the kitchen, a good way out at the back, Igu, on his heels, was squatting before the stove, striking matches. Blake asked him, somewhat shamefacedly, if he had heard or seen anything. Igu, so far as could be understood, replied as a Sheba Islander might be expected to reply: said the place was full of devils; in fact, all the islands were full of devils, and if the chief had seen anything of the kind, he, Igu, would like to give notice and return at once to the mainland.

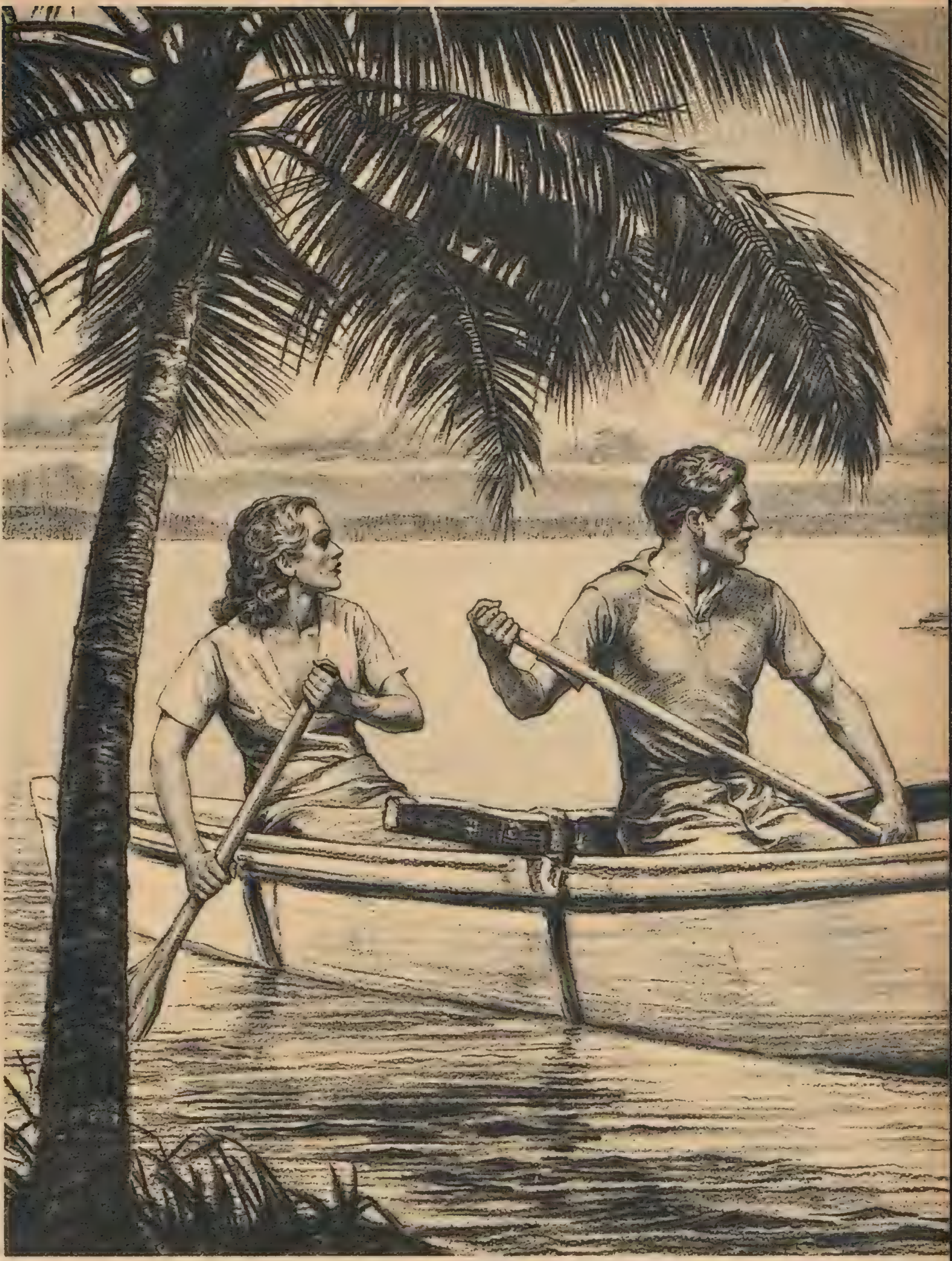
"You can't," said Blake somewhat sharply. "The launch is gone. I suppose it wasn't anything. Stick to your work, and don't talk nonsense."

Igu sulked. "'Nother steamer coming tomorrow," he grunted. "Launch come some more. Me like I go back."

"Hold your row," said Blake, and went out on the veranda again.

YES, there was another steamer due; two up boats, at this point of the Sheba archipelago, met every six weeks, and thenceforward became two down boats going by different routes. In between there was nothing.

Blake didn't feel sorry for that. He wanted to have done with the world.



They sculled over to the islet. Behind the

The wicked face looking out of the creepers must have been his fancy. Unusual shadows and lights. Or else—they said that island fever sometimes began with visions, seen when you were feeling quite well and fit. Maybe he had got a touch of it already. He went in and took some quinine.

In the empty rooms his steps sounded hollow and strange. The sun was low; the sadness that coils like a snake at the heart of the gorgeous tropic world became, with dusk, overpowering and immense. Blake, sitting aimlessly on his bed, the wide white-netted bed left him by his predecessor, felt eaten up by loneliness. He tossed the pillows about, wondering what thoughts had lain in the mind of the man who died upon them not many months ago.

Startlingly he was answered. The cover fell from a pillow, and showed a bullet hole.

Under the bed, in the floor, there was another bullet hole. There was also a stain, not quite washed out.

Neither then nor afterward did the thought of murder come into Blake Martin's head. He was sure from that moment that the man had killed himself.

Blake's nerves were good. He began to laugh, remembering how he had told himself again and again, on the way up, that life had never been interesting enough for him; that wonder, peril, adventure, had always been lacking; nothing had ever happened to him save the crash that ruined his life.

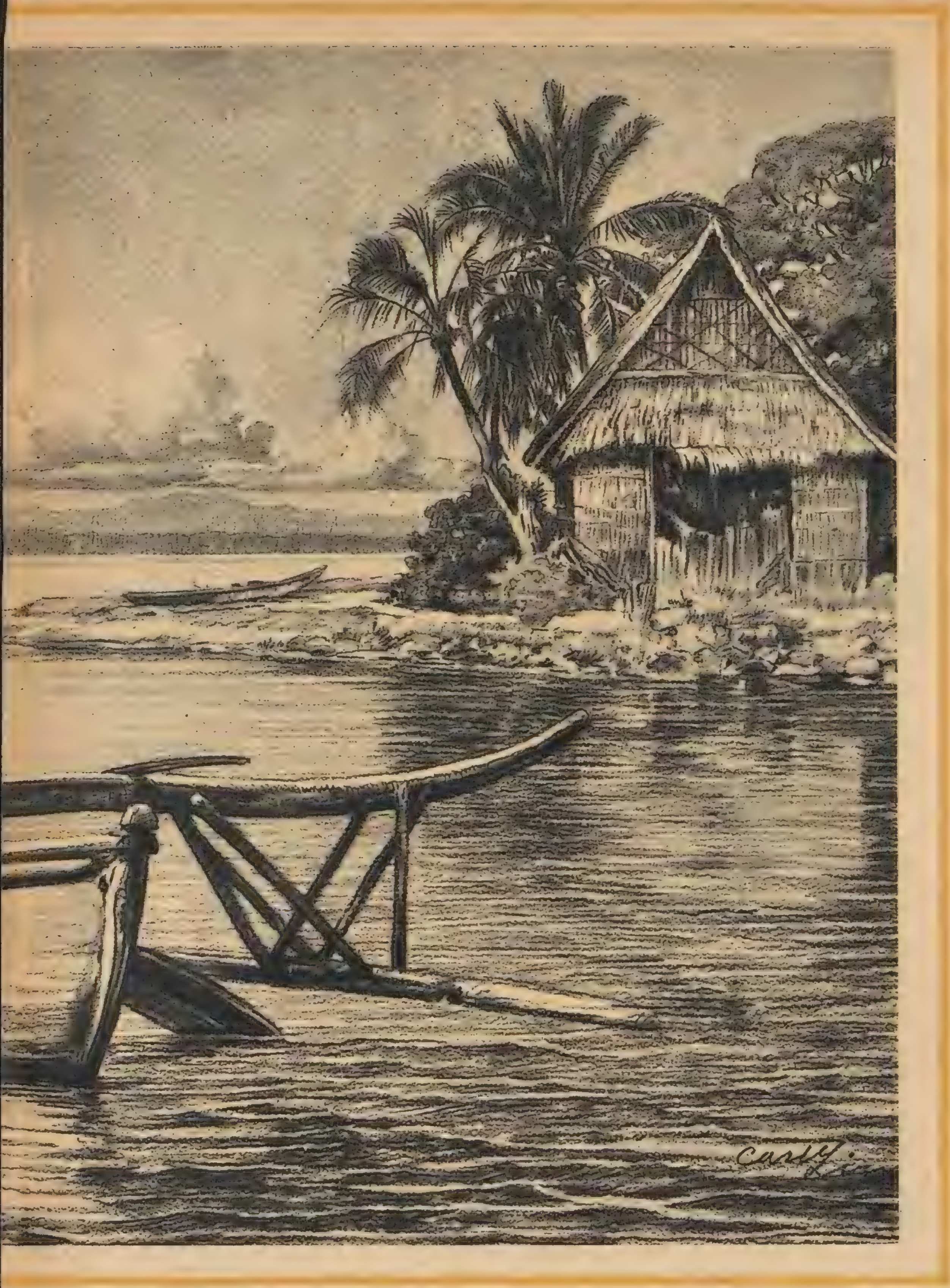
"It looks," he said to himself, "as if I were going to get my belly full for once."

Dark had come, the sudden tropic dark, like a black panther crashing down on the white hind, day. Blake lit a lamp and looked at himself in the mirror. It was company, of a sort.

"You'll have to get used to this," he said to his sunburned, handsome face. "You'll have to do without girls to look at you, except black girls with woolly heads and monkey feet—ugh! . . . She used to like that mug of yours. . . . Well, if a girl bleats, 'Yes, mamma!' and 'Yes, dear papa,' when her parents tell her to give up a man nowadays, she isn't worth making faces about.

"And yet," he told himself, told the gray bold eyes that looked at him questioningly, "you couldn't have asked her to come along with you and live on coconuts. Well, what are you grousing about, then? Go on to bed."

He did, later, and slept without thought of ghosts or devils. It was seven when he waked up and saw Igu standing on one leg and leaning against the doorpost with



thatched hut thick woods made a barrier.

a weary expression. "White fellow come," he said.

"Who?"

"White fellow."

Blake looked out, clapped his hands to his head, and said, "My God!"

Three minutes later, after a summary toilet, he gratified the sleepy Igu, for once awake, with the sight of two "white fellows" violently embracing each other.

"For heaven's sake, Phil," he said, between kisses, "why did you do this? How did you—"

Philippa withdrew, put her shade hat straight with one competent pull, and replied, "I did it because I wanted, and I came by the Blue Funnel, on the boat that left Sydney a day after yours, and I found out about you through a newspaper cutting you left on the floor of your rooms in town, and they let me in because I gave the caretaker five shillings and said I was your sister. Any complaints?"

Blue eyes, pale, pointed little face, red hair coiled low on her kissable creamy neck, gay frock of white and green, she seemed to be part of the brightness and hopefulness of the early day.

Prudent remonstrances, unselfish refusals, were on Blake's lips. But he spoke none of them. Instead, he caught her by the waist and began jazzing around the veranda. "We'll make an honest woman of you," he said, while they swayed together, "as soon as you give me time to put on my trousers. There's a missionary on the mainland. Philippa, darling, you've done an awful thing. God bless you for it. Did you think of keeping the launch?"

"I didn't, but I will," she said, loosing herself and running down the steps.

On the big island that was called the mainland, the missionary received them without surprise. Nobody in the Shebas was ever surprised at anything anyone did. He was sorry to say he couldn't do what they wanted. Wasn't licensed to perform marriages. Nobody was, any nearer than the island where the resident lived, and that was six hundred miles away. No, there was no communication, now that the boat was gone. They would have to wait till the next. Six weeks.

IT seemed an impasse. The missionary could not take Philippa in; he was unmarried, and his house had been made into a boarding school for native youths. There were two or three traders, extensively and irregularly married to black girls. On various far-away islands planters lived, and some had white wives, but it happened that not, in any case, were the white wives in residence.

Philippa, however, was not to be beaten. "Mrs. Grundy doesn't live here," she said. "I saw a nice boathouse on the beach, and I'm sure you could fit that up for yourself to camp in. We could have our meals at the bungalow, and I'll be getting it tidy against the arrival of the resident. We shall be all right."

"Indeed," said the missionary earnestly, "it seems to be the only practicable plan."

"What about the people on the small island?" asked Blake. That islet, outside his own property, had given him considerable food for thought.

The missionary coughed behind his hand. "I wouldn't advise—" he began; and then, "Nobody knows if they're— Besides, my dear sir, they're nudists, or something very like it. Shocking!"

"A man and a woman? White?"

"Yes, yes. They've been there a year or so. Their name is—ah—Jones."

On the beach of Moon Island, beside the boathouse that was to be Blake's home for the next six weeks, they stood together and gazed at their property. Fish in the lagoon made oily circles, leaping after prey. Like a tea tray afloat, a turtle oared its way across deep water. In the vegetable garden, planted by the man who had died, taro and yam showed emerald leaves, bananas waved their flags. There were ripe mangoes dangling at the edges of the forest, and oranges rolled in the grass. The pineapples were flowering pink and blue.

"We shan't starve here," Blake said. "And vanilla could be planted if one partly cleared the bush."

"We'll do," she said. "How's the cook?"

"Well, he's threatening to leave because there are devils here."

"If you listen to natives about devils— What made him think so?"

"Me, and I wish I hadn't." He told her about the head among the vines.

"Shadows," she said. "That, and being worked up and excited. I've seen ghosts in my bedroom lots of times, but they always turned out to be my pyjamas on a chair. Let's keep the cooky, whatever we do. They say you can't do hard work in these islands without getting fever."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SOMETHING WICKED

Continued from page thirteen

“Well, the cranks on the small island don't seem to have any servant.”

“You can't kill a crank,” she said. “Let's go and have a look at them.”

There was an outrigger, more or less seaworthy, in the boathouse. They launched it, and sculled over to the islet. It was larger than it appeared to be from Moon. It had a fair-sized beach, with a canoe on it, drawn up out of the sun. Behind the brown thatched hut that stood above, thick woods made an impenetrable barrier.

Philippa rapped on the closed door of the hut. “Anyone at home?” she asked in her clear, sweet voice.

Nobody answered.

They tried the door; it was fastened. They walked round the house. A food garden, a fowl house, a pigsty. They followed, for a little way, a path that ran into the bush.

“No use,” said Blake. “If they don't want to be seen, they won't be.”

“Won't they?” asked Phil, her eyes sparkling. “Come back.” Out of possible earshot, she told him, “I saw the woman. She was hiding up a tree. She hadn't a rag on her but a grass fringe for a petticoat and a sort of necklace of leaves.”

“A native woman?”

“Native my eye. She's as white as I am. Sunburned, but the petticoat was all split up, and I saw her thigh. White.”

“Did you see him?”

“No, I don't suppose we shall.”

But when the dinghy was well out in the bay, they did see Jones, standing conspicuously on the beach, staring in an unfriendly manner.

He was a tall, active-looking man, dressed in nothing but a small loin cloth. He had a long bright beard, and his hair waved on his shoulders.

“Puh!” said Blake, tugging at the oars. “I can't stand those nature cranks. Something so half-baked about them.”

“They don't want you to stand them, that's clear.”

“Then we'll leave them alone.”

THEY saw little more of the “nature cranks.” Just once, in the following days, Blake Martin, when out fishing alone in the outrigger, caught sight of the woman. She was—it seemed to him—walking lightly on her hands, on the far side of the islet, along a beach not commonly to be seen from the bungalow on Moon.

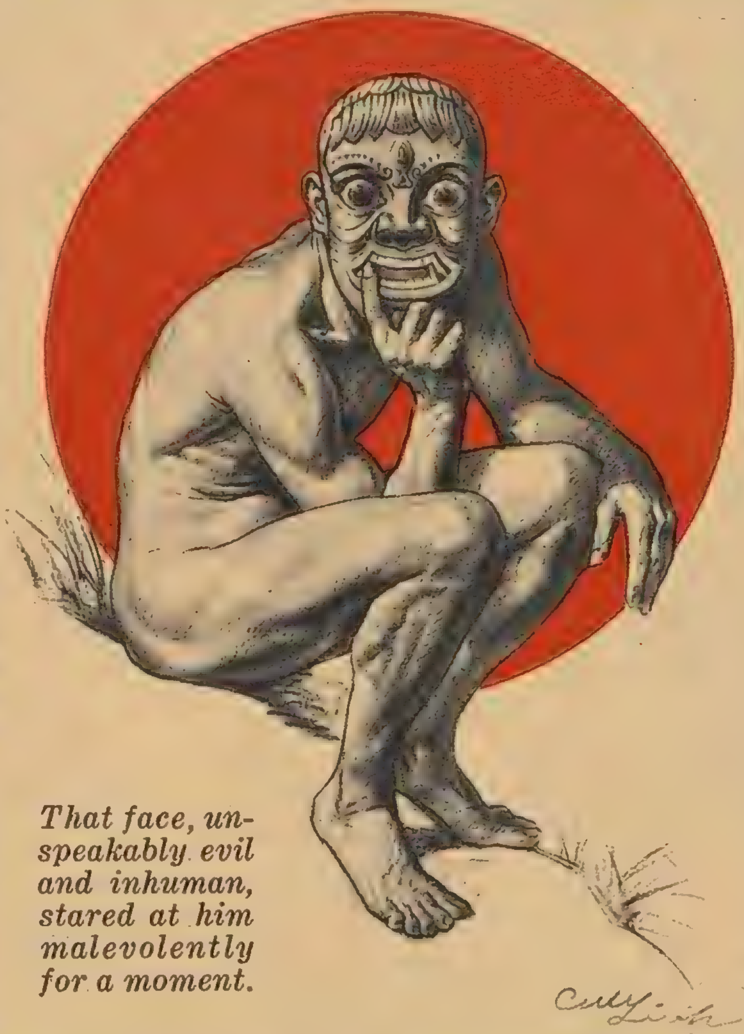
The sight disturbed him, because he could not believe it to be true; and indeed, on a second glance, he saw that the woman wasn't walking on her hands at all; she was pacing along the beach like any other person. He told this to Philippa, and she only said, “Are you taking your quinine every day?”

He saw the man nearer just once, and wondered why he should think the face familiar, in some odd way. At least, the upper part of it was. The black, staring eyes and wide forehead, the high cheek bones—hadn't he seen—

No, he was sure, now, that he hadn't. And, anyhow, it was becoming difficult for him to trust his own eyes. He took quinine every day; he watched his temperature, and found nothing abnormal; but certainly, now, he thought he must be suffering from the first stages of island fever. He knew that sometimes a man may see strange things—eyes in the dark, faces in the pattern of a chintz-covered chair—when he is sickening for a bout of malaria. The strange thing was that the malaria didn't come.

Yet he had seen that head among the trailing vines again. He was seeing it oftener all the time. If the day came when he saw it without ceasing, he knew that he would do that which the man before him had done. Because nothing is worse than madness.

Philippa never saw it. Only he. Sometimes it wasn't there; sometimes when he came up the pathway leading to the bungalow that face, unspeakably evil and inhuman, stared at him malevolently for a moment among the trailing shadows of the snaky vines, and immediately disappeared. It was always the same, always leaning out at the same slight angle, as if the unseen figure below it was supporting itself lazily on arms and elbows. And this sameness was the worst thing about it, for it argued (so Blake thought) that the origin of the frightful creature was in his own brain.



That face, unspeakably evil and inhuman, stared at him malevolently for a moment.

HE did not dare to ask for Igu's aid in the matter, lest they should find themselves left suddenly without a servant; and Igu, sulky and lazy as he was, certainly could cook. He could fish too; almost every night he took the outrigger out in the lagoon, and seldom returned without a load of welcome food. They had stores, of course, but stores, when you were bitter poor, had to be saved. Igu couldn't be spared. And, like every other Sheba native, he was terrified to death of the very name of a devil. Blake began to wonder whether, in these remote, strange places, there mightn't be, after all, more things than you dreamed of in your British, public-school philosophy.

He did not tell Philippa. Philippa knew without being told. She could see that he was growing thin with the strain of it; that he slept badly, and was tired in the mornings. She could see how he examined, more or less secretly, a certain corner of the veranda, tried different effects of light upon it at different times of day; measured the distance from it to every room in the house. All to no effect.

One day he burst out, “If I were a man who had killed myself, I wouldn't go about when I was dead, trying to make other fellows—” There he stopped, and looked at Philippa cunningly. “Let's go for a walk. I don't know what I was talking about,” he said.

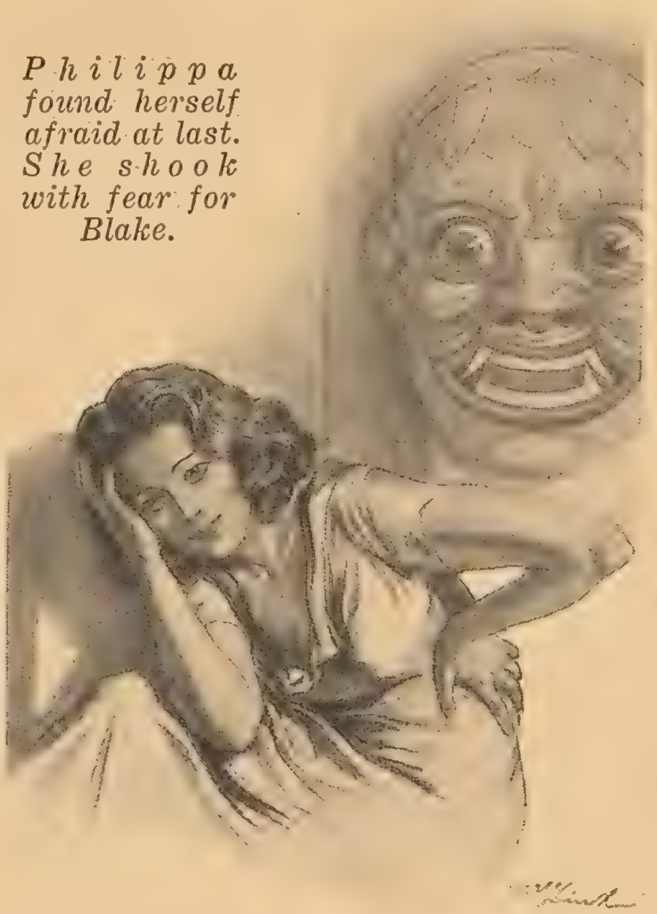
Philippa, that night, sleeping in the small bedroom (for she knew about the pierced pillow and stained floor), Philippa, never before afraid of anything, found herself afraid at last; cried tears of fright into her clasped hands. Not death, or madness worse than death, would have frightened her for herself, but she shook with fear for Blake.

The strained situation in which they were living, the day-by-day intimacy, almost that of marriage, yet continually mocked by love unfulfilled, seemed likely, in the end, to affect her own nerves. She would not have been surprised to see the wicked thing of which Blake had spoken staring at her, inhumanly, out of the vines on the veranda, among the sinister snake-headed flowers. But she never did see it.

About two things she had resolved never to speak: Blake's three terrible years, and the “something wicked” that now was eating out his life. Nevertheless, she found herself obliged to skirt about the subject of the latter. “If things go on as they are going,” she said to herself, “we may have to give up the island.” It hurt her even to think of that. She adored Moon Island. It was a fairy tale to her, it was romance, adventure, jam laid thick on the common, uninteresting daily bread of life. There might be little bread beneath the jam, but one could put up with that. “‘Give me the luxuries of life,’” she quoted, “‘and I'll be content to do without the necessaries.’”

She broached the subject bravely one day, when near three weeks of the six had run by. Blake was looking ill and worried; almost as ill as on that day when, peering forth from her window, she had seen him pass her mother's house in town, just back from jail, looking neither to right nor left as he made his way to the lonely chambers where no one waited to welcome him. It was on that day that she had made up her mind to do as she did.

Now she had to make up her mind again, and there was no romantic running away about the matter; just a giving up of a fairy dream that had promised to brighten their lives; just a going back to poverty in the cold great cities; stupid, struggling life like the lives of other “new poor.”



Philippa found herself afraid at last. She shook with fear for Blake.

She told Blake what she thought, and at first he argued with her. They very nearly quarreled. Perhaps they might have done so, had not Igu, the one comic element in their tragic lives, put his head suddenly round the corner of the door, and shouted, “Thas's right, marster. You crack 'em head b'long this missus; she too much cheeky.” At that, they dissolved into laughter, and the moment passed by. It was agreed they should stay.

“Igu's view of domestic discipline,” Philippa said, wiping her eyes. “I wonder what he really thinks of us.”

“No doubt what a Victorian would have called ‘the worst,’” Blake cheerfully replied.

Philippa said, “He never sleeps here.”

“I've noticed that. Where does the beggar sleep?”

“About the lagoon mostly, fishing. Or somewhere in the bush. He's a queer creature; not as much mind as an average monkey, but as acquisitive as a magpie. Don't leave money about; he stole five and sixpence of mine.”

“What on earth—”

“To buy a wife, I believe. They said on the boat that it costs a Sheba native the equivalent of fifty pounds in cash or trade. Igu is saving up.”

“I wonder what he thinks I paid for you.”

“He thinks you stole me, and respects you enormously for it.”

Blake looked at her gravely. “So I did,” he said.

She told him, “You can't give me back. I haven't a rag of character left. I suppose they class us with the Jones ménage by now. And that reminds me—suppose we go and hunt them up again tomorrow?”

“I wouldn't,” Blake advised her. “I'm sure they don't want us. All those nudists, nature fakers, are cranks. But the girl's pretty.”

“OH? You had another look?”

“I'll confess,” Blake laughed, “that I put my binoculars on her one day, passing in the launch—you know, the day I went to the mainland last. She thought she was too far off to be seen. Phil, she's quite young, and really almost lovely; a bit too wiry, if you know what I mean—muscles sticking up like a man's—”

“Oh, that would be the life they lead.”

“But she has a head of curls like golden feathers, and a figure like a statue. Jones is a pretty good picker, if you ask me.”

“He's just a little like someone I know,” Phil said thoughtfully. “Or at least I had that idea; but by and by I decided that it must be Father Christmas.” Blake obligingly laughed. They jested a good deal in these days; jokes were precious things. While you were laughing you couldn't think.

They decided to go and look up the Joneses, willing or unwilling. It helped them to put off the decision, infinitely painful, that in the end must sever them from Moon. Day by day the island seemed to grow more lovely, with a fierce, intriguing beauty that was like nothing else on earth. Never, they knew, could one be contented with the soft prettiness of other islands, their gentle, laughing people, after this. The sight and sound of a war canoe coming drumming down the lagoon from an island forty miles away, wild feathered heads nodding to the beat of the paddles, splendid naked bodies glittering bronze-gold in the sun, waked strange responses in the depths of a white man's mind. And Philippa, clinging to the arm of her lover, not yet hers, drew a long breath, and whispered:

“We could find something here that no one has ever found before.”

Silently Blake nodded. He understood.

THEY took the outrigger and went over to the islet. Igu had just brought back the boat; he would not tell where he had been. He seemed to be growing sulkier than ever. Blake would have given him “the length of his tongue,” but Philippa intervened.

“You and I ought to be patient with him,” she said. “He's jumpy and nervy for just the same reason that we are. Pining for his bride, and all that. I wonder will he ‘crack 'em head b'long her’ when he gets her?”

“Undoubtedly. Phil, you might steer a little straighter; we want to land as near the hut as possible.”

This time, going quietly, and landing in silence, they came nearer to catching their quarry. They had reached the little flat before the house, when a scuffle somewhere in the back, the hasty banging of a door, told them that the nudists were away again.

“We'll catch 'em,” said Blake, filled with the spirit of the chase. “Phil, sing out; let them know we don't want to hurt them.”

Philippa could find nothing to shout but “Hi! Wait! We know you—know you're—

“There,” she was going to add, but she tripped at that moment over a root, and almost fell. The check was sufficient. Ahead of them two brown, all but nude figures disappeared in the forest.

“That's done it,” Philippa panted. “We might as well go—go back to the house.” Blake, who could read her mind, knew that she had been going to say what they never said; the phrase that was on their lips a dozen times a day, as often choked back again: “Go home.”

They had no home. It might be that they never would have a home. At least, not this home—now.

Going back across the bright lagoon, their thoughts were very dark. Neither spoke for a while. Then, suddenly, Blake started, Philippa leaned forward, and both, together, cried out, “What was that?”

Yet the sound was plain enough. One does not mistake a shot for anything else.

Right on the heels of the first shot came another.

“It's from the island—the hut,” Philippa said. “We've got to go back.”

Blake did not tell her to stay in the boat; to let him go to the hut alone. He knew Philippa.

It was light outside, but rather dark in the hut, when they came to the door. Over Blake's shoulder Philippa looked in.

“Jones” and his wife were lying on the bed. The girl's face was turned to the wall. The man had almost slipped from the bed to the floor; one arm hung down, and beside the dangling hand lay a revolver.

“Are they asleep?” Phil whispered. But she knew they were not.

“Stay there,” said Blake, and went in. He touched the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SOMETHING WICKED
Continued from page fifteen

two warm, moveless bodies; felt their wrists and hearts. He took a looking-glass from the wall, and held it to the faces of the man and the woman. “Dead,” he said. “He shot her first, and then himself. You can look. There's nothing—painful.”

“How terrible!” the girl said, shrinking back. “Poor, poor things! Blake, were they—”

She stopped herself; he knew that she had been going to say, “Were they mad?” and knew, too, why she had left the sentence unfinished.

“Not—mad,” he answered her. “I think I know.”

“What do you know?” Blake was looking at the pale, pretty face on the pillow; so quiet it was, so undisturbed, that you might have thought it slept, save for the black-blue hole in one white temple.

“That was Nevada,” he said.

“Nevada! Who was—”

“I'll tell you another time. I can tell you something else. Jones was M'Murtry, the jewel thief. Now come away.”

They were closing the door when Philippa caught Blake's arm.

“What has she round her neck?”

“The leaf necklace that she always wore, like the natives, I— By George, there is something.”

On the girl's breast the deep pandanus fringe had fallen apart. Something shone vividly upon the sun-bronzed skin. Green fire—a sparkle that caught one's breath to see.

“It seems like robbing the dead,” Blake hesitated. “All the same, one can't leave—that—till we get the policeman over from the mainland. Hold on a bit!”

But he could not unfasten the clasp. Philippa had to come forward and, with set lips, untwist the screw that kept the necklace on.

She put it in the pocket of her overall, and stood by while Blake closed the door and rolled a log against it. Then, silent, they went back to the boat.

Blake rowed, and Philippa, taking out her handkerchief, frankly cried a little.

“I can't help it,” she said. “It's so frightfully sad. What can have made them do it? They weren't unhappy. They had each other and the little island. One doesn't see why—”

“Oh, yes, one does. You know, you won't let me talk about my three years in jail, but I'll have to, now. I told you I thought I'd seen that man before; the beard disguised him, but not quite enough—for me.

“Do you remember when the Maroquin emeralds were stolen?”

“Why, yes! It was when you were—there. Why, I saw the picture!”

“HE was a month in the same division. They had been able to prove that he stole the necklace—you remember, it belonged to Lady Maroquin, who was said to be a quarter-caste Indian; wonderful emeralds—”

“They are,” interrupted Phil, holding up a string of single jewels as big as haricot beans, with one superb emerald, larger than a shilling, pendent from the end.

“But the necklace never was traced. He got five years; there was assault as well. He battered the butler while the boy who was his accomplice, a cat burglar, climbed up and took the necklace. They never found the boy. Well, in a few months M'Murtry escaped, and the Maroquins put up a big reward. They looked everywhere for M'Murtry and the boy, who was supposed to be his brother. They were looking, too, for his mistress, Nevada, the night-club dancer. You've heard—”

“Of course. You're nobody nowadays if you don't know all the scandals. Nevada disappeared, and it was thought she'd been murdered, wasn't it? And all her admirers were questioned—some of them pretty big names—”

“Yes, that's what happened so far as the newspapers know. But the police knew a bit more. They worked it out that Nevada had come to England, not from America, as she said, but from Australia, where she'd been a circus performer, married to a celebrated clown; she had some other name in those days. They made out that the cat burglar had been Nevada herself. Incidentally, it turned out that she was dead in love with M'Murtry, and had left all her smart admirers for him. Well, that was that; they couldn't get a bit further.”

“How did you know all this?”

“My dear, the one thing that interests everybody in jail is crime. They talk about nothing else. They have ways of getting news. If some of them had told the police what they knew those two would never have managed to get off to Sydney and up to the islands. That was Nevada, of course. She knew what a hiding place the Western Pacific would be. I take it Moon wasn't inhabited when they came; they probably camped there, and meant to wait till it was safe to break up and sell the emeralds. Good disguise; nature cranks aren't taken seriously anywhere. And the reward was two thousand pounds.”

“For the jewels?”

“No. For M'Murtry himself. The Maroquins wanted revenge. The jewels, of course, were insured.”

“Blake, would you have—did you—”

“I didn't suspect; I never saw him near enough. No, I wouldn't have. Another man might—not one who'd been in hell himself. But, Phil, he didn't know that. I suspect Igu saw more of them than we knew. He must have told them we meant to stick on here. And when we came over, and called out after them, ‘I know you,’ or something of the kind— Well, in the jail he had sworn he'd never be taken alive.”

THERE was silence, broken only by the faint clean splash of the water against the hull.

Philippa's handkerchief was out again. “It's too, too pitiful,” she said. “And they loved each other, just like you and me. And they could have been safe.”

“Don't waste your pity,” Blake said, a trifle harshly. “You don't know his kind. A criminal's a criminal. He'd broken jail before, and once he nearly killed a warder.”

Philippa, putting up her handkerchief, quoted, somewhat irrelevantly:

> “The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins.

“I can't find it in my heart,” she said, “to be hard on two people who loved each other like that.”

Blake made no reply. Bitterness filled his mind. He knew that the insurance company would pay a big reward for the emerald necklace, so long lost. He knew that they could honestly claim it. Moon Island might be their kingdom and their home, with the fateful islet added to it; no trouble there any more. If only—

What good was a man with softening of the brain, or whatever it might be, to anyone or anything in the world?

They landed in silence. Blake stayed behind to pull up the boat, and Philippa went on to the house. She found Igu, as usual, half asleep on the kitchen floor; waked him, and set him to work cooking dinner. Then she went into her room, telling him not to disturb her, and lay down upon the bed. She was tired out, shaken by the terrible events of the afternoon. She wanted rest.

Lying there, she could see out of the window, down the footpath toward the coral beach, where Blake now was at work covering up the outrigger. Presently he would come up the path, and when he entered she would know by the look in his eyes whether the strange, sinister thing had been seen again. Philippa, least superstitious of women, was beginning to wonder whether indeed there might not be some real basis for the terror. One had heard of such things. Suicides were said to haunt the scenes of their last moments. Evil spirits—were the natives quite wrong about that? Thousands of educated white people believed what these savages believed, were as terrified as Igu was of ghosts and devils.

She never knew just what idea, or combination of ideas, impelled her, in that moment, to get up and go out of her room again, over to the wood, by a different way. Quietly she went. She meant to spy shamelessly upon Blake, for his own good. She wanted to get behind him, and to watch him when he saw that which nobody but himself had been able to see; unless it was the man whose blood stained the bedroom floor.

She found a way to reach the wood behind Blake. Now she could watch, unseen. Looking at him as he went up the pathway, she saw his face stiffen with resolve, set itself as if to meet an expected shock. "Will he see it?" she thought, and in the same moment knew the answer.

Blake's mouth was open, dropped, like the mouth of a dead man. His eyes were fixed and staring. Lines suddenly had etched themselves from nose to chin. In one moment he looked ten years older.

He had seen the thing again.

Often they had walked up the path together, but never had the wicked thing appeared to Philippa; it seemed as if her presence, her matter-of-fact, unsuperstitious mind, prevented it from materializing. She did not expect to see anything now, when she turned her glance on the veranda.

The surprise of a lifetime awaited her. She saw the face. Just as Blake had described it: gray, evil, inhuman. Looking out of the leaves of the sheltering vines, with the snaky flowers dangling about it, leaning forward a little, lazily, as if it didn't care.

Philippa flung herself out of her shelter, and instantly it was gone.

In next week's issue—

Beginning a thrilling love story of the new West

WILD HEARTS

By

Vingie E. Roe

Also stories and articles by Mildred Harrington—Valma Clark—William Inglis—Orville Weston—Rosamond DuJardin—William Seabrook—Bert Green

"Run, Blake, run!" she cried. And she began to run hard, toward the house.

Almost together they reached the veranda. Blake seemed indifferent. "So it's got you, too," he said heavily. "But there's no good running after it; I've done that before. You'll find nothing."

INDEED, there was nothing. No sign of any living creature—or any not living—in the corner of the veranda, back, front, or side; in the bedrooms or the sitting room. Igu, away in his kitchen at the back, was sulkily slamming pots about.

"What's the use?" asked Blake.

Phil did not answer him. She was on the alert; hunting, as only feminine and feline creatures hunt; as a tigress hunts for the destroyer of her cubs. She was transformed; in that moment she would have killed without hesitation. Into the kitchen she darted. Igu was sitting on the floor half asleep; between his knees he held a pot which he had been lazily cleaning.

Philippa took hold of one limp wrist and felt it.

"Blake, come here!" she cried. "Take his other wrist. Feel it!"

In both wrists the pulse was throbbing, leaping, as a man's heart leaps after swift and sudden exertion. Igu, suddenly galvanized into life, began to struggle.

"Search him, you; I'll hold him," said Philippa. She took a knife from the table, and calmly held it to Igu's throat while Blake stripped the native of his singlet and loin cloth, leaving him clad in nothing but the native breechclout. Something fell as the loin cloth was torn off, and Philippa, with a cry, let go of Igu and pounced on the thing they had found.

It was small and flexible. She unfolded it with fingers that shook. Together they gazed upon a rubber mask, gray, horrible, infinitely clever. The mask worn by Dick the Devil years before, when Nevada and her first husband had clowned it and danced it through Australia.

A broomstick lay beside it on the floor; the innocent broomstick Igu had used to hold up the mask, thrusting it through the leaves of the creeper at a slanting angle that allowed him to withdraw it instantly when Blake, coming up the path, began to near the house.

"What shall we do with him?" Philippa asked, looking at Igu with no kindly eye. Blake had him fast, but he was wriggling like a snake.

"HE'S answerable for one man's death at any rate, and might have been answerable for yours." She could speak freely now of the terror that had ridden her night and day. It would ride her no more.

Blake said, "Well, his master's dead—"

Igu began to howl.

"Yes, he's dead, and so is she," Blake went on. "You seem to know a lot of English all of a sudden. You'd better tell the truth. What did they pay you for driving one man into his grave and nearly killing another? Oh, they were wise, they couldn't have been caught. They meant to have the place all to themselves till it was safe to go. Eh? What did you get?"

"Me no savvy," was all that Igu would say.

"I can tell you," Philippa contributed. "It was—or was to have been—fifty pounds. The price of a wife."

"The price of blood," said Blake, and let him go. With his shod foot he kicked the native off the veranda and down on to the ground. "Don't let us see you any more," he warned. "Or else—"

Limping, Igu fled. Blake let him go, and caught Philippa in his arms. "Two weeks!" he said.

"Oh, maybe he'll come sooner," Philippa breathed. "Let's will it very hard!"

Two weeks it was, not a day less. Fate had done her best for the lovers, and would not be propitiated to do more.

Nor did any miracle occur, any dead man rise from the grave to proclaim the innocence of Blake.

They bought the little island and pulled down the hut. A grave had been made beside it, large enough for two. Philippa Martin planted flowers there: red hibiscus of the islands; white island lilies.

Blake laughed at her once; there was a hard strain in him, born of those never-to-be-mentioned years, that Philippa knew would last his life and hers.

"Hibiscus is the love flower," he said, "but why, in the name of common sense, those lilies?"

She sat up on her knees, and laid down her digging knife.

"Somebody's sins were once forgiven," she said, "because she loved much. Nevada shall have her lilies."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where were the Ten Commandments given to Moses?
2—What is a one-humped camel called?
3—What is the name of the African Negro republic?
4—What is an unguent?
5—On what continent are the Mountains of the Moon?
6—What is a zephyr?
7—What is sodium chloride?
8—What is the official language of Brazil?
9—What is uxoricide?
10—Who was called the Bard of Avon?
11—On what date is All Saints' Day?
12—In what sport is Ellsworth Vines a prominent figure?
13—What United States President served only one month?
14—What is the southern boundary of Texas?
15—Where did General Lee surrender to General Grant?
16—What is the system of hydrotherapy?
17—What is the birth stone for May?
18—What is the tibia?
19—What novel introduces the character John Ridd?
20—What is a holograph?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-seven)

Correction: In last week's issue the answer to Question 12 should have been Joseph Jefferson, instead of Thomas Jefferson.

The Strange Death of Dr. Bergonier

By ALAN HYND

(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE circus—the big top—has long been known in fable and fact as the tinseled playground of stark tragedy. What is probably the strangest, the most bizarre, and the least known circus tragedy of this generation had its frightful climax no longer ago than the thirteenth day of October, 1930, in the slumbering, sun-bathed town of Sarasota, Florida—the winter quarters of the world-renowned Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows. A man—a noted French physician named Bergonier—writhed in agony on his deathbed, the victim of an unidentified malady. Bergonier knew he was doomed, and why, but his lips remained sealed. And therein abides a horrible and fantastic tale.

A few years ago John Ringling, most famous of the seven Ringling brothers, received a letter from an agent who had heard about a curious tribe of African savages whose women boasted disk lips the size of dinner plates. These odd people, Ringling was informed, had never set foot outside their native haunts, deep in the jungles of French Equatorial Africa. Their tribe was known to only a handful of civilized men. In fact, only one white man—Dr. Eugene Bergonier, noted French explorer and authority on tropical diseases and medicines—was on speaking terms with these strange black folk, the Ubangis.

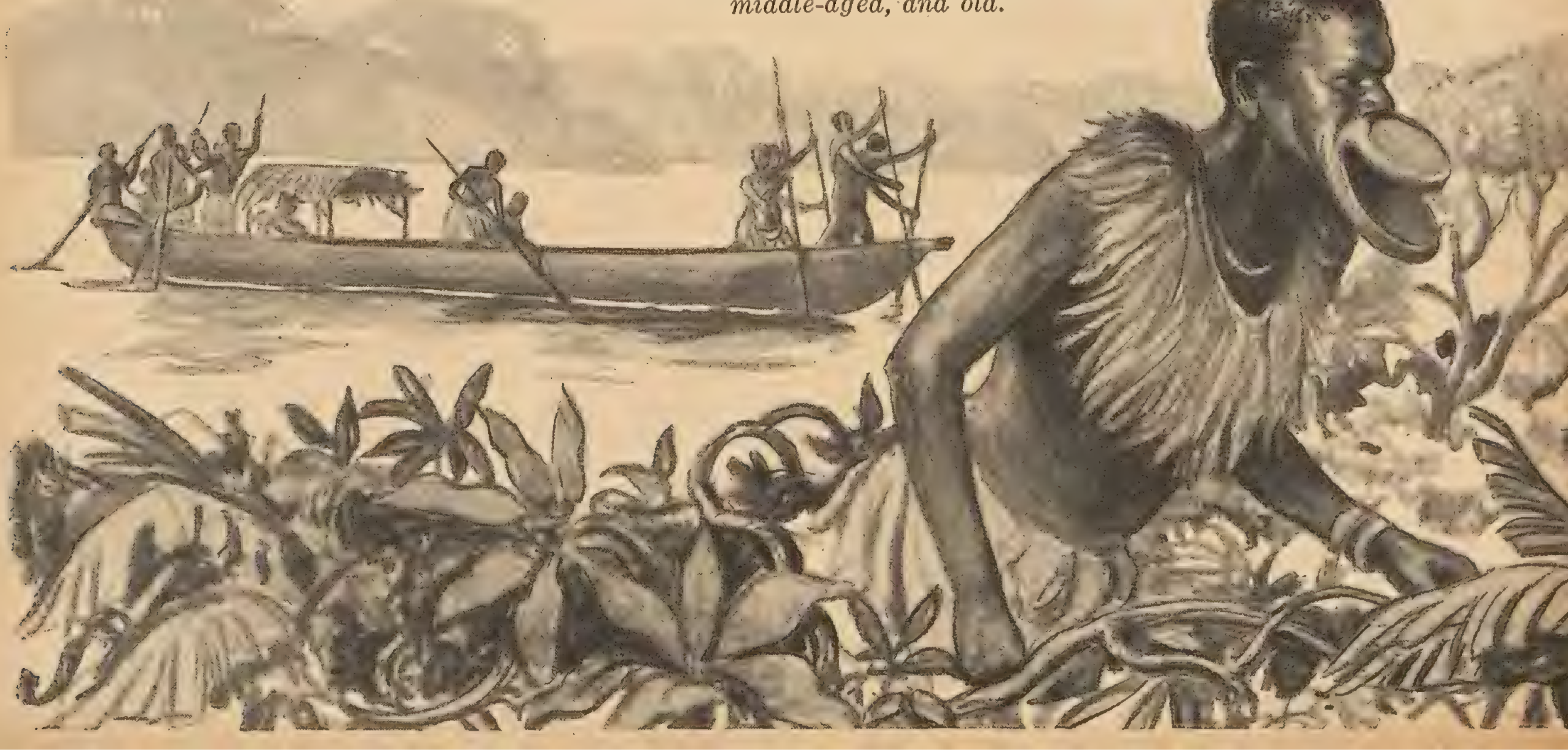
One day a native runner trotted into the Ubangi village where Dr. Bergonier had for some time been living. The runner delivered to Bergonier a letter from John Ringling, in which the circus magnate offered the physician a somewhat fabulous sum to bring a group of the Ubangis to the United States.

Long and intricate negotiations followed, and finally, in the spring of 1930, Dr. Bergonier arrived in New York with twelve of the savages—four men and eight women. Among the group were a glinty-eyed witch doctor called Nebia, the king of the tribe, and his queen—Kananinbonga by name—whose lips were larger and, to us of civilization, uglier than those of the other women.

They were a curious sight, these disk-lipped women, as they stood on the ship's deck, gazing at New York's skyline, and chattering away in their weird language.

Dr. Bergonier, a tall, striking man of forty-six, with leonine head and wise, unflinching eyes, had gone out to Africa from Bordeaux as a youth of twenty-two. Africa had always fascinated him. At first, he was on the staff of the French Military Hospital at Dakar. Later on, his curious turn of mind led him far afield and eventually he became a familiar, almost legendary figure along the west coast from Senegal to Liberia and north in the up-country of jungle, desert, and veldt.

Juju—African black magic—particularly interested Bergonier. After years of study and experimentation, he decided that it was merely another name for poisons, cunningly administered. These poisons, the doctor explained, were very rare, and little known outside the jungles where they were found. Only the witch doctors



IN a clearing in the jungle he beheld the most amazing sight that had ever met his eyes: a group of Ubangi women, young, middle-aged, and old.

Did the Duckbill Ubangis' Manager Meet His End Through the Magic Juju of the Circus Savages?

knew where to gather the swamp plants and jungle roots that contained them.

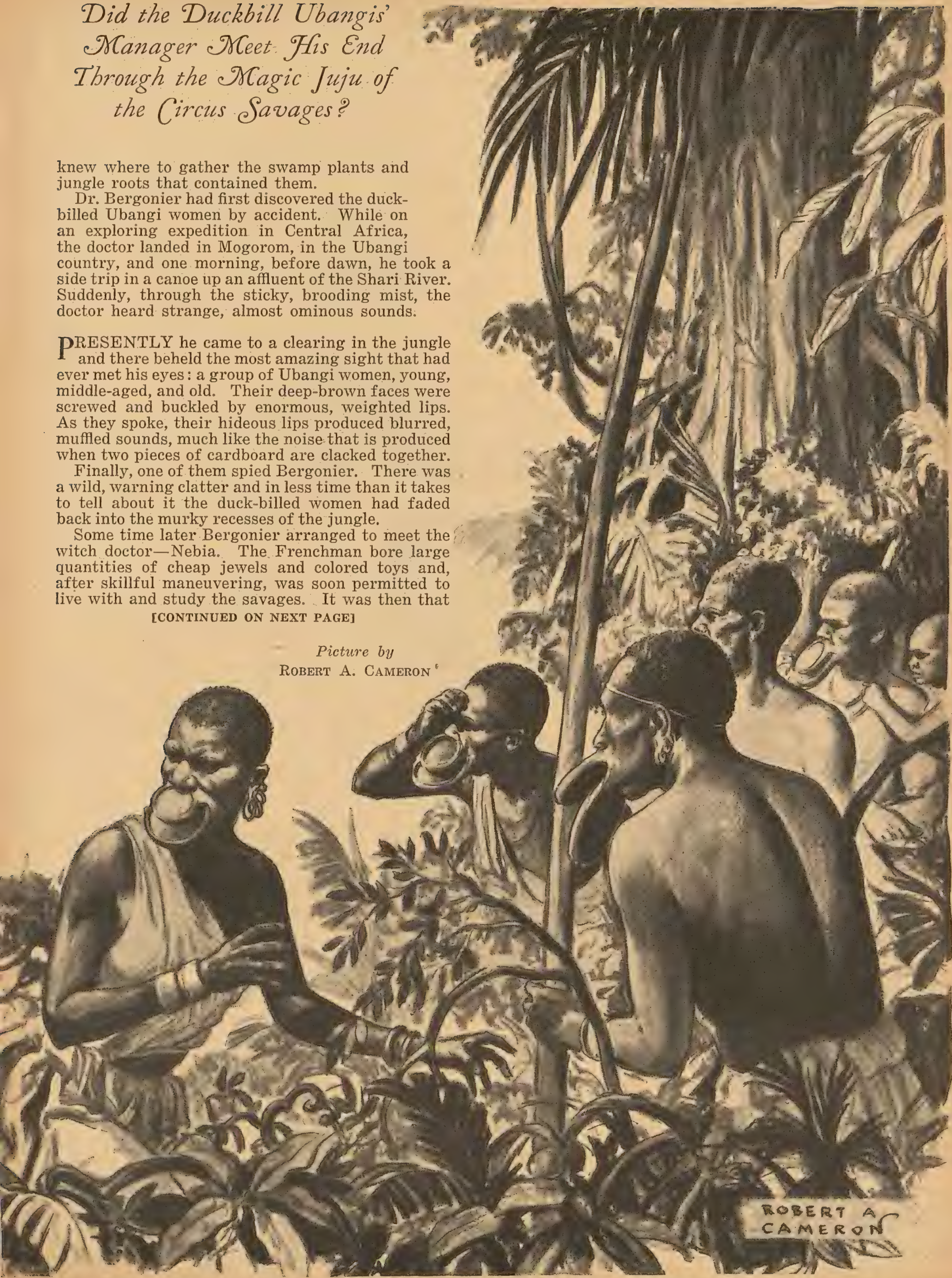
Dr. Bergonier had first discovered the duck-billed Ubangi women by accident. While on an exploring expedition in Central Africa, the doctor landed in Mogorom, in the Ubangi country, and one morning, before dawn, he took a side trip in a canoe up an affluent of the Shari River. Suddenly, through the sticky, brooding mist, the doctor heard strange, almost ominous sounds.

PRESENTLY he came to a clearing in the jungle and there beheld the most amazing sight that had ever met his eyes: a group of Ubangi women, young, middle-aged, and old. Their deep-brown faces were screwed and buckled by enormous, weighted lips. As they spoke, their hideous lips produced blurred, muffled sounds, much like the noise that is produced when two pieces of cardboard are clacked together.

Finally, one of them spied Bergonier. There was a wild, warning clatter and in less time than it takes to tell about it the duck-billed women had faded back into the murky recesses of the jungle.

Some time later Bergonier arranged to meet the witch doctor—Nebia. The Frenchman bore large quantities of cheap jewels and colored toys and, after skillful maneuvering, was soon permitted to live with and study the savages. It was then that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

THE STRANGE DEATH OF DR. BERGONIER
Continued from page nineteen

he learned the origin of the disk lips. Generations previously, the Ubangi women had been so attractive that the men of other tribes couldn't resist them. So they carried them off. Fearing extinction of their tribe, the Ubangi men eventually hit upon the rather original idea of disfiguring their women and creating a standard of beauty all their own. And so began the process of mutilating the lips of the females.

The disfigurement starts when the female is a child. The lip is slit and a small metal slug is inserted. After the skin has healed and stretched, the slug is removed and a second one, slightly larger, is inserted. This process goes on for years, larger slugs and wooden disks being inserted periodically until, at maturity, many of the women have lips the size of dinner plates. The larger the lips the more beautiful the woman, in the eyes of the Ubangi.

Courtesy Columbia Pictures

Acme photo

Gustika, a duckbill Ubangi belle, manages to smoke a pipe despite her (to our eyes) hideous mutilation. Above, two duckbill grandmothers.

A thirteenth African accompanied Dr. Bergonier when the ship docked in New York. He was Abdoulaye Samba, a small, dark-skinned Senegalese whose life Bergonier had saved some two decades previously, when Samba had been cursed by a witch doctor. The little Senegalese was so grateful that he pledged the remainder of his life to the Frenchman, and attached himself to the doctor as valet, bodyguard, interpreter, and general factotum.

Now, Samba, who knew a little more about the mysteries of Africa than Bergonier, was unalterably opposed to his master coming to America with the savages. No good would come of it, Samba solemnly pointed out; and he was in mortal fear of Nebia, one of the most potent makers of magic in all Africa. But Bergonier laughingly waved his servant's fears aside.

THE big show opened at Madison Square Garden in New York, and the African savages proved to be a sensational attraction. They were very orderly and seemed to be enjoying themselves to the hilt. They were like children in a toy factory. The new world, with its endless panorama of wonderful sights and its white-skinned people dressed in such funny clothes, delighted the dusky troupe.

But the novelty began to wear off. When the show was halfway between New York and Chicago, the Ubangis displayed the first signs of discontent. Among other things, they were homesick. The men, particularly Nebia, had picked up English phrases from the roustabouts in the show, and informed Bergonier that they wanted to go back to the jungle. Bergonier spoke of their contract, but a contract meant less than nothing to them. The French doctor then agreed to increase the quantity of five-and-ten-cent-store trinkets with which he paid them for their services, and that served to pour oil on the troubled waters, for the time being at least.

Then one day, in a Middle Western town, Nebia was taken aside by a Negro stake driver attached to the circus. The Negro was accompanied by several other Negroes, local friends. They had been anxious to meet the Ubangis, so the stake driver effected crude introductions.

One of the Negroes began to question Nebia about how much money the tribe was receiving for its visit to this country. Nebia didn't exactly understand. Then the Negro brought out some silver coins and asked, half by words and half by gestures, how much of this shiny stuff Nebia collected each week.

The witch doctor replied that he didn't get any of that. He collected a lot of it each day from the people who bought picture post cards of the tribe, and turned it over to Dr. Bergonier. Nebia received something much better than that shiny stuff. Wait; Nebia would show what he got for his people each week.

HE disappeared into the Ubangi coach, and presently reappeared with an armful of cardboard boxes. Carefully removing the lids, he proudly displayed a large assortment of colored beads, tiny bottles of cheap perfume, and various other trinkets and toys, all from the five-and-ten.

For a moment or two the American Negroes stared at the contents of the boxes in amazement. Then they broke into loud guffaws and left. Nebia, separated from these fellows of his own hue by a thousand invisible walls, stared stupidly after them. He didn't know why they laughed, but he knew that something was wrong.

That night, after the show, Nebia took Samba aside and held out a handful of coins that he had collected from the post-card sales. What did these shiny things mean? What were they worth?

With the witch doctor's hypnotic gaze riveted upon him, Samba couldn't lie. These coins, Samba reluctantly revealed, would buy more toys and perfumes and trinkets than Nebia had ever seen before.

So that was it! The white doctor was robbing Nebia!

Dr. Bergonier had a compartment in one end of the Ubangi coach, and later that night, when he entered the car, Nebia accosted him. The witch doctor bluntly announced that in the future he was turning over no more money from the sale of post cards. And he dared the white man to do anything about it.

Bergonier was white with fury, but he restrained himself. After all, the money derived from the sale of the pictures was but a drop in the bucket compared to what he was getting from the circus for exhibiting the tribe. And the Frenchman calculated that he would have no trouble with Nebia in the future if he let the witch doctor have his own way about the post-card money.

But Bergonier erred in his psychology. The germ of suspicion had been impregnated in Nebia's mind and he lost no time in transmitting it to other members of the tribe. As a result, the Ubangis were definitely ugly from then on. They performed reluctantly and half-heartedly.

They ceased to evince any interest in their surroundings.

With the passing of each day, the relations between Bergonier and the witch doctor grew increasingly strained. The group did exactly as Nebia instructed them. No longer did they take orders from Bergonier. They were now definitely beyond control.

Things reached an anticlimax when the big show was wending its way through Iowa. In Cedar Rapids, just before the evening performance, the twelve savages staged a demonstration, demanding money under threat of refusal to go on. Nebia threw a boxful of trinkets to the ground and contemptuously ground them under his feet. Bergonier, still controlling himself, compromised.

In Des Moines, the duck-billed women refused to eat until Bergonier bought them gaudy silk undergarments. In Oskaloosa they demanded —and got—patent-leather slippers with French heels! In Davenport, Nebia and the other men made the Frenchman buy them straw hats and scarfpins. Demand followed demand. until the savages were completely outfitted in modern clothing.

LATE one night, when everybody else in the circus was asleep, Nebia summoned Bergonier into the Ubangi quarters. With a defiant gesture, the witch doctor pointed out that he and the rest of the tribe were attired in their modern clothing, and that they would perform that way. That was too much for the Frenchman. Nebia was boss in the jungle, but Bergonier was the boss here. The savages would remove these modern clothes; the men would perform in their native breechcloths and the women in the smocks that had been made for them. But Nebia was adamant. He buttoned his coat and, with a sinister smile, defied Bergonier to unbutton it.

Purple with rage, Bergonier rushed into his compartment and curled his fingers around the butt of a rhinoceros-hide whip. In his fury, he forgot that cruelty in any form is a grave offense on the Ringling show. Years ago, John Ringling and his brothers began a successful crusade against cruelty and it's an unlucky day for anyone connected with the show when he ill-treats man or beast. It means instant dismissal and boycott.

As he marched toward Nebia, grasping the whip, Dr. Bergonier also forgot something else. *He forgot that no man in his right mind would dream of beating a witch doctor in Africa.*

Bergonier raised the whip and brought it down with a resounding lash across the face of the master sorcerer. He brought it down again and again, on the face, body, and limbs of the witch doctor.

The cunning Nebia cringed and whined, and promised to obey, and the show went on. It was a victory for Bergonier, but the hollowest sort of victory.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs?
Nobody! Why do it?

USE
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
INSTEAD!

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

CAN you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn't any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

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THE STRANGE DEATH OF DR. BERGONIER
Continued from page twenty-one

Samba, the doctor's faithful servant, sensed impending disaster. He pleaded with his master to leave the show before great harm, possibly death, should befall him. But Bergonier merely scoffed.

A couple of weeks later, while the circus was playing a town in the Western plains, Samba burst into Bergonier's compartment shortly after midnight. The little Senegalese was greatly excited. Again he pleaded with his master to leave the show.

Bergonier upbraided the servant for breaking in on him, whereupon Samba produced a reason for this latest outburst of fear. From his pocket he extracted a little brown figure about six inches in height. It was a mud image—*an image of Dr. Bergonier.*

"Where did you get this?" the Frenchman demanded.

"Under your compartment."

Samba left. He went outside, perched himself on the roof of another circus car, and peered into the doctor's compartment. He saw his master thoughtfully examining the image. Presently, Bergonier partially crushed it with his large fingers, as if to see what was inside of it. He saw something glittering on the left leg of the thing. Carefully reducing the leg to dirt, the Frenchman found a silver-headed upholsterer's tack. The point of the tack was discolored by a reddish tint that wasn't rust.

Bergonier was thoroughly convinced that the witch doctor was trying sorcery on him. Again in the dead of night he picked up the whip and walked into the Ubangi quarters. Samba alone, listening outside, heard Nebia's voice soar to a hysterical, unearthly screeching.

IN the morning, neither Bergonier nor Samba was seen around the circus. It was explained that they had urgent business elsewhere. They had gone to Sarasota, Florida. The doctor, unnerved, explained there that he had come on ahead of the circus for a little vacation. Later, he said, he intended to take the Ubangis to Paris, to fill an engagement at the International Overseas Exhibition, after which he was going to take them back to the jungle.

In Sarasota, Bergonier was visibly worried. He underwent a change of opinion about Nebia's powers as a maker of magic. Time and again he asked Samba:

"You don't think he could harm me, do you?"

Samba wasn't very encouraging.

"Remember, master, that a sorcerer does not have to touch you to harm you."

As the days wore on, Bergonier became increasingly enveloped in a mantle of fear—fear of the little witch doctor who was more than a thousand miles away with the circus.

The Frenchman communicated this fear to his friends. He pointed out that during his long years in Africa he had run across scores of black-magic deaths in which not a trace of poison had been perceptible.

One death which Bergonier particularly recalled now was that of his Hausa gun-bearer, a strong and healthy fellow, who had suddenly dropped dead on the desert sands late one afternoon. The boy had been walking along ahead of Bergonier when he had toppled in his tracks. Death had been instantaneous. Before the body was cold, Bergonier began a careful examination. He found two light-green marks beneath the boy's left shoulder blade, on the surface of the skin. No trace of any poison was found in the boy's organs or blood. Death had not been due to heart trouble or any other known disease. And the two green spots beneath the shoulder blade had remained a mystery.

On the ninth day of October Dr. Bergonier's worst fears were realized. As he was drying himself after his morning shower he noticed, to his horror, a peculiar red spot on his leg. *The spot was the same color as the point of the tack which he had found in the mud image—and the spot was on the left leg, below the knee, in the same place where the tack had been placed in the leg of the image.*

Bergonier called Samba.

"Look—my leg!"

Samba's eyes widened. He fell to his knees.

"Oh, master!" he moaned. "Call the best doctors!"

Bergonier curled his sardonic lips.

"No," he said. "It's no use. I'm doomed."

ON the twelfth of October the circus came home. When the Ubangi coach rolled in, little Samba ran alongside of it, shouting a frantic plea in an African tongue. Nebia, sitting in the center of the coach with Queen Kananinbonga, stared vacantly at Samba, as if in a trance.

A railroad worker restrained Samba from following the car farther, whereupon the Senegalese jumped into a taxi and sped to the winter quarters. Arriving there, he approached the Ubangi coach. One of the disk-lipped women spied him, and presently all of the troupe, with the exception of Nebia, swarmed out of the car and surrounded him. The little servant tried to fight his way through to the car, screaming to Nebia to lift his magic. Nebia appeared on the platform of the coach, calmly surveyed the tumult, then laughed.

The savages then began to attack Samba, shouting that he had been in league with the white man, and the servant fled into the waiting taxi and sped to the house on Palm Avenue where Dr. Bergonier was lying at death's door, his body pierced by pain and afire with fever.

"I tried my best, master," Samba told the doctor, "but he wouldn't listen to me."

"I didn't think he would," said Bergonier grimly.

The next day the man who had lived so daringly in the dark places of the world closed his eyes for the last time.

A local doctor who had been called in against the wishes of Bergonier said that death was due to septic pneumonia. But the local physician, due to Bergonier's stand against medical attention, was not called in until the time for an authentic diagnosis had passed.

Was Dr. Bergonier's strange death natural—or unnatural?

Did septic pneumonia end his life—or was he the victim of African juju?

These questions may never be answered, but—

Why did Dr. Bergonier say from the first that he was doomed, and why, if the red spot on his leg was an ordinary infection, did he refuse medical aid?

THE END

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No Holds Barred

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.*)

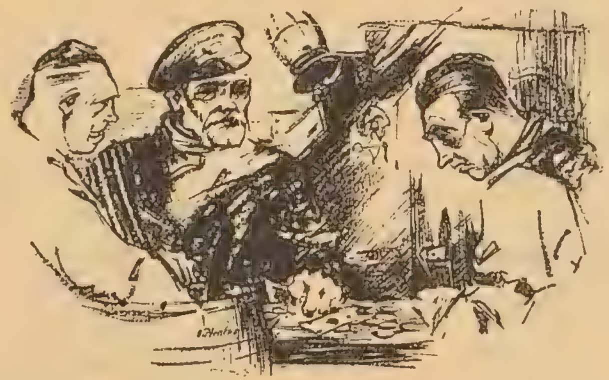
By F. R. BUCKLEY

THIS was when we were sailing from Tutuila to Tonga, after French Pete had knifed the Kanaka. We didn't know about the knifing, or Captain Swenson wouldn't have given Pete passage; he was all seaman, Swenson, and probably the best schooner sailor in the South Seas, but he did have a respect for laws. Harbor regulations and the law of storms, alike, the captain was all for them. However, since Pete had his passage money and nobody had found the Kanaka's body yet, of course the question of law didn't arise, and we sailed on schedule with that angel in our midst. We weren't twenty-four hours out before he brought up the subject of poker, nor thirty-six before he'd got a game going with me and the captain, the third mate, and a trader we happened to be carrying. Pete lost twelve dollars.

"I like it, even when I lose," says he. "It's a man's game, poker. Anything you can get away with is yours, and no right and wrong. Only you're bound to give a man his revenge when he wants it. Don't forget that, captain, will you?"

"You play a cutthroat game, all right," says the trader. "I suppose you really know that four cards don't make a flush?"

"They do if you can get away with it," says Pete, grinning more than ever. "By the way, there's something *you* can remember, mister. Nobody but the party calling has a right to remark on the show-down. It's man to man, and if the caller can't tell a spade from a club, that's up to him."



"Seems a funny spirit to put into cards," says old Swenson in his mild way.

"This isn't cards," says French Pete, getting up. "It's poker. Good night."

Well, you might have thought that talk would have warned us, but it didn't. For one thing, Swenson and me and the first mate were getting all the warnings we could use, from the barometer. There was dirty weather somewhere around; we didn't have any wireless, and for all his nose for storms Swenson couldn't just figure where this was. He was worried; which is probably why he drank the next night. Had one in French Pete's cabin before dinner—and he wasn't a drinking man—and by the time we sat down to give French Pete his revenge, he seemed all kind of dazed. I have a suspicion that Pete may accidentally have dropped cigar ash into that whisky and soda.

"Cert'nly we'll play," says the old man, when I hinted the game might be postponed. "'S law of the game, like Leblanc says; must give a man his revenge when he wants it. Stick to the law an' you'll never go wrong. I wish this damn' storm would. Whose deal is it?"

"Mine," says French Pete; and it was, and his game as well; he certainly got away with murder. The captain lost nearly four hundred dollars.

He came on deck next forenoon kind of shaky. Pete was standing with me near the taffrail.

"Too bad about last night, captain," says he.

Old Swenson looked at him. "You owe me a revenge, I think?"

"Any time you want it," says French Pete. "Only don't imagine just staying sober'll make you a sure winner, cap. I play one game under last night's conditions, and another under others."

"You've got a swell idea of cards," says I, disgusted.

"We weren't playing cards," says Pete, starting for'ard. "That was poker."

Swenson didn't say anything. Nor did I. We fixed our position, worried some more over the barometer, and didn't play poker that night.

It was three days later when Swenson—he'd been studying about that storm all afternoon, and powpowing with the third mate—said at noontime that maybe he'd take his revenge that evening.

"Anything you can get away with is yours," says French Pete. "But I wouldn't be too sure, captain."

It was at eight bells that we found our storm, or the tail of it; and by nine that night we were getting a fair dusting. Swenson wouldn't have a Kanaka at the wheel; he had the third mate there, and the second on watch, which left four of us for the game. The trader and me had figured this fight would be strictly between Pete and the old man; we weren't going in much.

"It's almost too rough—" began Pete; and as he said it the Susie did what I'd never known her to do—gave a cavort that nearly threw me out of my chair and banged Pete's head pretty painfully against the bulkhead. Moreover, it seemed from his color that he might be feeling the least bit seasick. I looked at Swenson, but he took no notice. He was just finished shuffling the cards when Susie gave another roll that sent the whole deck flying, and made French Pete turn from yellow to pale green.

Well, Pete may have been a brave guy when it came to knife work and such, but certainly he had no taste for salt water. Though I'm free to admit that at times Susie's antics made even me cock an eye at the old man, wondering whether we hadn't both better go on deck and take a look-see. He didn't allow suggestions from his officers, and since he wouldn't catch my eye, nothing happened about it. Except to Pete; and what happened to him was aplenty. By four bells Pete was the color of shoal water and wanted to quit; but the old man wasn't taking any. He said this was the revenge Pete was bound by his own law to give him; there'd be no other chance to play, and the game was going on.

AND how! Talk about poetic justice! Swenson didn't pull any stuff as crude as Pete's that other night, but he bluffed like a madman, and Pete simply didn't have the stomach left to take chances. So he lost steadily: first the four hundred he'd won; then another hundred; and then he was positively through. His head was rolling on his shoulders, and he hadn't the strength to hold his cards.

"'Sides," he gasped, "no—more money."

Swenson laid down his hand.

"All right," says he calmly; and then to me: "Being we're all square now, mister, you might as well go tell the third mate to put her on her course again and stop this steeplechasing before we snap the sticks out of her. Gosh, he had me scared once or twice when he jibed her. Tell the mate to reef down and give her some foresail."

I'd been kind of suspicious for some time; but it was a brand-new idea to Pete. I saw his eyes sort of widen.

"You—you mean—you've been having—ship act this way—on purpose?"

Swenson looked at him and smiled.

"You see," says he, "this isn't cards. It's poker!"

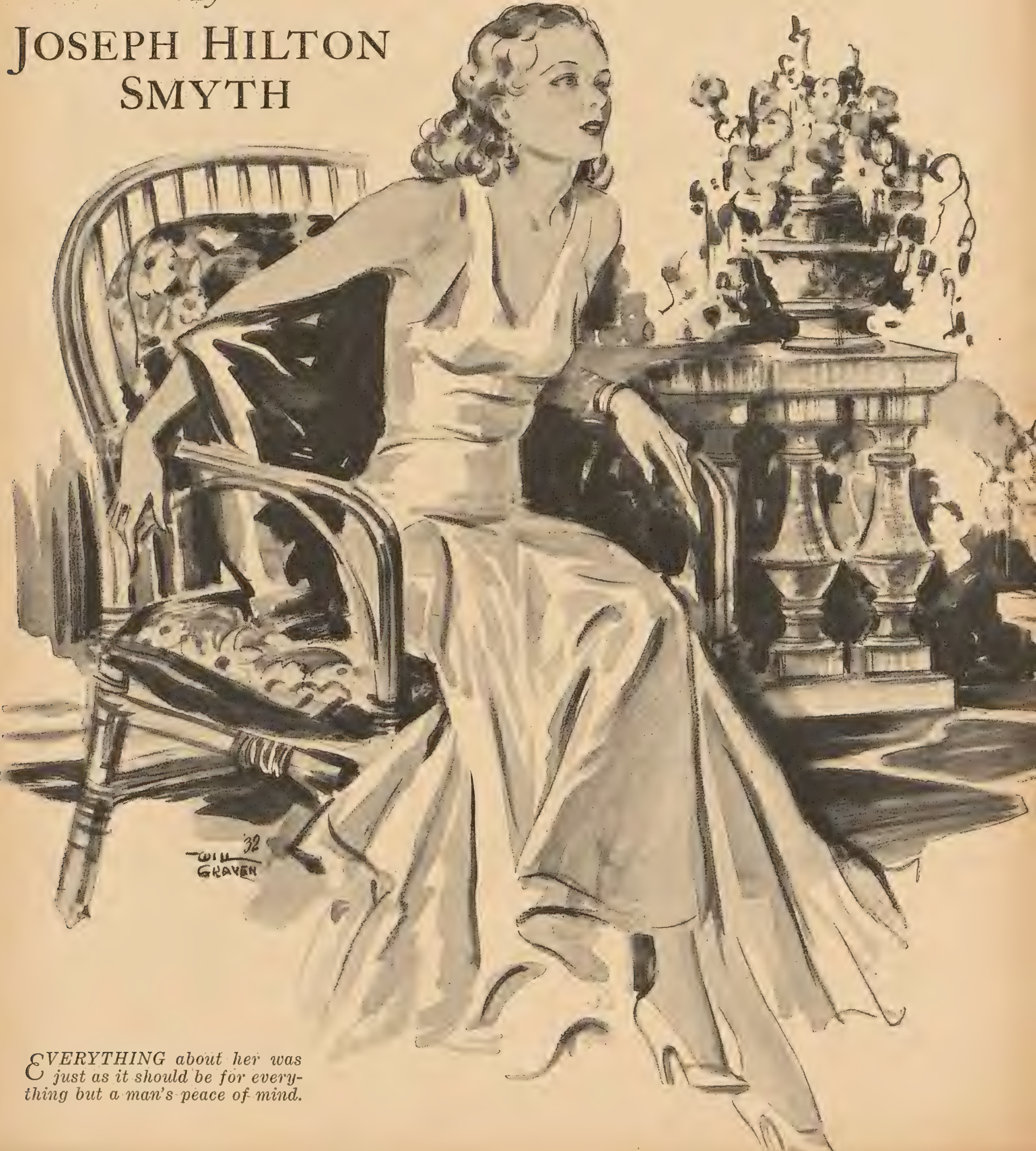
THE END

FOOLS *Have*

And Where There Is Romance Who Cares About Depression?

By

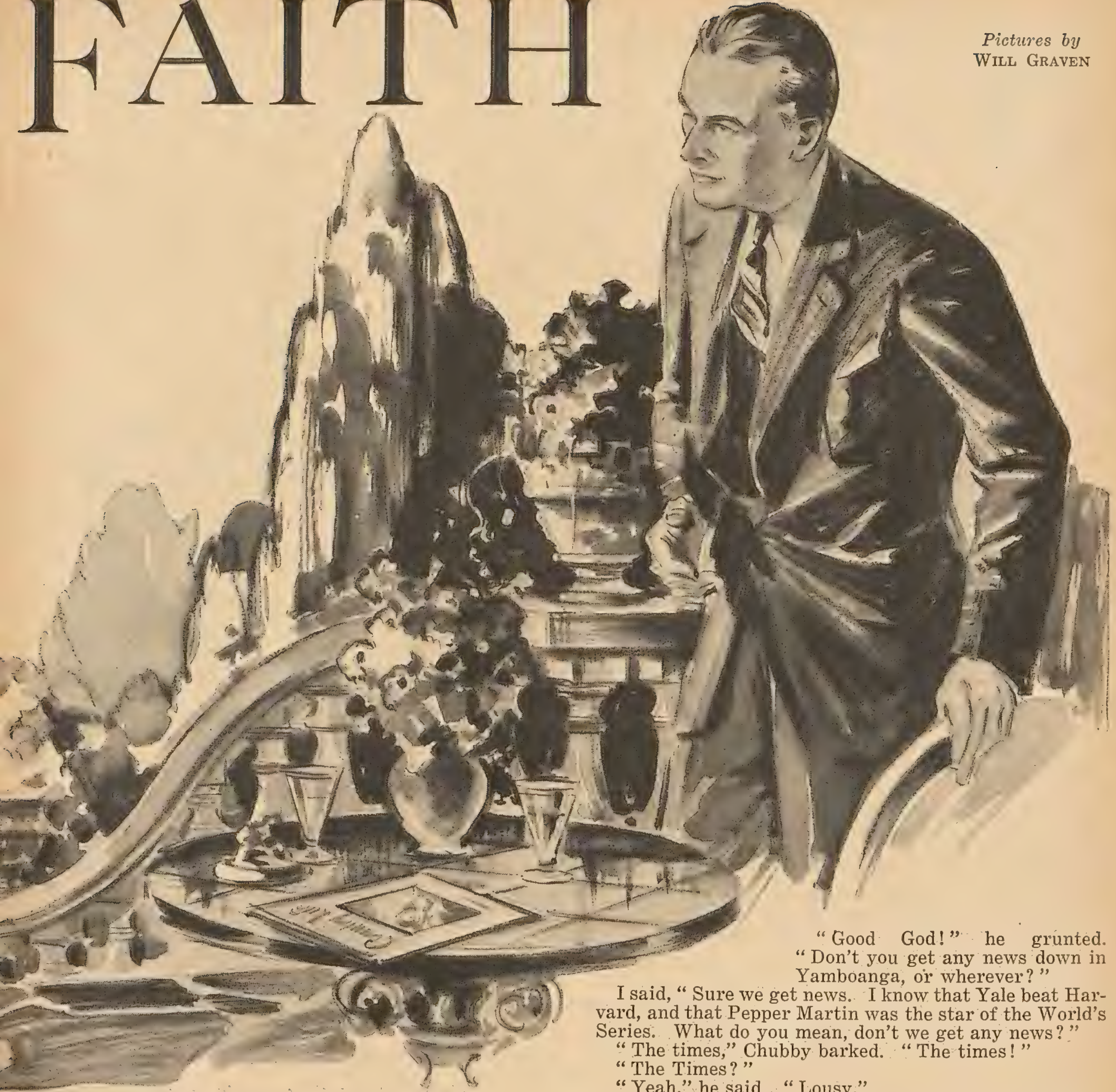
JOSEPH HILTON
SMYTH



EVERYTHING about her was just as it should be for everything but a man's peace of mind.

FAITH

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)

WELL, about the first person I saw in the club that morning was Chubby Wilkins, and he clapped me on my left shoulder and said, "Well, well!" And I said, "Well!"

So he said, "Well, well!" again.

I said, "Well!"

And then we stood there grinning at each other the way only two guys who have not seen each other for five years, or maybe hope not to see each other for five more years, can do, and finally, by way of variation, Chubby said, "Well!"

I said, "Pretty good."

"And how is Central America?"

I said, "Central America is pretty good, too." We moved into an adjoining room and sat in a couple of chairs and punched a bell and ordered a couple of refreshments, and I added, "Only, after five years I figured I needed a bit of vacation, so I'm back for a while."

Chubby shook his head sadly. "And what a time you chose!"

I looked at him blankly. I said, "I don't get you."

"Good God!" he grunted. "Don't you get any news down in Yamboanga, or wherever?"

I said, "Sure we get news. I know that Yale beat Harvard, and that Pepper Martin was the star of the World's Series. What do you mean, don't we get any news?"

"The times," Chubby barked. "The times!"

"The Times?"

"Yeah," he said. "Lousy."

"Why don't you change papers, then?" I asked soothingly.

"Listen," Chubby said. "Make all the wise cracks you want to, but this business is serious. I'm telling you. Serious."

He went on explaining how bad everything was, and how everything had got as bad as it was, and how everything was going to remain as bad as it was unless someone did something pretty drastic about it all, which the way things were didn't seem very likely. So finally I decided to do something about it temporarily myself and punched the bell and ordered two more of the same.

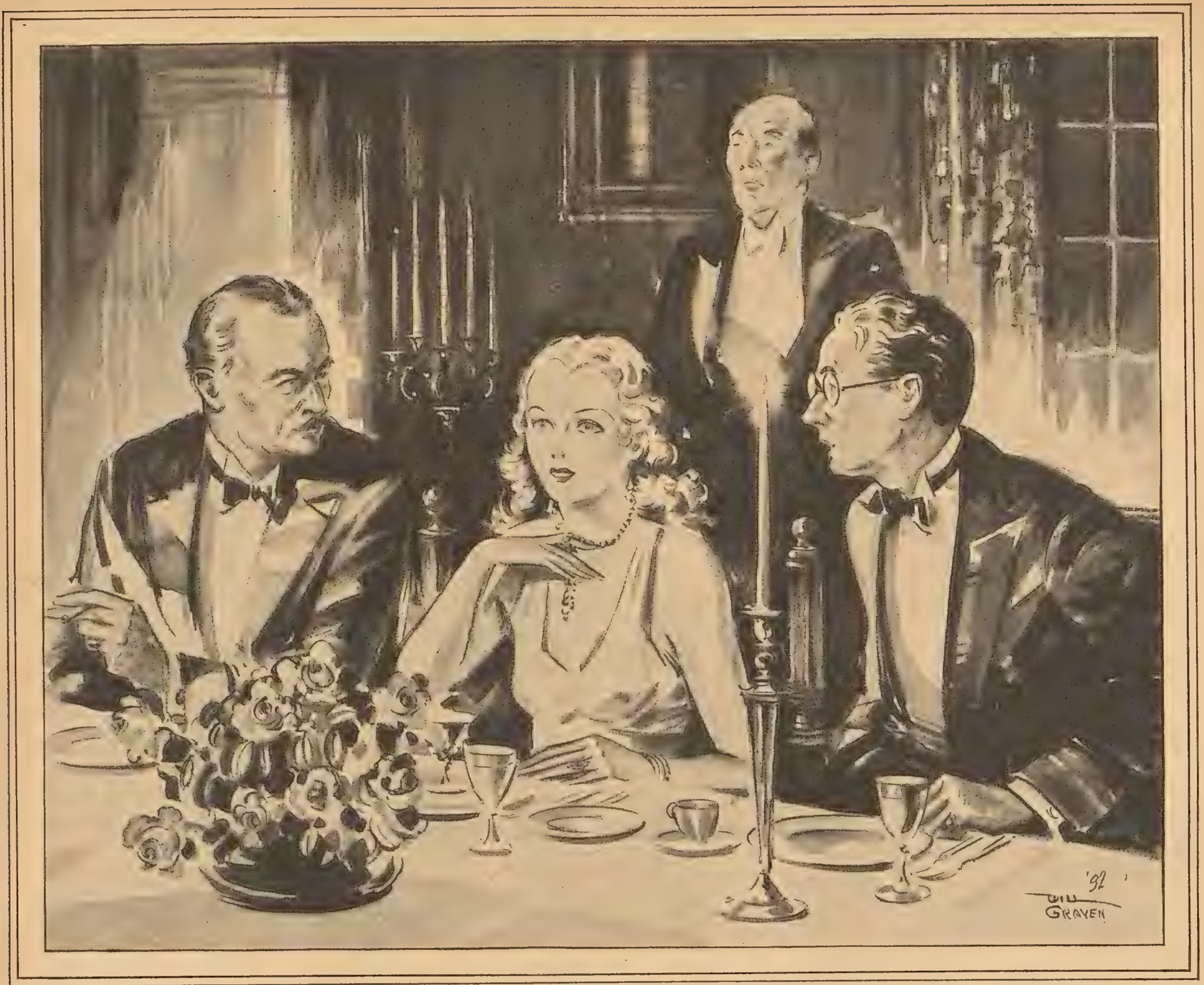
Then, while Chubby was coming up for air, I said hastily, "Things just can't be that bad."

"Worse," Chubby cut in.

"I only got in yesterday," I went on firmly, "but coming up from the boat I noticed plenty of new buildings going up, and quite a bevy of new cars, and the same gang of shoppers getting in one another's way."

"Yeah," said Chubby. "And there are plenty of new mortgages, and bankruptcies, and unpaid bills."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Sally was flanked by the young Mr. Byrd and by a gentleman somewhat older, named Phelps. I found out later that he was living on a couple of incomes from a couple of trust funds.

FOOLS HAVE FAITH
Continued from page twenty-five

"Unpaid bills," I said, "came in when wives were first invented."

"Hell!" said Chubby. "There's no use talking to you. You don't understand in the first place, and in the second place you don't know anything about it in the first place."

He leaned over and punched the bell again, and then said how about coming down to the paternal paddocks on Long Island for a week-end or maybe two week-ends, provided I hadn't anything else to do, which I hadn't.

Then he got up to go, and I thought of something else. I said, "Shall I bring down my guns, Chubby?"

Chubby said, "Guns?"

I said, "Guns."

"What for?"

"To help keep the wolf from the door," I said, and he said "Bah!" and glared and went on his way downtown, where it seems that you can no longer sell stock to people who do not wish to buy stock.

I went out on to Fifth Avenue to buy the kind of clothes I had not been able to buy for five years in Central America.

A couple of days later Chubby picked me up at the club, and we started the long trek Long Islandward in a very comfortable car about two sizes smaller than a transcontinental locomotive, with three spare tires and twelve spare cylinders, and apparently equipped with everything else but an electric refrigerator, which was probably concealed behind the flower vase or something anyway, and after we had manœuvered the Queensboro Bridge and three traffic jams I said, "You surprise me, Chubby."

Chubby said, "Huh?"

"Surprise me," I repeated. "I mean, after the mournful monologue of the other morn, and what not, I kind of thought we'd have to hitch-hike to the old homestead."

He glared at me and then at an undecided flivver. "Don't be gummy!"

"I'm not being gummy," I protested. "I'm only trying to get things straight."

"So's everyone else," Chubby muttered, "and that's all the good it's doing."

ALL in all, it seemed to be a conversation that wasn't getting us anywhere. And finally, what with this and that and the other thing, including a dead rooster, we swept through a pair of stone gateposts and on to the quarter stretch that led up to the Wilkins wigwam.

A hired hand in a black-and-red-striped waistcoat and black pants came out and collected our bags, and another hired hand appeared from somewhere else and collected the car, and we went in. In the entrance hall we ran into Mr. Wilkins, Senior, who was standing there as though he had started out some place and then forgotten where, and when he saw us he came forward and grunted at Chubby and held out his hand to me.

He said, "Glad to see you again, Thaddeus."

I said, "Thank you, sir."

He said, "Chubby tells me you've been in Brazil, or some place."

I said, "Central America."

He nodded morosely. "How are things there?"

"Well—" I started.

"I know," he cut in quickly. "But they can't be any worse than they are here."

I tried again. I said, "Well—"

"No," he went on, pulling aimlessly on a fragile mustache and blinking. "No. Things are very, very bad, Thaddeus."

This time I made up my mind to finish whatever it was that I was going to say, but before I could begin Mr. Wilkins evidently remembered whatever it was he had previously forgotten he was about to do, and waved his hand at me vaguely and wandered off. I looked after him, and then at Chubby, and started once more to say something, but changed my mind and followed on upstairs.

Chubby left me at the entrance to my room, and said, "I'll see you down on the terrace later." And I said, "O. K.," and went in and sat on a chair and smoked a cigarette while the man unpacked some of the new clothes I had just bought. I sat there smoking and trying to figure things out. Five years before, when I had come North on my vacation, everyone had been reading Freud and talking about repressions, and now everyone seemed to be reading financial columns and talking about depressions, and it was all very disturbing.

The man finished unpacking, and said, "Is there anything else, sir?" And I said, "Yes."

He waited.

I said, "You might bring me a long, very tall one, without too much ice and very little seltzer. I feel I am going to need it."

HALF an hour later I wandered downstairs and out on to the terrace. At first it looked deserted, and then I saw a girl sitting in the far corner. When she turned toward me I noticed that she had eyes that were a kind of cornflower blue and hair that was a very pale gold, and then she stood up and I saw that everything else about her was just as it should be for everything but a man's peace of mind. She came toward me and smiled and said, "You're Tad Warren, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes."

"I knew I remembered you," she went on, holding out her hand.

I shook the hand and my head at the same time. "No," I said, "I'm afraid you are mistaken. I couldn't ever have met you before."

She opened her eyes a little wider and looked puzzled.

"If I had," I explained, "I would never have forgotten it."

Her eyelashes, which were very long and dark, fluttered over her eyes, and then she laughed.

"I'm Chubby's sister Sally."

I stared down at her blankly for a minute, and then I shook my head again.

"No," I said. "I remember her. I mean, I remember her only too well. She had braids, and a lot of legs and knees, and freckles, and she put tadpoles in my bed."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

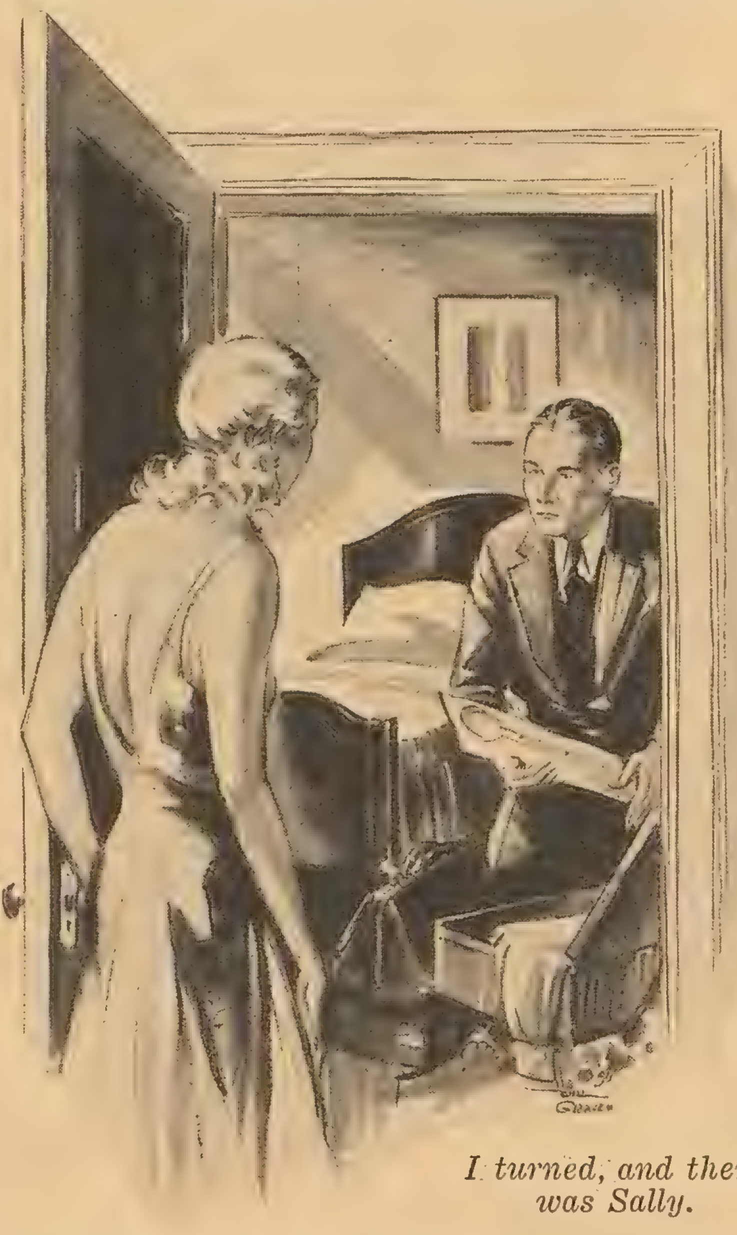
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

A Product of General Foods Corporation

FOOLS HAVE FAITH
Continued from page twenty-seven

"I've outgrown the tadpoles," she assured me; "and besides, that was five years ago."

And then Chubby came out, followed shortly by Mrs. Wilkins, and she said how glad she was to see me again, and I said how glad I was to see her again, and then we settled down to wait for tea.



I turned, and there was Sally.

The tea and Mr. Wilkins arrived sort of simultaneously, accompanied by a young man of about twenty years, wearing a very distinguished Adam's apple and some prominent glasses and the name of J. Abner Byrd, who immediately sat down next to Sally after glaring at me.

Sally said, "Do tell me what you have been doing in Central America, Tad. It sounds frightfully romantic."

I said, "It's not, though. Just bananas."

"Bananas?"

"Bananas," I repeated. "Running a banana plantation, I mean."

The young Mr. Byrd shot his cuffs in one direction and his Adam's apple in the other and barked, "American imperialism!"

I said blankly, "Pardon me?"

"American imperialism! Wall Street exploiting the ignorant peon!"

I looked at Sally and Sally looked at me and lowered one eyelid, so I said, "No. Just bananas. The fruit, I mean, not the oil."

Then Mr. Wilkins broke in: "I suppose the depression hit you pretty hard, even down there?"

So I said, no, it hadn't, and went on to explain how bananas didn't seem to pay much attention to newspaper reports, but went on growing anyway, provided revolutions, blow-downs, floods, and other seasonal afflictions didn't interfere too much, and once they were grown you sold them if you could, and if you couldn't you threw them away.

"It sounds very businesslike!" Byrd cut in.

I shrugged my shoulders and wondered whether it was worth while going on with the argument, if it was one in the first place, and then I caught Sally's eye again and she smiled at me and said, "You haven't seen the new stables that were put up since you were last here, have you, Tad?"

I said I hadn't but that I would like to very much, and we got up and went down from the terrace, leaving Mr. Byrd, in what was evidently quite something of a state of mind, and the remainder of the family group behind us.

WE ambled across the lawn, and after we had shared a hundred yards or so of silence between us Sally said, "Well?"

"I was considering," I told her. "Considering this and that and Mr. Byrd."

Sally said, "Oh!" Then, after a minute, she added, "He's a sort of editor. I mean, he's the third associate editor of a magazine called the New Decade."

I looked blank.

"It's a very liberal magazine," she explained; "for the limited few."

I said, "I see."

She gave me a kind of funny look. "He's quite a thinker, too."

I said, "I can see that."

She gave me another funny look. But by then we had reached the stables, so we went in and gave a couple of new hunters and the rest of the ménage a few more looks. Afterward we just strolled about, talking about sunsets on Long Island and sunsets in the tropics and one thing and another, and the next thing we knew it was time to go back and dress for dinner.

. . . . .

There were quite a few people at dinner.

I sat across from Sally, with a woman whose hair was an unwilling red on one side of me and a woman whose hair had also once been an unsatisfactory brown on the other. It turned out that Mrs. Farley, on my left hand, was a grass widow, and the other one, Mrs. Dinwiddie, was also a widow, only by bequest instead of request.

Sally was flanked by the young Mr. Byrd and by a gentleman somewhat older, named Phelps, who looked as though his dinner clothes had been cut by a tailor who was already an hour late for a business appointment with the boys in the back room around the corner. I found out later that he was living on a couple of incomes from a couple of trust funds established by a couple of grandfathers.

DURING the soup Mr. Phelps looked across the table at me and said, "I hear you are from Central America, Warren."

"Yes," I said, and waited.

Then he said, "How are things down there?"

I swallowed a couple of empty spoonfuls of soup. "I guess the less I say about that the better," I ventured finally.

He nodded solemnly. "Just as I thought," he said.

I said, "Yes, sir."

I looked at Sally and smiled and she smiled back, and then Mrs. Farley said, "But you can't imagine the condition things are in here, Mr. Warren, you really can't. I mean, you have no idea. Simply no idea at all! I mean, I was reading the paper today and the very first thing I saw was where some miners or gas men or something like that in some town in Pennsylvania—or perhaps it was New Jersey—anyway, these men in this little town where there are only four thousand inhabitants—or it might have been forty thousand—have five million dollars more in the savings bank than they had last year. Five millions, or fifty millions, or something like that."

I said, "Really?"

"Yes," she said. "I read it. And you can see what it means. I mean, if a lot of working people are going to hoard all their money like that, and not spend it or anything, no wonder times are hard and dividends get passed and everything. I mean, when I read it I simply looked things in the eye, and let my third gardener and second chauffeur go at once."

I said, "You did?"

She nodded.

I said, "That must have helped."

The young Mr. Byrd favored both of us with a withering glance and said weightily, "That is just a symptom, and has nothing to do with cause and effect. Nothing at all. In an article I am doing now I bring that out, and the answer to the problem is gold."

I wanted to say that it was an answer to a lot of problems, but before I could get a chance he went on, "Did you ever think seriously about it?"

"About what?" I asked.

He said, "Gold."

So I said, "Yes. Every time I pay a bill."

Then Mr. Wilkins said, "Bad," looking up from his fish. "Very bad."

Mrs. Wilkins gave him a startled look, and everyone else gave the fish a startled look, and Mr. Wilkins said, "Business," so we picked up our forks again, and Mr. Phelps held his while he took the conversation away from Mr. Byrd.

"Now you take agriculture," he said, and I blinked thoughtfully at him, because he certainly looked like a man who would not know a green pea from a watermelon unless you cut them both open. "You take agriculture . . ."

So for the next five minutes we took agriculture, and it was quite a course, during which we learned a lot of interesting things that probably the farmers themselves would have been very interested to know; and it seems that if it hadn't been for a tariff, or maybe it was the federal aid—anyway, if it hadn't been for something or other, the price of wheat would not be what it was now but would be another price entirely, or maybe it was the other way around.

Then I said, "How about potatoes?" feeling that it was up to me to act kind of intelligent.

He said, "What?"

"Potatoes," I repeated weakly.

"I was speaking," he said severely, "of wheat."

I said, "Pardon me. I thought it was agriculture in general." And then Mrs. Dinwiddie, on my right, broke in.

"In a speech," she announced firmly, clearing her throat the same way, "in a speech I made last week before the Women's Civic Cultural Club, I think I brought out clearly the principal issue of the moment."

SHE paused and took a thin sip of water and looked around the table as though she were looking down on the cultural civic faces of her fellow club-women. "I said," she continued slowly, "I said this: 'It is not, as some people now maintain, that civilization has failed us, but rather that we, ourselves, have failed civilization.' Not all of us, of course," she amended hastily, "but the great majority. Do you understand? '*We* have failed civilization!'"

She gazed again slowly around the table and finally brought her eyes to a temporary halt on me, and I felt a funny tingling feeling along my spine, as though I had been caught failing civilization with a jar of jam in my grandmother's jelly closet.

"Yes'm," I said.

Well, during the rest of the dinner I sat in something of a mental fog that grew foggier by the minute, and listened first with one ear and then with the other, and every now and again looked with both eyes at Sally, who was very nice to look upon. It was very hard trying to figure out how she could be the sister of Chubby and the daughter of Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins' husband, Mr. Wilkins, because, while they were very nice people, they were also a very strong argument for companionate marriage in its milder stages.

On my left ear Mrs. Farley was saying, "But, my dear, I mean really, Mr. Warren, you have no idea! I mean, I read yesterday . . ." And while she was explaining what she had read and why she had read it, Mrs. Dinwiddie was holding forth in my right ear on what she had said the day before at this club or that, while in between times Mr. Phelps or Mr. Byrd would seize the bull by one conversational horn apiece, and all in all it got kind of confusing.

Finally we moved into the living room, where we had coffee and some more conversation, and then Mrs. Wilkins said, "How about bridge, everybody?" and everybody but Sally said, "Fine."

She turned to me and said, "Of course you play, Thaddeus?"

I looked over toward Sally, who was standing by a French window and looking out at the moon, if there was a moon, and said quickly, "I'm awfully sorry, but I don't."

Chubby reared up his head and stared at me. "I must have lost my allowance playing tiddledywinks with you at college, then," he grunted.

"Ping-pong," I corrected him. "Or maybe it was lotto. I forget."

I went over to where Sally was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Buys the Loveliest Lingerie!
Never thinks of her Gums
. . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!
Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie. But the next time you don it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your teeth—the once-over!

Be sure men won't say about *you:* "Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

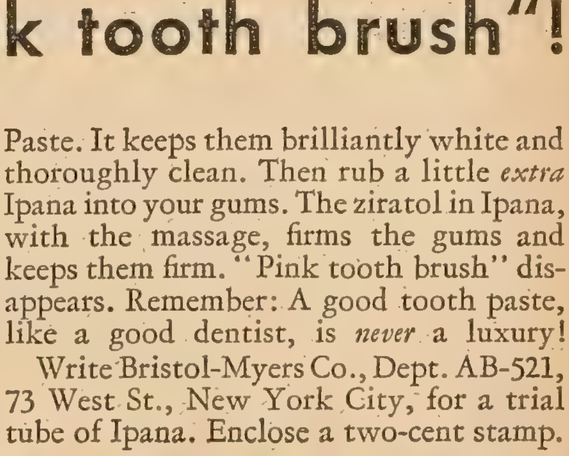
It's like this: You aren't attractive unless your teeth are white. And good-looking teeth depend on firm *gums!*

Your gums *aren't* firm. Today's soft foods don't *stimulate* them. So your gums gradually become flabby and weak. They bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." It may lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then rub a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums and keeps them firm. "Pink tooth brush" disappears. Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-521, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.



Unattractive Miss Jones

married!

SALLOW . . . sour looking . . . the plainest girl in the office. And then she found an easy, pleasant way to end her indigestion.

What a fine thing Dr. Beeman did for all of us when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum—the gum that aids digestion. Don't put up with those little digestive upsets that spoil your looks and your disposition. Chew Beeman's several times a day. The flavor is delightful.

Especially made to aid digestion

PEPSIN
GUM
BEEMANS
CHEWING

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

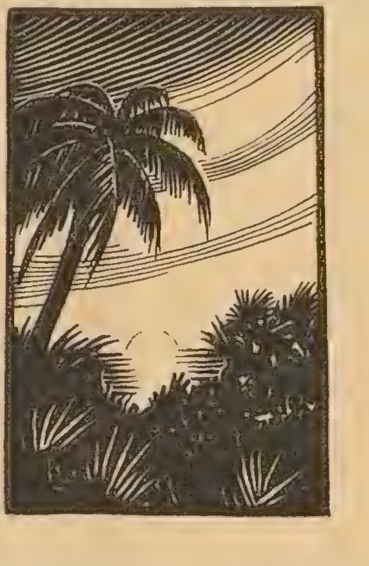
FOOLS HAVE FAITH
Continued from page twenty-nine

standing and said, "Do you think that there is a moon?"

She smiled up at me, and I noticed again what a clear and soft blue her eyes were. "There's only one way of finding out."

I looked over my shoulder. There was as much conversation as before, but it had switched from systems for saving the country to systems for saving the odd trick at contract, with everyone very excited with the exception of Mr. Byrd, who for once was saying nothing, being too busily engaged in glaring darkly in my direction.

I took hold of Sally's arm and said, "Let's go."



. . . . .

Well, the next day was pretty much like the first, and the day after that even more so. During the mornings Chubby and I went over to the country club and did a moderate amount of divot digging and puttering, which wasn't too successful, for up to that time I had always done my trap shooting with a gun; and in the evenings there were the usual number of guests who proceeded to take the affairs of the country apart and then put them together again, with not more than seven pieces, including the mainspring, left over when they had finished.

At odd moments I managed to corral Sally behind a geranium or a nasturtium tree or something, and then for a while I could feel that maybe things weren't so bad after all.

I said, "Don't people go to plays any more, or read books, or take in prize fights?"

"Of course," Sally said. "Why?"

I said, "I wish they'd talk about them, then. I mean, I'm getting a little fed up—"

"With the depression?"

"The conversational depression," I said. "Talking doesn't help."

"Let's talk about something else, then," Sally said. "Tell me some more about Central America. I'd love to go there!"

I LOOKED at her quickly, and for a brief moment almost said what I had wanted to say five minutes after the first afternoon on the terrace, and then I caught myself in time.

"It's no place for a woman," I told her. "No place at all. That is, not in the neck of the woods I live in." And I went on with the very good intention of talking about nothing but the neck of the woods I lived in in Guatemala, and the next thing I knew I was telling her about her eyes, and trying to describe the color, which took quite a long time.

When finally we stepped around the corner on our way back to the terrace we also stepped on the young Mr. Byrd. It seemed to me that whenever I stepped anywhere with Sally I also stepped on him sooner or later, and after putting one thing and another together I began to wonder. So that evening after I had dressed for dinner I wandered into Chubby's room and said, "Listen."

"One of the best things I do," Chubby said, fiddling with his tie. "What can I sell you?"

"Not that it's any of my business," I said, "but is our friend Byrd a permanent fixture or something?"

Chubby looked at me sharply over his shoulder, and then said in an insinuating voice, "Oh!"

"What do you mean 'Oh!'?" I demanded.

"Just that," Chubby said. "Oh!"

"THANKS for the information," I said, and got up.

"Don't get shirty," Chubby said. "But, in case you hadn't noticed it, I don't mind telling you, just between us girls, that the young Mr. Byrd is ga-ga, not to mention this way and that way, about Sally."

This time I was the one who said "Oh!" Then, after thinking it over for a minute or two, I added, "And how does Sally feel about it?"

Chubby gave me another very odd glance. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know? After all, she's only my sister."

"Tough on her," I said, and went out and into my room and smoked a cigarette. Then I smoked another cigarette and thought some more, trying to compare a life on a banana plantation in Guatemala to a life with Mr. Byrd in a New York dove nest, without getting much of anywhere in particular, so finally I took a drink and said, "Oh, hell!" and went downstairs.

There was about the same crowd at dinner as there had been the first night, and the conversation wasn't any different either.

Mr. Byrd explained some more about the gold standard, and then Mr. Phelps explained some more about agriculture, and then Mr. Byrd went back to the subject of the government competing with private enterprise in business, and I learned that the government made ships, shoes, ice, harness, sausage, and a couple of other things, including, in 1930, 38,809 gallons of ice cream and 16,975 pies in the Canal Zone alone, not to mention what it did with fish in Alaska.

My head began to ache, and I wished that I had taken another drink before dinner, or that I hadn't taken my vacation when I did, or that I'd gone somewhere else, like the South Seas or Manchuria.

I looked across the table at Sally. She was wearing a lacy blue evening dress that was the color of her eyes, and her hair curled in golden tendrils about her face, and I thought how lonely it would be when I went back to Guatemala and the bananas, and then Mrs. Dinwiddie said nasally, " It isn't overproduction that's the trouble, but underconsumption," and I thought how quiet it would be there, too.

I began to feel lousy. I'd been looking forward to this vacation for five years, and five years is a long time, any way you look at it. I'd been looking forward to living again where you only had to turn a tap to get all the hot water you wanted, and where you went wherever you wanted to go in a car that ran swiftly over smooth highways instead of on a mule that changed its mind and gait every ten steps, and where your linen was dry and crisp when you put it on in the morning and not like damp dishrags. I wanted to hear new songs, and see new plays, and sit down beside one of the new radios that were hooked up so that you only had to turn a dial to listen to Paris or London or the Sultan's wives in Zamboanga. I was getting plenty of broadcasting now, but it wasn't the kind I wanted.

Then I looked across at Sally again, and knew what I wanted and one reason I felt so sunk.

WHEN we got up to move into the living room for coffee I lingered behind and managed to get hold of a second assistant butler or something who looked as though he might listen to reason and the clink of silver.

He said, " Yes, sir; in about half an hour. Thank you, sir." And I followed on after the others.

I saw Sally standing by the French window, and I looked carefully in the other direction, trying to forget all the things I had told her that afternoon and the night before and the night before that.

Leaving agriculture to the farmers for a moment, Phelps looked at me over his coffee cup and said, " How are you enjoying your vacation, Warren? "

" Swell," I said. " In about two more days I'll begin to envy the boys who spent the winter with Washington at Valley Forge."

He said, " Eh? "

" They didn't have a depression," I explained. " Or, anyway, they didn't know the word for it."

" You," Mr. Byrd broke in, in a voice that couldn't have been called exactly birdlike, " you can't complain! "

I said, " Can't I? "

" You're not affected," he went on, as though he were explaining the alphabet to a slightly backward child of six years. " You yourself admitted that the—er—banana business was practically foolproof."

I said, " Uh-huh? "

" Certainly! You simply let them grow themselves, and then you sell them. You can't help but make money."

I said, " Yeah? " and felt the back of my neck getting kind of red, the way it always does when I'm not careful.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Specially posed by
Doris Andrese

Once skinny ...lifeless

—now the peppiest girl on a party!

Rounded out figure, too—gaining 12 lbs. in few weeks

SEE that girl *step!* Look at her laughing eyes—her naturally pink cheeks —her cute figure. Could you imagine *her* being thin and sickly—*her* being an also-ran at parties?

Today —"peppier than all the rest." Just a few weeks ago—"not having as much fun." That's Miss Walters *before* . . . and *after* taking a wonderful new tonic. She writes:

Her frank confession

"I used to weigh only 100 lbs. When I went to a party I danced just like anyone else but I didn't have as much fun. Now after taking three packages of Ironized Yeast, I weigh 112 lbs. and am much peppier than all the rest.

"The girls at the office asked me where I was getting all the pep and I told them from Ironized Yeast. Now there are nine girls and four fellows in our office taking Ironized Yeast." Audrey Walters, 4029 No. Market Street, St. Louis, Mo. This letter is typical of hundreds of splendid reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

End ailments *quick!*

What a pity to go out and only *half*-enjoy yourself—to go to business and only *half*-do your work! Stop *half*-living! Get your health up to par—no constipation, no skin blemishes, no quick-fatigue. Bring your figure up-to-date—no hollow chest, no haggard cheeks, no thin arms and legs. Thousands once thin and run-down, owe new health to Ironized Yeast.

Ironized Yeast contains a remarkable new kind of yeast — concentrated by a process so tremendously important—that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of this extra-rich, health yeast—specially cultured, specially imported *"beer yeast"*—make just one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times, Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized* —treated with three distinct kinds of energizing, blood-enriching iron. That's the secret of its famous *"double action"*— its ability to help strengthen and revitalize the entire system at the same time it adds pounds of firm, healthy tissue.

Triple-tested
Beware of counterfeits!

The *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested* —by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college. But remember, in order to gain its *test-proven* results, you must use the *real* Ironized Yeast. Don't take chances with counterfeits! Flatly refuse any package not marked "Ironized Yeast". Don't put any tablet not marked "I.Y." in your stomach. (The iron in *genuine* Ironized Yeast cannot discolor teeth or upset the stomach.)

GUARANTEED: If the very first package does not help you, as it has helped countless others, its cost will be promptly refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder In Pleasant Tablet Form

[FOOLS HAVE FAITH
Continued from page thirty-one]

"Of course. We, here in the States," he continued loftily, "are hardly so fortunate. We are faced with a grave crisis, and it is up to those of us who are thinkers to find a way out."

I swallowed a couple of times, and tried to count ten, but it wasn't any use.

"Listen," I said, "while I tell you something, brother, and it's nothing any little bird whispered to me, either. I came up North here on a vacation, to enjoy a lot of hot baths, and good food, and comfortable beds, and all the other things you all take for granted. I wanted to talk to intelligent people about interesting things after five years of talking to natives about bananas, and all I've listened to so far is a lot of grief and woe. Well, maybe you have had a bunch of trouble, but so has everyone else. So have I, and I wanted to forget it for a while."

"You!" said Byrd, and laughed; and it was the laugh that kept me going instead of my shutting up the way I knew I should.

"Yes," I said. "Me. Maybe the banana business is foolproof and all that, but I haven't made any money in it for three years. I'd have made some last year if a revolution hadn't broken out, with both sides playing hide and seek all over my plantation. And I might have made some the year before if it had rained during the rainy season instead of giving an imitation of the Sahara Desert at high noon. And this year would have been a swell year if it hadn't been for a blowdown that knocked over everything."

"And you are on a vacation," cut in brother Phelps, in much the same tone as he would have remarked about my being on an elephant if I had been on an elephant.

"SURE I'm on a vacation," I said. "Four years ago was a pretty good year, and maybe next year will be another good one."

Byrd gave a short laugh that barely disturbed his Adam's apple, and chirped, "Fools have faith!"

"I don't know about that," I said, "but I do know my business, and I reckon most others aren't much different. They're like a poker game, and it's not on the cards that you can win every year, any more than you can win every pot at poker. But you have to keep feeding the kitty just the same, and you have to ante up if you want to deal. I mean, what the hell! If a guy can't see his way clear to gambling on the future, he might as well cash in his chips and get out of the game."

There might have been something else I could have said to make what I meant clearer, only just then the hired hand I had buttonholed earlier came in and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Warren, you are wanted on the telephone." So I got up and went out, leaving something of a heavy silence behind.

I went out and through the hall and up the stairs to my room. The back of my neck still felt red, so I knew I had said a lot of things I shouldn't have, but the way I felt I didn't much care. I moved about, opening suitcases and putting things in them, and smoking cigarettes and trying to forget the way Sally's eyelashes fluttered when she smiled, and how her hair shimmered palely gold in the moonlight, but it wasn't any use.

There was a knock on the door, and I said, "Yes?" and went on packing. My mind was made up.

I heard the door open, and then, when no one said anything, I turned, and there was Sally, standing slim and tall and straight, with her hand resting on the door knob behind her.

I LOOKED at her for a moment foolishly, and said at last, "I got a telegram."

"Yes," she said. "I know the kind of telegram."

I frowned at her, and she laughed softly. "I've had them myself."

Then, when I didn't say anything, she stopped smiling, little by little.

"Are we as bad as all that, Tad?"

"Bad as what?"

"So bad that you have to run away?"

I shook my head. "No," I said. "I mean, it's not that. It's not what you think it is. Only I think it's—safer."

"Safer?"

"For me to go." I put out the cigarette I was smoking, and then lit another one. "Central America," I said. "It's no place for a woman. Not where I live, it's not."

"For any woman?" Sally demanded softly.

I glared at her. "All right, then!" I yelled. "For you! It's no place for you!"

She stepped away from the door, and moved forward, so that she was standing a foot away from me, and when I looked down I could see her eyelashes fluttering, and her eyes that were as blue and clear as the Caribbean.

"Life hates a piker," she said, smiling up at me. "Isn't that what you said downstairs, Tad? That Life hated a piker, and that you couldn't win anything unless you shoved in your ante first?"

I nodded, not wanting to speak, not wanting to do anything but reach out and take her in my arms, and hold her there.

One moment that was what I wanted to do, and the next moment I was doing it, and Sally was saying in my ear, "I bet I'll love it in Guatemala, Tad."

"It's an awful gamble, honey," I protested faintly.

"Maybe. But you've forgotten one thing."

"What's that?" I asked, raising my head.

"Beginner's luck," she murmured, pulling it back in place again. "Beginner's luck!"

THE END

DETECTOGRAM

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 8—A Question of Identity

PROFESSOR STIGGINS and three of his friends were enjoying their weekly "get together" at the University Club.

"Professor," said Patrie, "tell us something about that Yelpir murder case you were working on."

"Well, gentlemen," said the professor in his retiring manner, "as you know, Yelpir's affairs were common knowledge, and the fact that several women had reasons to wish him dead complicated matters a bit.

"His body was found in his study, which opened on to a corridor. At the other end of the corridor and directly opposite it a staircase led to the servants' quarters above.

"Diana Lane, a house guest of Mrs. Yelpir at the time of the murder, was questioned, and she appeared nervous. She insisted, however, that she had been in her room at the time Yelpir was slain.

"Nora, a servant, testified that as she was descending the stairs leading from the servants' quarters she saw Diana Lane, wearing her famous emerald pendant and dressed in an enticing black negligee, walk down the lighted corridor to Yelpir's room. Shocked at seeing Yelpir open the door to Diana, Nora fled back to her room. When questioned regarding her presence in the corridor, Nora explained that she had been on her way to the pantry for a sandwich.

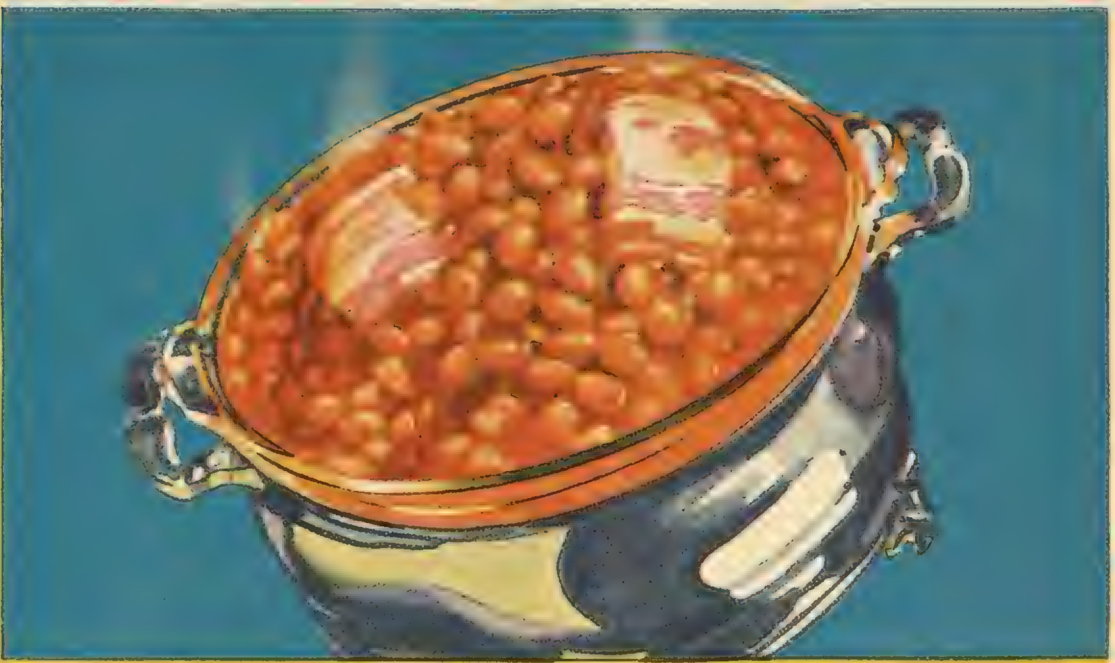
"In the face of such evidence Miss Lane admitted having gone to the study at the time.

"While Miss Lane's reputation wasn't above reproach," concluded the professor, "I knew without further investigation that Nora's testimony was maliciously false."

FROM THIS EVIDENCE, HOW DID THE PROFESSOR KNOW THAT NORA WAS FALSELY TRYING TO INCRIMINATE DIANA LANE?

The solution will be found on page 49.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN
BAKING
THAT MAKES THINGS
BETTER



HEINZ BEANS
are baked!
most beans aren't!

EVERY woman knows that the best things come out of the oven. The dry heat of the oven gives more flavor to every dish—especially to beans. For only oven-baking can bring out the true bean flavor.

You know that—but do you know that most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked? To tell which kind you're getting, look at the label. Unless the label plainly says "Baked," those beans *aren't* baked. They're steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there's as much difference as there is between a boiled potato and a flaky baked potato.

To discover what a difference baking makes, just try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Oven-baking makes them wonderfully light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through—just as butter permeates a baked potato. And the biggest difference of all is the flavor! No other method can touch oven-baking for bringing out the full, luscious goodness.

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston Style—with pork, in a rich, molasses-flavored sauce, without tomato. Lastly, Red Kidney Beans—with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve.

Serve Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—and they'll become an instant favorite with your family. They make an appetizing dish, and a nourishing one, too—they contain all the food value of meat and potatoes. Your grocer sells Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Get some today.

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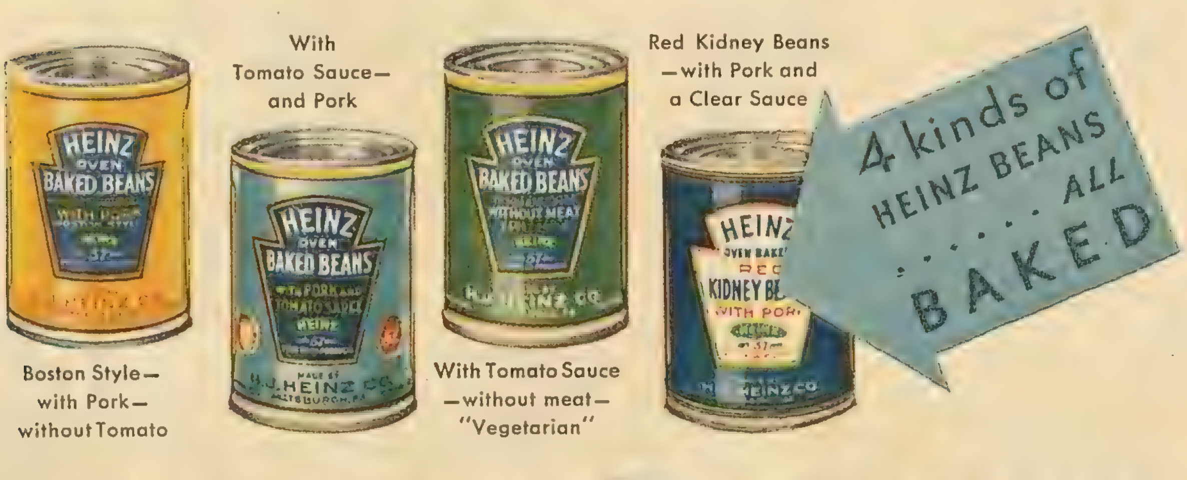
Send the coupon below for a copy of the free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite." It contains dozens of recipes and complete menus that will make meals easier to prepare—more delicious—more economical.


HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS
HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITHOUT MEAT
HEINZ OVEN BAKED RED KIDNEY BEANS WITH PORK
4 kinds of HEINZ BEANS ..... ALL BAKED

With Tomato Sauce—and Pork

Red Kidney Beans—with Pork and a Clear Sauce

Boston Style—with Pork—without Tomato

With Tomato Sauce—without meat—"Vegetarian"

"ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES"

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Please send me—FREE—your booklet "Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite."

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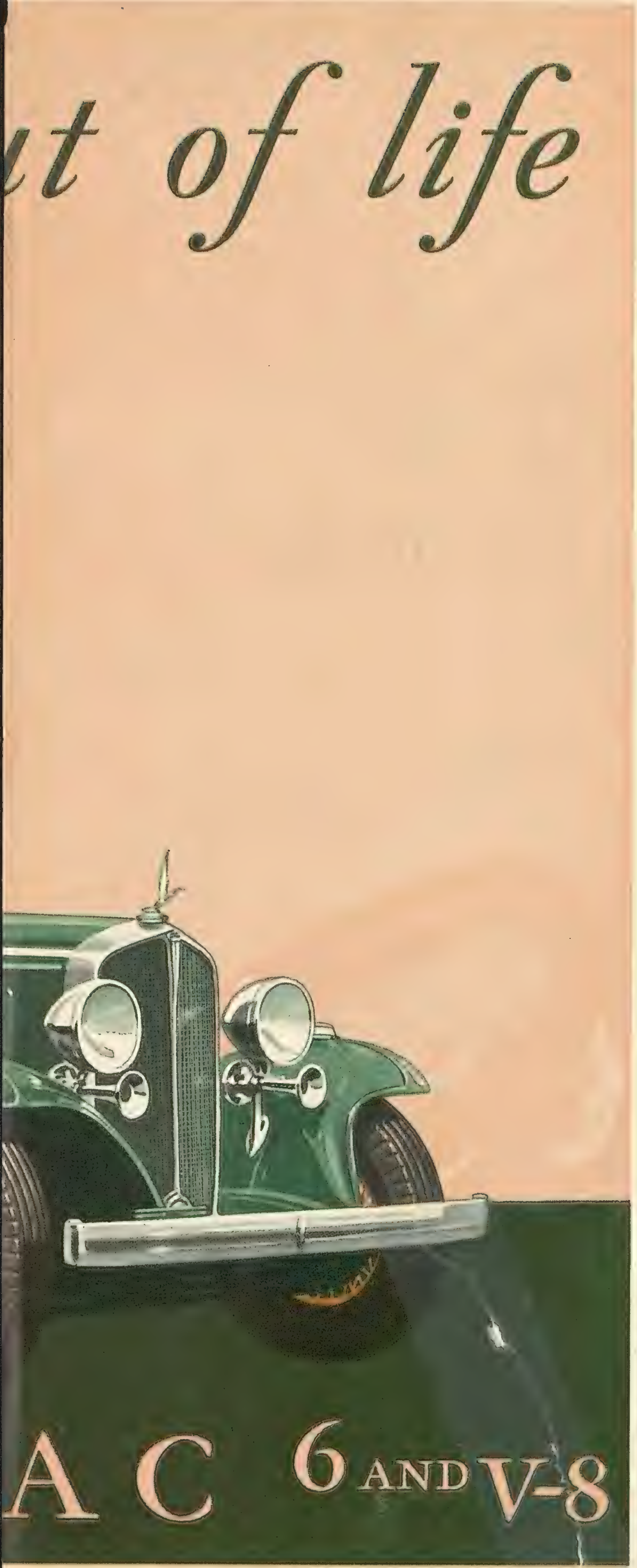

buy a Pontiac.. enjoy yourself in a car of *today*

Hundreds of places to go . . . thousands of things to see . . . across town for an evening of bridge . . . or across the continent to Adventure Land. Get behind the wheel of a car—a sleek, smooth, purring car of today—and get some fun out of life.

You can do it. Easily, too. You can go right into the field of low price automobiles and pick out a trim, colorful car with style written all over it. You can take this car out on a trial spin and put it through paces that will bring a new sparkle to your eyes and a new smile to your lips. You can give your friends a new thrill. And you can do all this so inexpensively that you will wonder why you've hesitated as long as you have—for you can do it with a new Pontiac Six or V-Eight.

Pontiac—either the Six or the V-Eight—gives you the important improvements found in modern motor cars. Ride Control, for smooth, steady riding at any speed, on any road. Live-rubber insulation at 47 points, for that silent, cushioned performance which some people pay thousands of dollars to obtain. Enclosed springs—improved Syncro-Mesh transmission—Free Wheeling—Body by Fisher, roomy, faultlessly tailored, beautifully appointed throughout.

And the Pontiac motor—either the Six or the V-Eight—brings you speed, power and pick-up which assure you mastery of every traffic situation and clear sailing on the straightaway. These truly modern cars of low price hold new thrills, new pleasure, for even the most experienced motorist.

If you are "fed up" with sitting and waiting for something to happen—if you want to brush away the cobwebs and begin to enjoy yourself again, just try a new Pontiac. After all, the most important thing in life is to enjoy living. . . . Go get yourself a Pontiac!

CHIEF OF VALUES

Tune in on PAUL WHITEMAN *and his "Pontiac Chieftains" every Friday —NBC coast-to-coast Blue Network at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

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UNKNOWN WRITERS
THE WORLD HAS
EVER KNOWN

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"FIRST STORY" OFFER

BETWEEN now and May 12 Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

If you are earnest in your ambition—if you believe you have talent but have not yet succeeded in selling a story to a national periodical—then you will welcome this opportunity to make your first sale of a story at a price greater than many successful writers ever succeeded in commanding.

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At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

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$50 SECOND PRIZE

So their girl friends will say, "You're the one-eye love."

L. E. Wright, Denver, Colo.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

To see the point in Irish jokes and the soap in Scotch bathrooms.

Irene F. Finnegan, St. Paul, Minn.

$10 PRIZES

John J. O'Donnell, Holyoke, Mass.; S. G. McManus, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5 PRIZES

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$2 PRIZES

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Dr. H. G. Jansen, Dallas, Tex.; D. A. Cato, Springfield, Ill.; Fred B. Mann, Chicago, Ill.; Nancy L. Miller, Dorchester, Mass.; E. F. McKennan, Pitman, N. J.; F. M. Burnett, Hartford, Conn.; Ann Treanor, New York, N. Y.; Bertha C. Moore, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Isabelle T. Bell, Elkins Park, Pa.; I. Simpson, Middletown, N. Y.; Daniel J. Devanie, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; Cloyd Smith, Sunnyvale, Calif.; Ernest Boyns, Eureka, Utah; R. Houghton, Portland, Ore.; Harry L. Porter, Newport, Ky.; C. F. Wadsworth, San Diego, Calif.; Florence R. Jordan, Mercersburg, Pa.; Jane Keller, South Euclid, Ohio; David B. Adams, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Ossman, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Molloy, Chicago, Ill.

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—On Mount Sinai.
2—Dromedary.
3—Liberia.
4—An ointment.
5—Africa.
6—A mild wind.
7—Common salt.
8—Portuguese.
9—The murder of a wife by her husband.
10—William Shakespeare.
11—November first.
12—Tennis.
13—William Henry Harrison.
14—The Rio Grande.
15—At Appomattox Court House, Virginia.
16—The treatment of disease by the application of water.
17—Emerald.
18—The shin bone.
19—Lorna Doone.
20—A document that is wholly in the handwriting of the author.

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A Panorama

David Manners and Kay Francis in Man Wanted.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

At last the motion picture has dared to tackle the subject of prohibition. The new filming of Upton Sinclair's The Wet Parade pictures the evils of the saloon and the speakeasy as impartially as it is possible to do it.

The screen has advanced far since the old silent days. Scenes of drinking and of speakeasies in action were taboo. In fact, censors still trim them out in some parts of our land. But Hollywood has sensed the growing national feeling against the dry laws, the steadily mounting consciousness of their futility, and has plunged into the argument headlong, taking both sides without fear or favor.

Thus you will see the old-time saloon bouncer in action and you will get a glimpse of a great hooch foundry working at top speed, with liquor, labels, and even the salt-water stains on the shipping bags in the making.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE WET PARADE

CAST

Maggie May	Dorothy Jordan
Roger Chilcote	Lewis Stone
Roger Chilcote, Jr.	Neil Hamilton
Mrs. Chilcote	Emma Dunn
Major Randolph	Frederick Burton
Judge Brandon	Reginald Barlow
Kip Tarleton	Robert Young
Pow Tarleton	Walter Huston
Abe Shilling	Jimmy Durante
Jerry Tyler	Wallace Ford
Eileen Pinchon	Myrna Loy

Directed by Victor Fleming.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The novel of Upton Sinclair, a violent dry, has been developed by Hollywood into a panorama of prohibition that is not likely to satisfy either side in the great American question. Not that The Wet Parade is badly done.

Mr. Sinclair takes for his heroine the daughter of a Southerner who drinks himself to suicide, and for his hero the son of a Northern woman killed by her sot of a husband. When prohibition comes, the boy, moved by his first-hand observation of the tragedies of drink, joins the prohibition forces. He does his best, but he soon realizes the futility of it all. He sees the rise of lawlessness, the growth of gang rule. There the film ends, with the hope that a new order of things will come with the new generation.

The picture is too long, for it details the preprohibition damage of home drinking and the saloon, shows the coming of the dry laws (with a shot of Woodrow Wilson vetoing the act), and goes on to present the rise of the speakeasy and the national acceptance of poison hooch.

The priceless Jimmy Durante steals the picture as a hot-cha revenue agent.

Walter Huston is admirable as the old soak, and Lewis Stone is almost equally good as the Southern gentleman who can take it or leave it alone.

★ ★ ★ BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

CAST

Max	Robert Montgomery
Florian	C. Aubrey Smith
Rosine	Nora Gregor
Lady Joan	Heather Thatcher
Sir George	Edward Everett Horton
Prince Paul	Nils Asther
Duke of Hampshire	Frederick Kerr
Lady Ridgway	Eva Moore

Directed by Jack Conway.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Based on Ivor Novello's play, The Truth Game, this presents the adventures of two pleasant, personable scamps—father and son—who live by their wits. Although an heiress loses her heart to him, young Max falls in love with a penniless widow and all his mercenary plans go overboard.

Myrna Loy and Neil Hamilton in

You will like Robert Montgomery as Max, for he plays with a fine touch of sentimental humor. C. Aubrey Smith is excellent as his father. But it is another newcomer with an accent, Nora Gregor, who lends unusual interest to this light drawing-room comedy.

Miss Gregor is an Austrian, born in Italy, and the wife of Conductor Arthur Nikisch's son. She invests the rôle with a curiously fragile romance. Too, Heather Thatcher is admirable as the wealthy good sport who loves Max—and lets him go to happiness.

★ ★ MAN WANTED

CAST

Lois Ames	Kay Francis
Tom Sheridan	David Manners
Andy Doyle	Andy Devine
Devens	Guy Kibbee
Ruth Holman	Una Merkel
Fred Ames	Kenneth Thomson
Ann Le Maire	Claire Dodd

Directed by William Dieterle.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

You are familiar with the office boss, unhappy with a faithless wife, who falls in love with his honest, pretty secretary. This photoplay reverses the sexes. The attractive Kay Francis plays the lovely and competent editor of a society magazine who forgets her philandering husband in

# of Prohibition

Hollywood Plunges into the Liquor Question with the Film Version of Upton Sinclair's Novel; an Ivor Novello Play; and Two Other Pictures

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

a scene from The Wet Parade.

Robert Montgomery and Nora Gregor in But the Flesh Is Weak.

her love for her male secretary just out of Harvard.

This always was a pretty good movie plot. Moreover, we are for equal plots for women and a single dramatic standard. So why shouldn't the efficient Lois Ames cast covetous eyes upon her handsome anxious-to-please assistant? Nor can you blame Editor Ames for keeping her secretary for overtime work at the office.

(No stars) VANITY FAIR

CAST

Becky Sharp	Myrna Loy
Rawdon Crawley	Conway Tearle
Amelia Sedley	Barbara Kent
George Osborne	Walter Byron
Dobbin	Anthony Bushell
Joseph Sedley	Billy Bevan
Marquis of Steyne	Montague Love

Directed by Chester Franklin.
Produced by M. H. Hoffman.

Thackeray contributed one of the great heroines of literature in the scheming adventuress, Becky Sharp, at once fascinating and pitiful. He cast his story in the Napoleonic background of the opening days of the nineteenth century.

The producers have modernized the famous novel—the move to 1932 necessarily omitting Waterloo—and they now call it "the saga of a super gold digger, a gal whose boy friends paid and paid." Personally, I suspect that Thackeray lovers will be stunned by the transforming process, while others will be just bored.

Myrna Loy, pleasant enough as a minor screen vamp, certainly does not realize Becky Sharp, and the rest of the cast merely answer to the never-to-be-forgotten names of Rawdon Crawley, Dobbin, George Osborne, Amelia Smedley, and the Marquis of Steyne.

Do you know that—

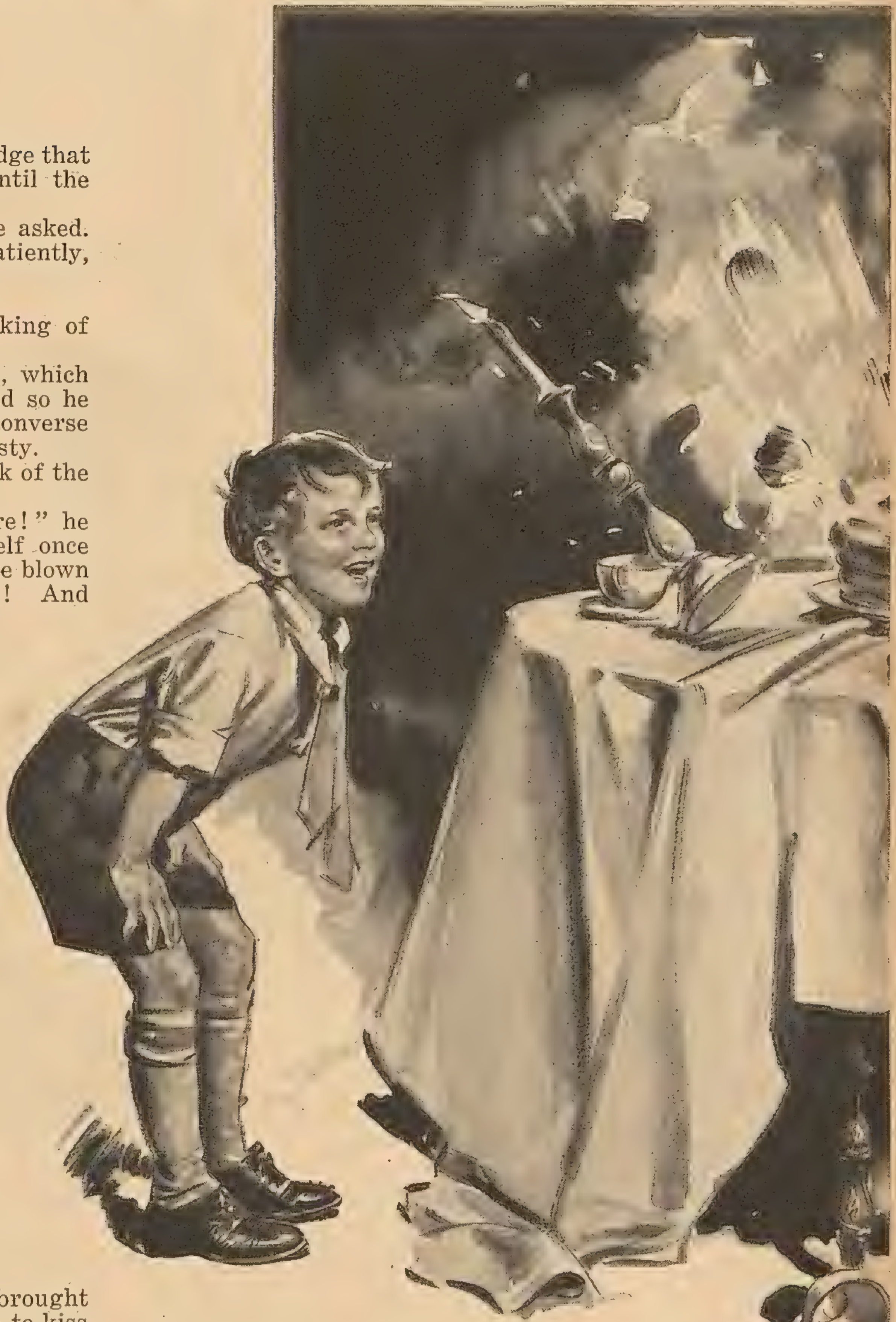
Columbia Pictures will film the Anthony Abbott mystery novels?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame.

Valentine's



(*Reading time: 15 minutes 2 seconds.*)

UNDER all Dickie's thoughts ran the knowledge that it was the second of July—two days until the Fourth!

“Aunt Cecilia, don't you bang *anything?*” he asked.

“I have told you twenty times,” she said patiently, “that we do *not.*”

“But—”

“Stand still, dear! And you should be thinking of your Bible lesson now.”

Aunt Cecilia combed Dickie's short red curls, which burnt like red fire round the comb. As she did so he twisted and swaggered and conversed; but his converse was of a sanguinary nature and devoid of modesty.

He had, however, made an honest effort to think of the Old Testament.

“I'd have fixed Pharaoh up if I'd been there!” he announced. Then, as the Fourth obtruded itself once more upon his consciousness, he added: “I'd have blown his head off with a mons'er cracker! I'll say! And when they all saw the bloods—”

Aunt Cecilia sighed.

“I'm afraid you don't learn the things that you should from your Scripture readings,” she said. “And *do* stop saying ‘I'll say.’ That's dreadful American slang.”

(He must put off thinking about the Fourth until he was “finished”; it only led to trouble.)

“What are we going to read about tonight?” he asked.

“We are going to read about Moses and the burning bush and the rod that became a serpent—”

He looked at her from under his little red-gold eyebrows. “Say, Aunt Cecilia, who saw all that *'sides* Moses?”

“*Moses* saw it, darling,” she said, folding down the bed. “Now go and brush your teeth.”

He walked across the room with the nautical roll that appeared to run in his blood. A small boy whose sit-upon curved delightfully beneath his striped pyjamas. He took up his toothbrush from the washstand.

“*Sez Moses?*” he said darkly.

“*Dickie!*”

Then Aunt Edith came to see if he was really tucked up warmly enough, and Aunt Judith brought in his glass of orange juice, and Aunt Vera came to kiss him good night before she went to the movies. Then he said his prayers to Aunt Cecilia. They were not very interesting prayers: all really sensible suggestions being taboo.

Then Aunt Cecilia kissed him and put out the light and went away.

The great moon shone white through the window and on the clean-scrubbed deal boards of the floor. The sea was one blaze of silver. Dickie's throat felt choky. He climbed out of bed and knelt at the window. For a minute he felt that things were somehow too big for him to manage.

They had had such fun—the red-cheeked girl who was his mother, and Big Dick his sailor father, and he; had been so happy in the California that was already beginning to become a little bit unreal to Dickie. . . . And then things had happened that were too big for Dickie to fully understand. There had been no Big Dick, no laughing girl, any more. And now here he was, Dickie Fenton, thousands and thousands and *thou*sands of miles away from California, living in Harp Street, Eolian, North Queensland, with Aunt Vera and Aunt Edith and Aunt Judith and Aunt Cecilia.

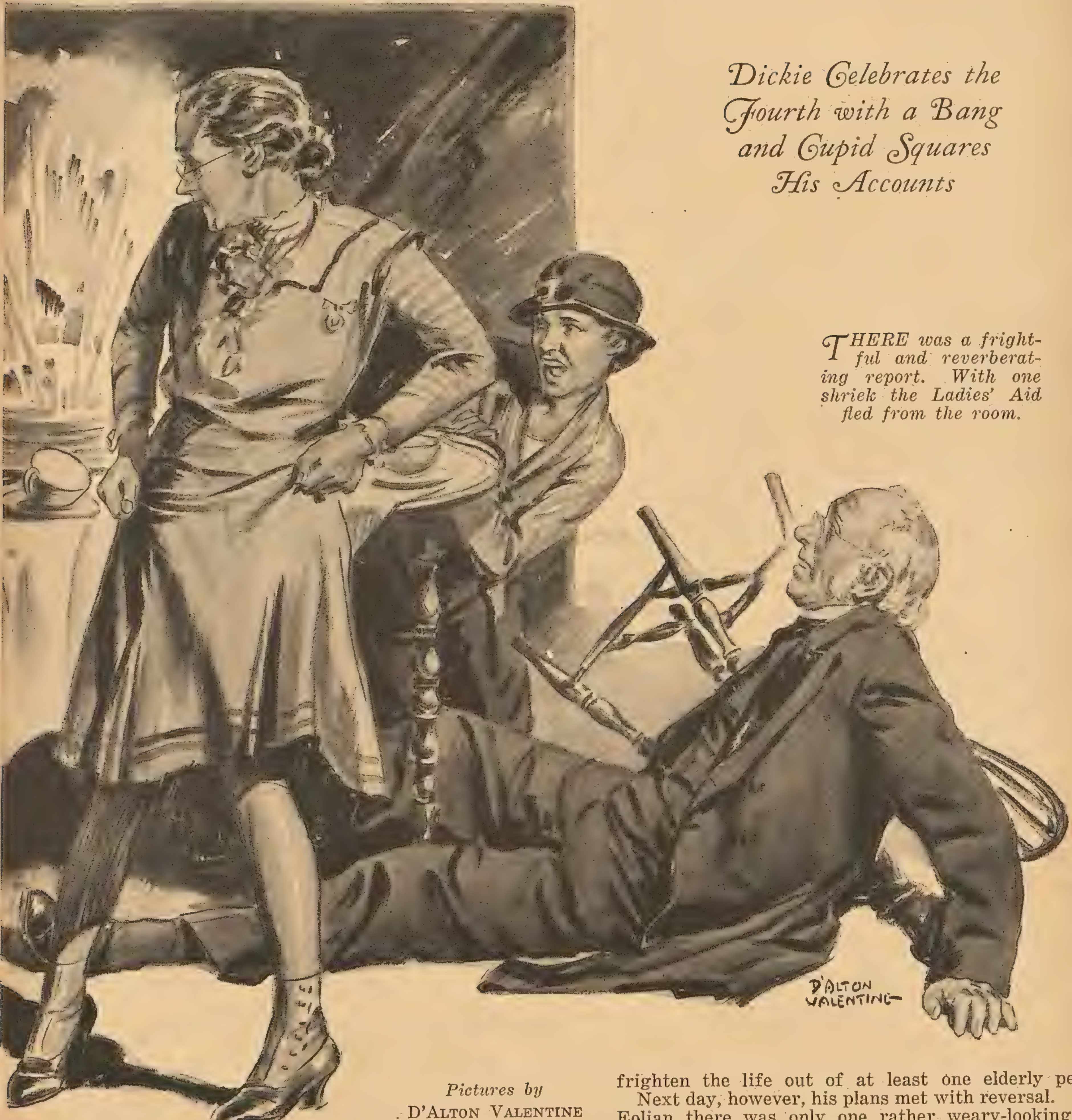
Most times he was happy, but tonight it seemed terrible and fearfully lonely. He choked and fought back the tears. Big Dick had not liked him to cry. He closed his hands together, looking up at the vast white moon.

“Please, Big Dick,” he said hoarsely, “I ain't forgotten nothing you told me, and I ain't forgotten the Fourth of July either!” He got back into bed feeling suddenly warm and happy. They had always had such *extra* good

Blush

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

Dickie Celebrates the Fourth with a Bang and Cupid Squares His Accounts



THERE was a frightful and reverberating report. With one shriek the Ladies' Aid fled from the room.

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

times on the Fourth. They had gone riding in the old flivver, and popped sand crackers at fat men changing automobile tires by the road, until they were as *mad!* They had done lots of lovely, fearful things!

Yet here no one seemed to know anything about what you ought to do. The Sanitary Boy hadn't even known there *was* a Fourth! But Dickie was going to celebrate it somehow! He fell asleep on the high resolve to frighten the life out of at least one elderly person.

Next day, however, his plans met with reversal. In all Eolian there was only one rather weary-looking firecracker, saved over from a remote New Year's Eve. Dickie bought it with his sixpence.

He carried the treasure home, his brow drawn into a little vertical crease with the weight of his responsibilities. It is pretty hard to have a celebration all by yourself, and it's harder to keep up the Fourth with one old firecracker—but Dickie was going to try. One good thing, the lone cracker was a fine large one, and Mr. Himmermann said it should throw blue balls and red curls!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

VALENTINE'S BLUSH
Continued from page forty-one

Next day the Ladies' Aid met in the Misses MacLarrons' drawing-room. Even Aunt Cecilia MacLarron had come home early from the library. The minister was there. All the ladies. Dickie saw them as, still seeking inspiration, he went down the passage. Nice elderly ladies that looked as if they would jump really well.

In the kitchen stood a cake—a large snowy, creamy cake which it would later be Dickie's abhorred duty to carry in to the Ladies' Aid supper upon a decorated tray. He had suffered much over this task at previous meetings. But seeing the cake now, Dickie knew it as the appointed place—the perfect setting. The one location in the world that could make a Fourth-of-July celebration out of one cracker!

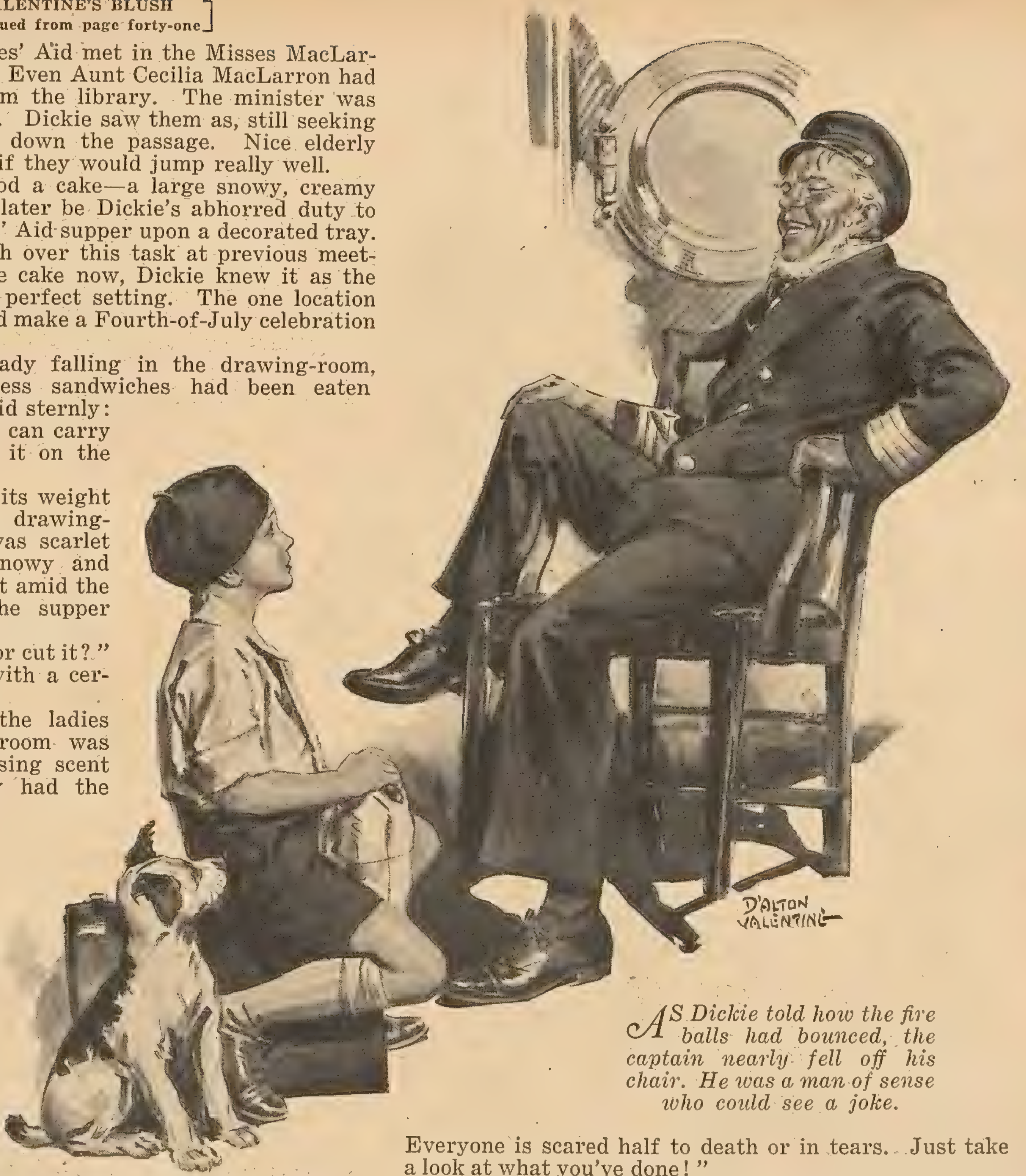
Twilight was already falling in the drawing-room, and the ham-and-cress sandwiches had been eaten when Aunt Judith said sternly:

" Now, Dickie, you can carry in the cake and set it on the table."

He reeled beneath its weight as he made for the drawing-room, but his face was scarlet with excitement. Snowy and beautiful, the cake sat amid the twined smilax of the supper table.

" And will the pastor cut it? " asked Aunt Cecilia with a certain faded coyness.

The pastor rose, the ladies twittered—and the room was filled with an increasing scent of sulphur! Hardly had the nose had time to sniff before there was a reverberating report.



AS Dickie told how the fire balls had bounced, the captain nearly fell off his chair. He was a man of sense who could see a joke.

BEFORE the horrified eyes of the Ladies' Aid the cake exploded! Nor was it any common explosion. Spectral flames whirled round the ruin. Balls of blue light shot appallingly from it. Rosy smoke arose. Rings of crimson writhed about the table. The cake hissed and spat. It shook with subterranean convulsions!

With one shriek the Ladies' Aid fled from the room for the safety of the night. All, that is, who had not fainted or were not having hysterics—and Dickie, who jumped up and down, shrieking with delight.

" Happy Fourth of July! " he yelled. " Don't be frightened. It's only the Fourth of July! Hurray! Didn't she bang lovely! Didn't she sput! "

" Oh," said Aunt Judith, pale but the first to return. " So *you* were at the bottom of it! "

He looked at her lean figure with its folded arms.

" It was the Fourth, Aunt Judith," he said rather weakly.

" Perhaps it was," she said grimly. " In that benighted country "—this was how Aunt Judith usually referred to the United States of America—" is it customary to blow up cakes at the Ladies' Aid meeting upon the Fourth? "

" No," he said truthfully and not without a gleam of creative pride. " I don't think no one ever thought of it but me! " There was no appreciation of the inventor in her eyes. He explained: " But, you see, there was only *me* to celebrate this time, an' I had only *one* cracker, so it *had* to go somewhere good and bangy! "

" You are," said his aunt, " a very wicked little boy! You have spoilt my Ladies' Aid cake and you have disgraced us all! Mrs. Mackenzie's gone into a spasm. Everyone is scared half to death or in tears. Just take a look at what you've done! "

He looked about. Yes, it was true—all true! He couldn't stifle the glow of an artist whose work is good—even though his knees were shaking.

Aunt Judith said: " I'm going to give you a whipping! "

" But, aunt, it's the Fourth! " he cried. " I can't have a whipping on the Fourth! "

" That's yet to be proved," she said grimly, grasping him by his pink and rather prominent ear. He looked about for help. But Aunt Edith was trying to revive Mrs. Mackenzie, Aunt Vera was crying, and Aunt Cecilia, his fort and mainstay, shook her head sadly at him. There was simply no Fourth of July in any of them!

ALONE in his room, with an unpleasant glow still lingering about the seat of his nautical pants, he wept rebelliously. Then, with the tears still streaming down his ripe-peach cheeks and his cherry-red lower lip protruding, he began to pack his things. He was six years old and rather chubby, but he was going back to the United States.

He packed everything: his striped pyjamas, and his pet frog—in his sponge bag along with his toothbrush and washcloth so as to keep it nice and moist—and his bit of Blackfellow's bone, and some peppermint balls.

With great labor and a stubby pencil he wrote:

" I's going home. I hate you all."

Then, with the last tears still making little wet stars on the boards, he went along the veranda and down the steps.

He collected Adenoids from the dog kennel, Adenoids brought the fleas for which he was famous, and together they set out through the warm darkness. Away over the mountains across the harbor it looked as if there was a big fire—miles and miles away. But it was only the moon going to come up.

They pattered along the white beach where a driftwood fire was dying: Dickie still sniffing with woe; Adenoids snuffing for dead starfish. The frog *quoped* subterraneanly in the sponge bag. It was a bit lonely all along past the big iron packing shed, grayish in the ghostly dark that was waiting for the moon. But as they turned down on to the great pier that ran out for half a mile into the tranquil bay, the moon burst up, bigger than you could have believed.

DOWN at the sea end of the wharf a great, squat freighter was loading frozen meat, and there was the clack and rattle of windlass chains and hoists, and hissing steam, and hurrying men, and electric lights drowning the moon. When Dickie and Adenoids stood beneath the ship's towering iron side, she looked simply 'normous. The captain, an old man with a gray beard and brown crinkled face, was leaning over the rail near the bow. And Dickie and Adenoids worked their way along until they stood directly beneath him.

Adenoids looked up with a crooked grin and a twitching ear. Dickie rested the suitcase containing his clothes, pet frog, and Blackfellow's bone, and looked up resolutely.

"Will you please take Adenoids and me to California?" he said. "I have no money, but I will work hard, and Adenoids doesn't eat so much and he can do tricks."

The captain's business sense was apparently appealed to, for his face got quite red and he said:

"Come aboard and we'll talk it over!"

Dickie went back amidships and climbed up the steep gangplank, bumping the suitcase, and Adenoids snuffled after him. The captain had sat down when they reached him, and he said:

"What's all this about California?"

Dickie saluted respectfully and, standing very straight before him, he explained about everything: how the aunts didn't even want to bang anything on the Fourth, and how he had been punished just for blowing up the Ladies' Aid cake—because they hadn't even known that it was funny! The captain saw at once how funny it had been. Indeed, he asked for a more detailed description of the bang. And as Dickie told of how the blue fire balls had bounced and the rosy smoke snakes rolled and the cake whistled, the captain nearly fell off his chair. He was a man of sense who could see a joke.

"I'd have given ten years of my life to be there!" said the captain, wiping his eyes. Then he took Dickie on to his knee.

"And they gave you a paddling?" he asked.

Dickie's lip trembled; one hand moved unconsciously to the seat of his pants.

"A man has to make allowances in this world," said the captain gravely. "Most women, although sweet creatures, are devoid of humor. We mustn't judge 'em harshly because of this." He waited to see if this impressed Dickie at all, and then amplified: "Would you believe it? When I told my wife one of my best stories, she took to her bed for a week! . . . Come, now, aren't you going back to 'em? I'll bet they're punished enough, and sobbing their pretty eyes out, by now!"

Before Dickie could answer there was commotion. And Aunt Cecilia, with her nose all red from crying and her hat on sideways, ran up the gangplank.

"Oh, Dickie!" she said, crying as she looked at him. "How *could* you do it?"

Dickie hung his head and his lip protruded. He felt that there was a lot to be said for his side of the case, but didn't know how to say it.

"How could you frighten us so?" said Aunt Cecilia, weeping. "Why, in another few minutes you would have been gone to America!"

"No, ma'am," said the captain. "This boat happens to be going to Japan, and doesn't sail for three days."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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VALENTINE'S BLUSH

Continued from page forty-three

But Aunt Cecilia did not notice.

"We thought you loved us," she said—and there was a hurt look in her faded face that made Dickie feel suddenly awfully mean when he had not meant to be.

At home they were all in tears except Aunt Judith, and her face was white and drawn. It was not like it was when they were angry. They were hurt because he had tried to run away; hurt about the letter. He felt sorry, because he saw now that it was not their fault that they could not see anything funny about that gloriously celebrating cake. Look what had happened to the sea-captain's wife!

He wanted to tell them that he was sorry—that he had not "really meaned" the letter. Seeing them sitting there, faded and puzzled and hurt, he suddenly wanted to tell them that he loved them! That he hadn't forgotten all the little cakes they had made for him, or the "hooge big" birthday cake, or the way they tucked him into bed and "quarreled silly" about who should comb his hair.

He wanted to tell them that he didn't want to go away, now or ever. But somehow it was hard to start telling them. They were so stiff and elderly-looking and auntish and queer.

HE went to bed still wanting to tell them. He wanted to tell them all next day; only it got harder. And then he thought radiantly about getting them each a present—and ran all the way to German Himmermann's store to see what could be done.

"Have you anything," he asked, "that I could buy four of for a penny? Something that ladies would love very much?"

German Himmermann scratched his short white hair which stood up like toothbrush bristles and was just about the same length. Together they searched the warm, fly-filled store from end to end. At last they found a faded stack of last year's valentines.

They were very beautiful: all hearts and doves and Cupids and poems. Dickie knew at once that they were the things he needed. German Himmermann thought so too, and he helped select the most appropriate. He also helped Dickie spell out and letter "For Dear Aunt Cecilia" or "Dear Aunt Judith" or "Aunt Edith" or "Vera" on the different cards.

That evening Aunt Cecilia lifted her brush-and-comb bag, and beneath it was startled to find an impassioned verse reading:

You're more to me than gem or pearl,
Than gold or silver mine,
For you, you see, are my best girl,
My sweetest valentine!

Aunt Cecilia was fifty-two and her hair was silver white, but she blushed as a girl might have, and when she heard Aunt Judith coming she hid her valentine under her handkerchiefs.

Aunt Judith said: "You look very red in the face, Cecilia. Have you hay fever?"

But Aunt Cecilia said she had not.

A few minutes later Aunt Judith's own resolute brow was stained with the pink of pleasure; for in her largest saucepan she had discovered a pink-pasteboard Cupid, inscribed to herself, with this ode upon his stomach:

Your cheek is like the rose in bloom,
Your eyes as blue skies shine.
You are my love, my only love,
My girlish valentine.

Aunt Judith was gaunt and stood nearly six feet in her stockings. She snorted loudly. But presently, as she began to prepare the dinner, she slipped the pasteboard Cupid down the front of her dress.

Late that night, one after another, the aunts, with the valentines' blush still lingering on their faded cheeks, crept in to kiss their sleeping lover. None knew that her valentine was but one of four purchased for a penny, and as each stooped to kiss the moist, soap-scented brow of the giver she did not dream him forsworn—and, after all, he was only six years old.

"I think," they said later, in conference, "that we took his running away too seriously. He *is* really fond of us."

If each lady unspokenly changed "us" to "me"—that was a secret between her and her valentine.

THE END

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Ding, Dong, Bell!

The old well, with a bucket on a rope, was the first Neil, four, had ever seen.

"Do you know what a well is, Neil?" I asked.

"It's a hole in the g'ound," Neil answered.

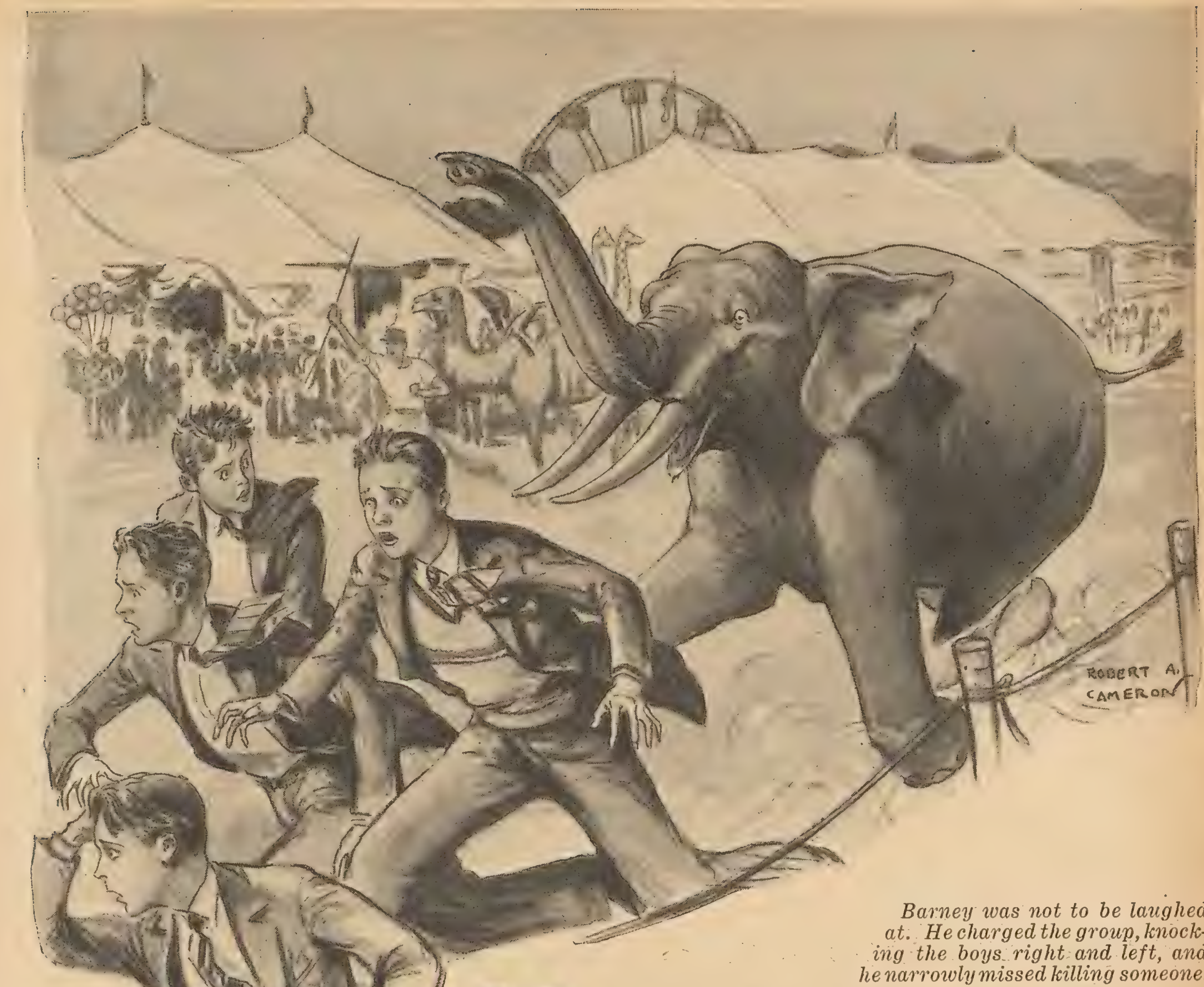
"Well, what's usually in a well?" his father asked.

Neil's eyes lit up with sudden memory.

"Pussies!" he excitedly exclaimed.—Maurice W. Briggs, American Legion Auxiliary, Hot Springs, S. D.

The Noisy Hippo

My neighbor's two-year-old daughter asked her mother what she was painting a picture of. Her mother answered, "Poinsettias." She was surprised when the child repeated "Poinsettias" very distinctly. She then got her to repeat several difficult words including Constantinople. But when she suggested "hippopotamus," the child demurred: "Oh, I don't want to—it makes too much noise!"—May Bell Holder, Box 98, Lancaster, Tex.



Barney was not to be laughed at. He charged the group, knocking the boys right and left, and he narrowly missed killing someone.

Picture by
Robert A. Cameron

BARNEY the LION KILLER

The Tale of a Game Little Elephant that Battled His Way into a Circus Legend

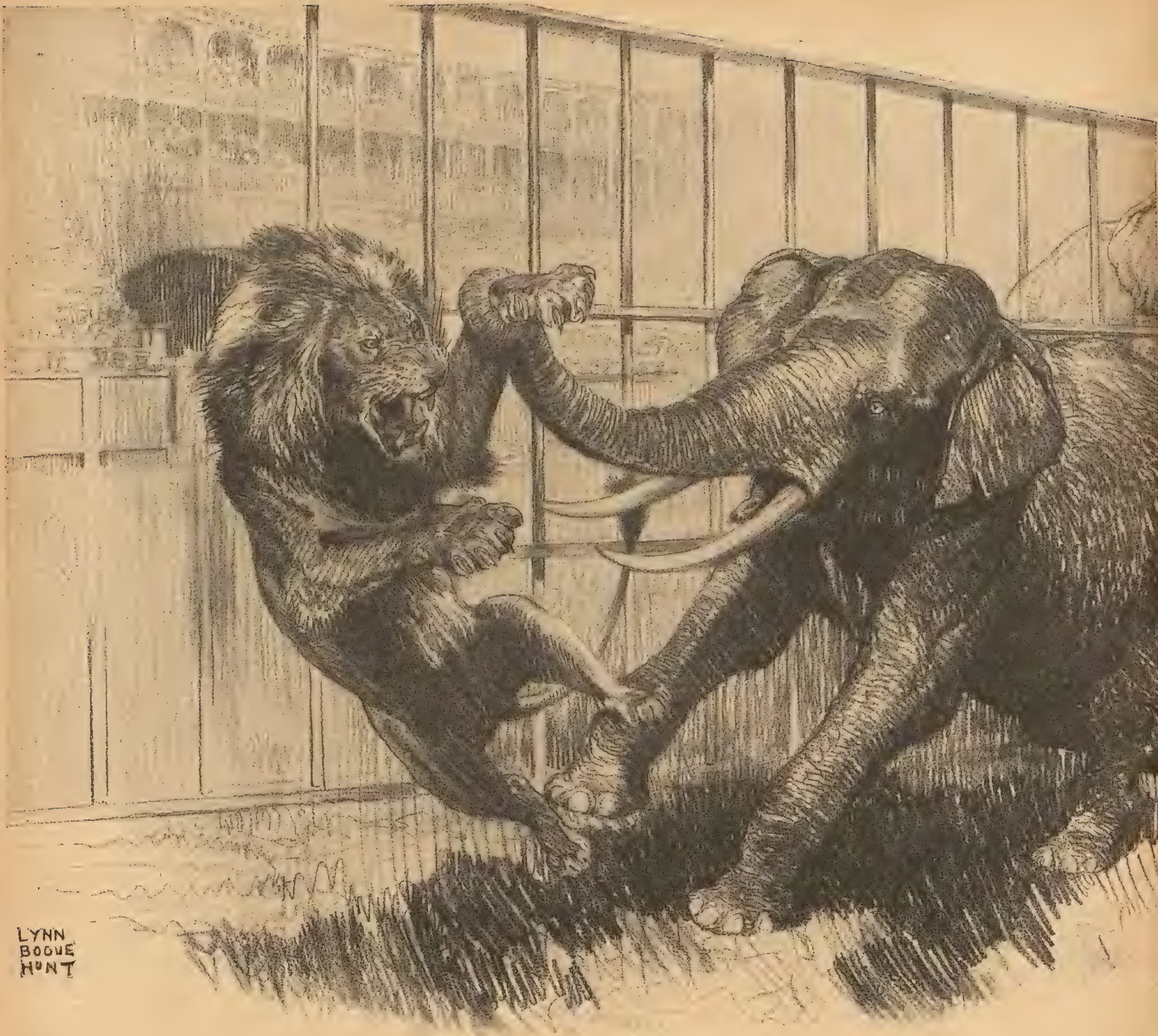
By Al G. Barnes
and Dave Robeson

(Reading time: 15 min. 45 sec.)

WHEN an animal trainer wrote me that he had a young elephant in Singapore that could be had cheap, I decided to accept the offer, as I always liked to get the elephants young and train them in my own way. But it was too expensive to send a man to Singapore to bring back one animal; so I got in touch with an express company to find out if the elephant could be shipped by express. The company consented to

of cablegrams to the animal dealer in Singapore resulted in a delivery of the little elephant in a crate on the docks at San Francisco, where he was landed after his trip from the Orient. It was the first time anyone ever heard of shipping an elephant by express across the Pacific Ocean, and the express company gained a lot of advertising from the incident.

As soon as I saw the " young " elephant I knew that I had been tricked. The little fellow was wearing a pair of



BARNEY THE LION KILLER
Continued from page forty-five

long tusks, showing that he had several years behind him. He was a dwarf, but not a small dwarf, since he grew to be about four feet six inches tall. I knew immediately that he was a "bad hombre." His eye showed him to be mean and tricky; it was small and sloping and set well back in the head—not like the round, full eye of a "good" elephant. I suspected that he might be somewhat of a rogue.

Among all the different animal species, the elephant is the only member known to become permanently estranged from his fellows through choice. In the wild state, when a male elephant voluntarily leaves the herd and adopts a life of solitude, resenting the company of his kind to such an extent that he will fight to kill if molested by an elephant of either sex, he is known as a "rogue."

At a certain time of the year a bull elephant will wander away from the herd for a short while, but he will presently return to his family and lead a normal life for the rest of the year. Sportsmen and naturalists encountering solitary elephants have concluded that rogues are numerous, but this is untrue; they are very rare.

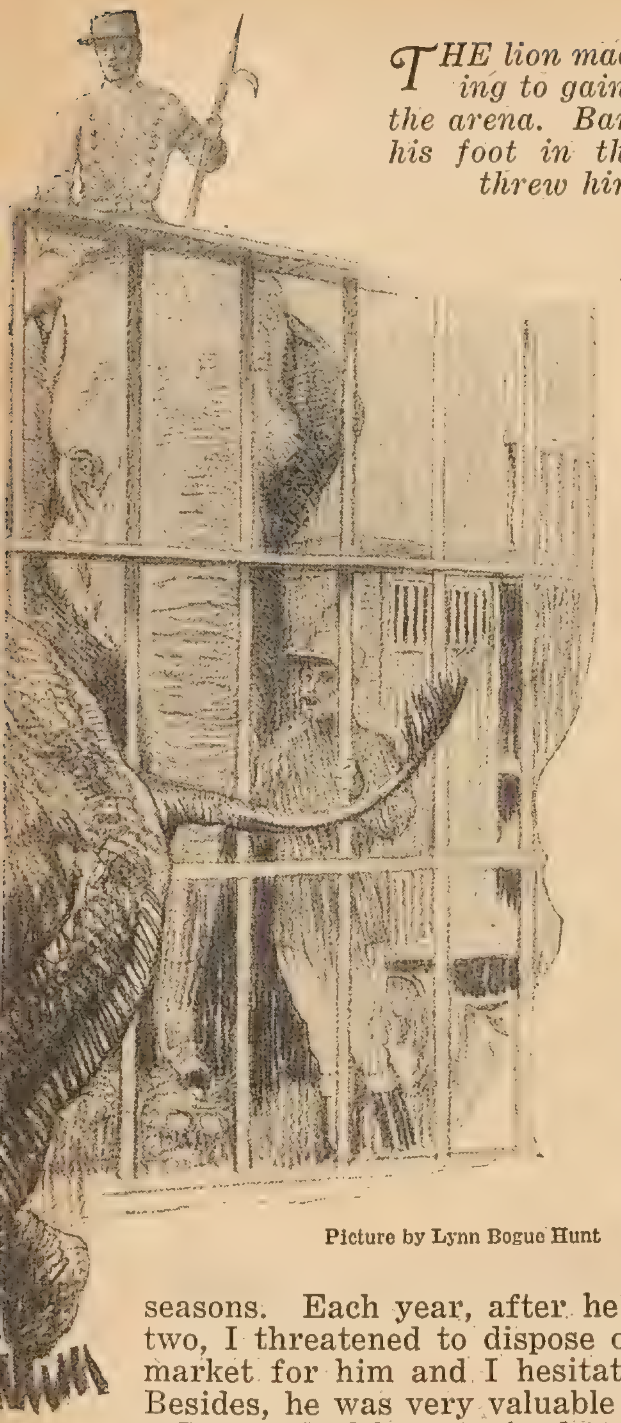
Barney, as he was named as soon as we received him,

of a rogue. He began acting up as soon as he was taken out of the crate. First he knocked a couple of men off their feet with his tusks, and then he tried to run away. Jewel, an old female, was brought to the scene and hitched to Barney. She would stand for none of his foolery; she yanked him along as if he had been a bad boy, and when he tried to gore her she butted him in the side with a wallop that nearly floored him.

He gasped a couple of times, then bellowed and whimpered, and she had no further trouble in getting him to the circus lot.

YEARS later I learned the history of the little demon. He had been captured by East Indian natives, who had found him with a herd of elephants of ordinary size, and the fact that he was traveling with the herd showed that he was no true rogue. From the first he showed fight. Young and careful training by the Hindus subdued him a little, and he would do certain kinds of work.

But he finally became so mean and dangerous that the natives gave him his freedom, hoping that he would go back to the jungle. However, Barney refused to leave. He hung about the elephant corrals, stealing food and inciting the other elephants to mischief. When an animal



THE lion made a great leap, trying to gain the farther side of the arena. Barney's trunk caught his foot in the air and Barney threw him to the floor.

Picture by Lynn Bogue Hunt

price for Barney that he bought the little elephant and cabled me.

Barney gave us hardly a peaceful day. He was so small that the police elephants could always handle him, but he was forever slipping his chains, breaking up things about the circus, and attacking the other animals. While taking him past the cages of lions and tigers it was necessary to guard him continually, for he would charge the animal cages at the slightest opportunity. The camels and zebras would try to stampede at sight of him, although they were not afraid of the other elephants. None of the other elephants liked him, because of his tricky ways and his mean temper. He was kept with the circus for several seasons. Each year, after he had injured a trainer or two, I threatened to dispose of him; but there was no market for him and I hesitated to have him executed. Besides, he was very valuable to the show.

Barney had been trained to balance himself and walk down a row of tenpins. When given the cues, he played several tunes on musical sleigh bells, a stunt that no other elephant ever was able to do. He could also play tunes on horns, and he played the harmonica in the elephant band. Barney and Ruth were taught to use the telephones, and it was a comical sight to see them "ring up" each other, hold receivers to their ears, and bellow into the transmitters, "talking" to each other across the tent.

BARNEY was the most intelligent animal I ever owned, and the most easily trained. But he was naturally mean-tempered, and no sort of treatment served to change his disposition. He was never known to show a spark of affection, either for his trainer or for the other elephants. His one desire was to kill.

He once slipped his chains and started out to do some mischief in the menagerie. A zebra stallion, one that had previously knocked out a huge Russian grizzly bear with one blow from his hoofs, was Barney's first victim. When the zebra quickly wheeled as Barney approached and planted his two hind feet in the elephant's forehead, the trainers supposed that Barney would topple over as the bear had done. But the kick only slowed him up for an instant. When the police elephant arrived, Barney was charging the terrified zebra, bellowing his rage, and trying desperately to gore his nimbly skipping opponent.

On one occasion while the show was on the road several college boys began teasing Barney. One held out a closed fist and let Barney open the fist with his trunk, to find a peanut. The youth did it again, but this time his hand was empty.

The boys laughed at Barney's expression, but he was not to be laughed at. He charged the group, knocking the boys right and left, and would have killed someone had not the trainer subdued him.

The little elephant resembled a goat in his appetite. He would eat almost anything except poison, and the trainer had to watch him continually to see that Barney did not eat something that would make him sick. Shortly after he was landed from the ship that brought him from Singapore, he showed signs of sickness. I dosed him heavily with castor oil and raw linseed oil. When it was all over, we discovered that Barney had eaten several pounds—probably more than a hundred feet—of marline rope. Evidently the marline had been stored near his crate in the hold of the ship and the elephant had liked the taste of tar. He soon recovered his health, but it didn't improve his disposition.

When Barney was first received he was placed in one end of a car where three baby elephants, about his size, were kept confined. Two of the baby elephants were females, the other a male. A day or two after introducing Barney to his new home one of the female baby elephants died. A few days later the other female was found dead. I inspected the carcass carefully and found a few scratches that could have been made by Barney's tusks, but they were not serious enough to have caused death.

THE cause of the death of the two little elephants remained a mystery until some days later when I happened to be passing the car. I heard the little male elephant squealing in pain, and immediately investigated, to find Barney butting and goring the little male, trying his best to kill him. I concluded that he had killed the two females by butting them to death, breaking their ribs and causing internal injuries.

As soon as I grabbed Barney's ear and pulled him around, little Vance, the baby male, tore into him. Thinking it would be a lesson for Barney, I held him and let the baby bull butt him a few times. Barney squealed while Vance gave him a good licking. But it taught him nothing, for as soon as my back was turned he was after the baby again. It was necessary to separate the two and keep Barney with the larger elephants.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BARNEY THE LION KILLER
Continued from page forty-seven

Barney was usually tied alongside Tusko, the largest elephant in the world, and the contrast was interesting. Tusko appeared to be the giant father of a dwarf. The little elephant was continually tantalizing and fighting Tusko. After Tusko grew dangerous, he was fitted with chains that restricted the movement of his head and trunk so that he could not injure anyone. With his head and trunk free, Tusko could have demolished Barney with a blow. Barney would pull at Tusko's chains with his trunk and snort as if in derision as he gored the big fellow in the side. Because of his chains and hobbles, Tusko could neither fight back nor protect himself, and he frequently bawled for help. He grew so afraid of Barney that continually we had to separate them. Believing himself the conqueror of the largest elephant on earth did not exactly lessen Barney's conceit; when Tusko was removed, the cocky little dwarf elephant would stand and trumpet his defiance to the world.

Barney the lion killer takes a ride. Behind him is Jewel.

Barney seemed to be jealous or envious of the other elephants. I sometimes suspected that he was sensitive about his small size and wanted to redeem himself by proving to them that he could " lick anything on wheels." Some of the worst killers have gone out alone with little wagon shows and been obedient and gentle, showing no desire to kill while no other elephants were about.

MANY times I have proved to my own satisfaction that elephants are both vain and jealous. For instance, once when I noticed that Tusko's blanket was old and faded, I ordered the wardrobe department to get a new one. After the new blanket was put on Tusko, Barney looked inquiringly at me for a few moments. His blanket was still in good condition and I did not intend to renew it at the time. When convinced that he was to get no new blanket, Barney suddenly ripped the old one from his back with his trunk and tore it to shreds. I took care to see that a blanket exactly like the one given Tusko, except for size, was provided for Barney. When it was put on his back he stroked it with his trunk and rumbled contentedly.

" Cheerful " Gardner (so-called because he never smiled), the head elephant trainer, was the only man who could handle Barney properly. He never abused the little elephant, but Barney knew that his trainer meant business, and he seldom went on a rampage when Cheerful was around. Cheerful tried for months to make a " good " elephant out of Barney, but he finally concluded that it was useless; the little fellow was a born killer, and no sort of treatment could cure him.

The late Al G. Barnes, circus magnate, whose name in private life was Alpheus George Barnes Stonehouse, made his start with a penny wagon show and one performer, later his first wife. From this modest beginning he built up a million-dollar enterprise. His birthplace was Lobo, Ontario, Canada.

Although Barney killed but one trainer during the years he traveled with the circus, there were numerous times when the arrival of a second trainer saved the life of the first. Almost invariably, when Barney started a rampage and had a trainer in a corner fighting for his life, someone would arrive in the nick of time, and this happened so many times that it became uncanny.

However, all the trainers feared the little elephant, and it is probable that they had unconsciously become more alert with him than with the other elephants.

Barney caused a great commotion during the show at one time when the tent was packed with people. He was slow in obeying orders and the trainer spoke sharply to him, with the result that Barney suddenly turned, knocked the man off his feet, and rushed at him with his tusks, trying to gore him. But the trainer quickly threw himself behind the tusks and held on until help arrived. The spectators were in an uproar, in the belief that the trainer had been injured, and it was only after the trainer rose and announced that the elephant had " missed " him and the show would go on, that the crowd quieted down. Barney sulkily collected himself and finished the performance.

THE little fighter resembled a rogue in the fact that he was gentle and docile when away from the other elephants. When the spring tour started for the circus, all the sick and disabled animals and those for which we could not secure trainers were left in the winter quarters. When Barney was kept in winter quarters while the other elephants were on the road, he never caused any trouble; but when the rest of the circus was about, he always wanted to kill or injure someone.

I had to pay several damage suits because of injuries he inflicted on " towners." Always Barney was a source of worry to me; so at last I decided to let him remain in winter quarters, where he made himself useful in various kinds of work.

The owner of a Mexican circus had frequently tried to buy animals from me, but I always refused, as I had heard that in Mexican circuses the animals were poorly fed and maltreated in general. But when the circus owner wanted to buy Barney, I decided to let him go, thinking he could take care of himself under any conditions. At last Barney came into his own, but his success was short-lived.

A couple of years later the Mexican circus owner showed up and told me the story. The little fighting elephant succeeded in killing two Mexican trainers before it was decided to get rid of him.

One of the added attractions of the Mexican circus was a fight between a lion and a bull. The contest was held in the bullfight arenas of the various cities where the circus showed. While the lion always won, making it an inexpensive exhibition, it was a feature that attracted thousands.

The circus officials decided to substitute Barney for the bull and advertise as a great feature act a fight between a lion and an elephant. They were sure that the little elephant had no chance with the big lion that had killed dozens of the fiercest bulls in Mexico.

Instead of shooting Barney and sustaining a total loss, they believed that the special feature would be profitable as well as serve to rid them of Barney, who had become a problem.

Thousands of people thronged to the big bullfight arena to witness the spectacle. A couple of bullfights were staged as preliminaries to the final attractions. As the second dead bull was hauled out, the spectators settled back to wait for the big feature.

Barney was brought in, hitched to a larger elephant. When the announcer informed the crowd that the little elephant would be pitted against the king of beasts, the spectators began yelling and hissing in anger. They had expected to see a fight between a "real" elephant and a lion. It was not until the lion was brought to the scene in his shifting box that they quieted down. At least the lion was a real lion, and no pygmy.

When Barney saw the lion he bellowed and trumpeted, almost breaking the chains that bound his legs. The police elephant butted him a couple of times, but Barney seemed to sense that he was to fight the lion, and it couldn't come soon enough; he continued bellowing and trying to break away.

A large steel-barred arena cage had been placed in the center of the bullfight arena. It was a problem to get Barney into the big cage and hold him away from the door, so that the lion could be brought in. This was finally solved by putting Barney in the cage and leaving a chain on his leg; the chain was then drawn through the bars and hitched to the police elephant, to hold Barney until the lion was freed.

Barney raged and bellowed as he saw the lion approaching, but the police elephant held him.

As the shifting box was placed in the opening of the door, the trainers slipped Barney's chain and released both animals simultaneously, and the fight was on.

THE roars and screams of the two infuriated animals worked the crowd into a frenzy, and as little Barney carried on the fight those who had shouted for a "real" elephant forgot his size. At the first leap of the lion, Barney ducked and side-stepped like a boxer.

As the lion landed across the big cage, Barney bounded after him, trumpeting in fury. His tusks missed the lion by inches, and the lion sideswiped a great gash as Barney recovered his balance. One side of the elephant's face was now terribly lacerated. In vain the lion tried to leap to Barney's back; the little elephant eluded him.

Amid the wild bravos of the crowd, Barney forced the fighting. The lion sensed that he was losing the battle and he was desperate; he could not set himself for a spring on account of the agility of the little elephant, who kept charging and side-stepping as if he had been trained as a lion killer.

The lion made a great leap, evidently trying to gain the farther side of the arena where he could poise for a bounce to Barney's back. But Barney's trunk caught the lion's foot in the air and Barney succeeded in throwing him to the floor. The lion fought desperately, clawing great gashes in Barney's face and trunk; but before he could recover himself the tusks of the elephant pierced his body.

His final slash cut deeply into Barney's face, ripping through the eyeball and destroying the sight of one eye.

But the tusks of the elephant had found a vital spot. The lion gasped, relaxed, and lay quiet, while the voice of the crowd swelled into a roar of acclaim for the little elephant in his big fighting fury.

IT was several minutes before the attendants could get a chain about Barney's leg.

He continued bellowing and trumpeting and goring the lion's corpse until he was dragged away by the police elephant.

Either the loss of an eye made Barney more sensitive or the victory made him more conceited, for he became so unruly after the fight that no one could get near him with safety. It was necessary to devise a chain harness for him that prevented the free use of his trunk and head.

Even then it was dangerous to approach him.

Once he craftily waited until the trainer arrived within striking distance, then let fly with a side kick of his hind foot that broke the leg of the trainer.

Thereafter he was kept hobbled so that he could kick no more.

The circus officials held a consultation. They had not expected to lose a valuable lion, one that had cost several thousand pesos; instead, they had hoped that Barney would pay for his own execution by the increased sale of tickets.

But a good profit remained after deducting the loss of the lion, and the officials decided to continue the feature with other lions, hoping that Barney would eventually be slain. Now that he had but one eye the chances were against him. Doubtless the next lion would seal his doom.

However, the little one-eyed terror seemed to know how to kill lions. He killed them so fast that the show ran out of lions, and he grew more and more vicious as time went on.

At last the great-hearted little fighter, game to the last gasp but having become an uncontrollable menace, was shot to death by order of the circus owner.

THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 32

As Diana Lane was walking down the corridor with her back to Nora, it was impossible for the servant to know whether or not Diana was wearing her famous emerald pendant.

ALLEN'S
FOOT=EASE

FIRST AID TO BEAUTY AND CHARM

Nothing so mars a beautiful face as the lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet. Many beauty experts say, that one of the chief reasons so many women look aged and tired is because their feet hurt. For more than 30 years *Allen's Foot=Ease* the Antiseptic Powder has been giving rest and comfort to millions of tender, aching feet. Shake it in your shoes in the morning and walk all day—dance all evening in comfort. Sold everywhere—2 sizes now on sale. Trial package sent FREE. Address Allen's Foot=Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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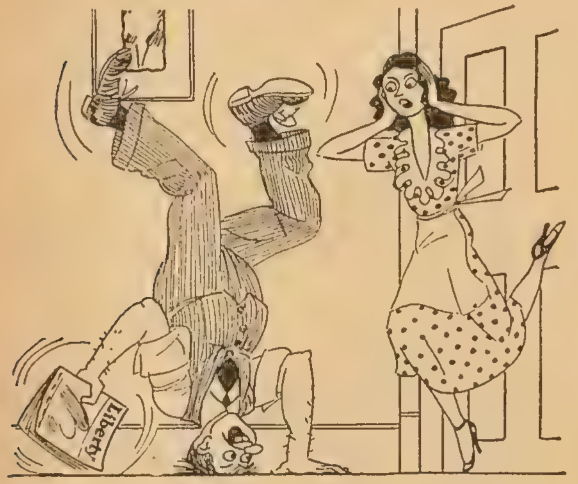
Vox

You've Got Us Mixed Up. Now We Don't Know Whose World It Is

PUEBLO, COLO.—The disruption that Liberty is continually causing in my home came to an abrupt climax last night.

Thursday evening of last week my wife was disturbed by a commotion in the library. Excitedly she came dashing in to find me standing on my head, celebrating the discovery of the long-sought fact that "It's Still a Man's World," as proved by Helen Christine Bennett in her absorbing article.



This Thursday evening I came home from work to find wifie pulling the same acrobatic stunt. I learned the trouble when I picked up Liberty. She had read Lilian Lauferty's forceful rebuttal, proving conclusively that "This Is a Woman's World." We argued a little and retired.

Last night, just at midnight, coming home from a party, we heard our twenty-year-old nephew throw himself against the screen door. Just as I snapped on the porch light he unloaded an Indian yell: "Whoopee! You're *all* wet. This is a bootleggers' world!"—*Maurice E. Eady.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Answering Lilian Lauferty's article on "This Is a Woman's World" and Miss Bennett's on "It's Still a Man's World"—I would say, if you are a man out of work (possibly because you loafed on the job or because some woman took your place for less pay, or . . . just because) then you may say, "Yes, it is a woman's world, all right. They even get our jobs!"

But if you happen to be a woman who feels sorry for herself (because she is working, or isn't) you probably will say, "It is surely a man's world! They get paid more than we do; they have more freedom; they don't have to cook and keep house!"

Irene Gurly

Personally, I believe it is just about an even break. Man or woman—we get what we are entitled to have in this world. If we have not prepared ourselves for a better job and bigger pay and therefore are not satisfied with our lot, we have to blame someone, so we point an accusing finger at the other sex. If we stub our toe and fall down we do not blame the other fellow—we admit it is our own carelessness.

It's a great old world, after all!—*Irene Gurly.*

Who Asked You?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Dear Editor: We don't know how to run a magazine either.—*R. H. and M. J. M.*

Dishing Up the Dirt on the Back-to-the-Land Movement

CORNING, N. Y.—If you ask me, some of the letters that have appeared in Vox Pop regarding the back-to-the-land movement are all wet.

I say the movement is O. K. People who can't make a living on a farm are pretty poor workers.

The point is, as you said in your editorial, "Artificial! Artificial!! Artificial!!!" that the back-to-the-farm movement is not an artificial, temporary measure, but one calculated to produce jobs that will last, and that will be constructive.

In Vox Pop, R. J. M., of New York, N. Y., said that in order to raise successful crops fertilizers must be purchased at a cost of fifteen to thirty dollars per acre.

I suppose he never heard of the rotation of crops, the raising of certain crops that could be plowed under for fertilizer, or the piling up of dry leaves in the fall and plowing them under in the spring. Certainly none of these things cost fifteen to thirty dollars per acre.

This same person also stated that you couldn't simply plow a patch, put in seed, and wait for results. I'd like to know why not.

We have a good-sized vegetable garden back of our house. Fertilizer has never been purchased for it. It bears as well as any garden near us.

The back-to-the-farm movement is a great idea and I, for one, would like to hear from more people on this subject. —*A Liberty Fan.*

Don't Go. You're Covering Yourself with Glory

CHICAGO, ILL.—After covering all the articles concerning covers of Liberty, I dis-covered that what you need is an under-cover man to cover the cover critics, and see if he can un-cover an idea for the kind of cover that will please all Liberty cover fans.

He may also find out if the cover critics buy Liberty for the cover or for what is under the cover.

Now I'll run for cover.—*C. J. Thomas.*

We're Noted for Making These Hot Snappers

NEW CUMBERLAND, PA.—Up until one year ago, I never read Liberty. I stuck around home all the time. Was never invited out to any of our social functions.

I got to reading Liberty, and now, oh boy! am I hot? I'm the life of every party with my snappy comebacks and wise cracks. Everyone throwing a party now includes "Snapper." He's such a card, they all say. Liberty is the cause of it all. Yours till Niagara falls. —*John K. (Snapper) Richey.*

John K. (Snapper) Richey

Viña Delmar Never Slows Down

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.—I have just read the first installment of "A Chance at Heaven," by Viña Delmar.

Can she hold the speed she has set? If she does this will prove the best story you have given us.—*A. H. Darland.*

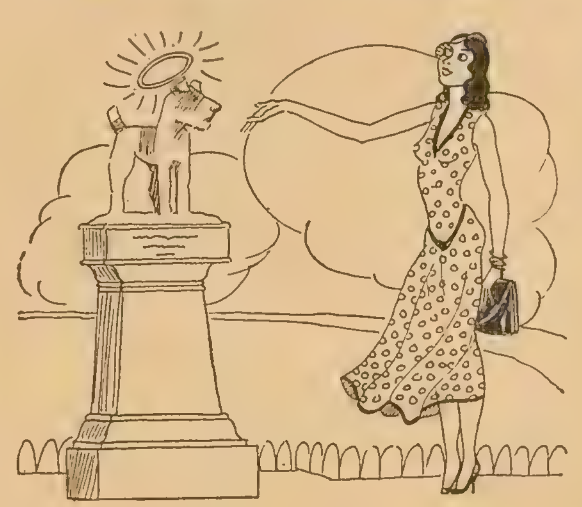
Thanking a Writer for a Sweet Cry—

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—To give readers "Judith Runs Out of Gas," by Dorothy Cottrell—may she be forever inspired! —was one of the finest things an editor could do. Such a story!

In depression times you aren't prone to laughter. In this story you gave me laughter until I cried and cried for very sympathy.—*L. Johnson.*

—and a Cuddlesome Pup

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Give us more delightful boy-and-dog stories, Liberty! More stories like "Judith Runs Out of Gas," by Dorothy Cottrell. The dog in that one, as described by the writer and drawn by the artist, D'Alton Valentine, was so cute that I wanted to pick him up in my arms and cuddle him.



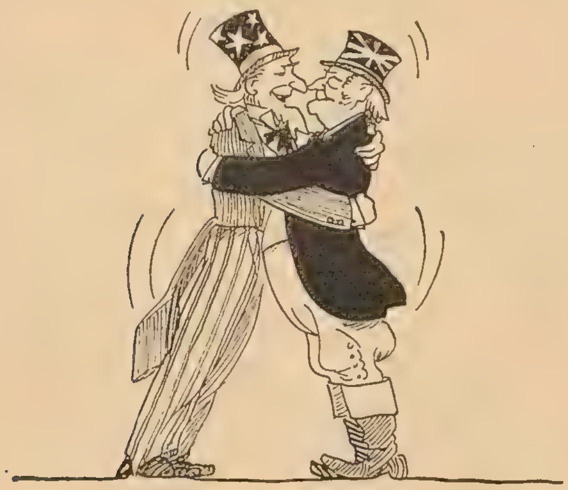
I have a dog myself. Perhaps that's why I was so crazy about the pup in that yarn. By all means, give us more stories glorifying the dog.—*A Girl Who Likes Dogs Better than Men.*

Pop

Uncle Sam Turns the Other Cheek—for Kisses

CHICAGO, ILL.—Jay Franklin seems to be a regular contributor to Liberty, doesn't he? Well, I've liked his articles, though there have been certain parts of them that I wasn't able to understand. Sometimes he gives us credit for knowing more economics, politics, and finance than we do know.

I will say that I was surprised by some things Mr. Franklin said in " Peace at a Price," in Liberty for April 9. I had supposed that England and America, being commercial rivals, would, sooner or later, go to war with each other, just as England fought Germany —and for the same reasons.



And now Mr. Franklin comes along and says that, instead of fighting each other, Uncle Sam and John Bull are trying to preserve each other's resources. He writes: " This is no war to the death; it is almost a love affair. It is peace in its most virile and intimate form."

Well, well, well! So John Bull and our old Uncle Sam are imitating our friends the French and kissing each other on both cheeks. Wotta picture! Wotta picture!—*M. Johnson.*

An Old-Time Saloon Keeper Looks Backward—and Jeers

BELLE PLAINE, IA.—You certainly hit the nail on the head in your editorial, " Prohibition—A Great Campaign to Popularize Booze." Advertising has become a business of monumental proportions. You have accomplished much through your wet sheet toward leading a multitude of people to believe that prohibition is a failure. Your tricky articles have fooled many, but there is still a multitude you have not fooled, and that is the old-time saloon keeper. I'm one of them.

In the old days we had to pay a heavy tax on whisky. To get by that we would take ten pounds of prunes, some strychnine, ether, logwood, and licorice, and make from five to six barrels from the one barrel purchased, bottle it, and sell it for good Old Crow at thirty-five cents per one-half pint and fifty cents per pint; and it killed just as quick as the rotgut you fellows drink today.

In the old days, if a man got rough and got bumped off in our saloon, we threw him in the alley, called the cops, to whom we whispered the sad story, after giving them a drink and probably a five-spot, and the cops would haul him away, and nothing more was ever heard about it. Today, if a baby is kidnaped or a man stubs his toe, it is blamed on prohibition.

In the old days we had to slip the Liquor License Commissioner twenty-five dollars a month, and with 200 saloons in the same county doing the same thing, such a condition makes grafting today look like nothing but child's play.

So keep up the good work of " advertising." The devil himself must laugh every time your editorial writer sits down at his desk. But we old-timers feel sorry for you, that you should be called an " editor " and yet be so dumb. —*O. C. Gatrell.*

When the Too-Good Parent Is Not So Good

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—On many occasions I have wanted to congratulate and commend you for your timely editorials on matters of vital interest to the community.

Your recent editorial, " Training Children for the Easy Life," should have considerable influence on parents who are willing to make sacrifices for their children but who are, at the same time, sapping their initiative and ambition.

J. Morton Lubar

Some of our greatest minds never knew luxury, but, through unselfish sacrifice, determination, and earnest effort, succeeded in their undertakings. It is all very well for parents to attempt to give their children advantages they never had, provided it will make better citizens of them. But merely to send Jimmy to college for four years because Johnny is attending is ridiculous. Unless the boy or girl will make the best of these four years it is a waste of time and money.—*J. Morton Lubar.*

Pats, Knocks, and What Nots for Mr. Dreiser

ALBANY, N. Y.—For sheer audacity, conceit, and colossal guts, I have heretofore been inclined to hand the cake to Al Capone for his bland defense of his activities. He gets second place now. Two articles by Theodore Dreiser, attempting to justify adultery, take first place for all time.—*A Roughneck.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Although I come from Boston, I'm not a prude. I thought Part Two of Theodore Dreiser's arraignment, " The Seventh Commandment," was even better than Part One. It gave instance after instance of men done for by crooks leading fools.

Hurray for Liberty and liberalism!—*A Woman Who's Not So Dumb.*

EAST PATERSON, N. J.—Poor Theodore!

Beware of people that are, oh, so *good.*—*A Constant Reader.*

P. S. I mean Theodore Dreiser.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—Your Liberty Magazine is getting better every week.

You hit the peak with the articles by Theodore Dreiser, a truly great man who has written truly great articles: " The Seventh Commandment."—*Paul.*

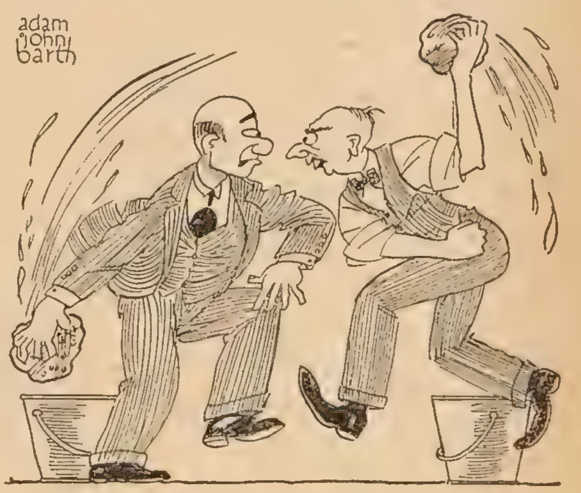
Shake, Fred!

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—" Hooray for Liberty! Give me Liberty! " That's what Patrick Henry said, or words to that effect, and somebody, years later, replied, " You'll find it on the news stand for a nickel."

And what a nickel's worth! It's the answer to America's demand for a weekly magazine that doesn't reek with twelve-syllable words.

Leslie Thrasher usually starts the works with a cover that would take a prize at any art exhibit. These boobs who knock L. T. give me a pain. I'll bet they couldn't whitewash a hencoop and make a decent job of it.

Then comes the editorial. It may not always be strictly right 100 per cent of the time—but it *sounds* like it is, and that's what sells the horseshoes! Then come the stories; yes, stories; I mean stories! They're—oh, what's the use? —they'll sell themselves. I don't have to rave about 'em.



Perhaps you have gathered from the foregoing that I like Liberty. Well, you're entirely correct and may go to the head of the class. I think, all foolishness to one side, that it's about as good as a magazine can be made. What's more, I will do battle with anyone who disagrees with me on the point. Weapons to be used: wet sponges.—*Fred W. Ellers.*

Checking up on BROAD

By

RENÉE CARROLL

One of the White Way's Most Famous Finds Under the Hats

As told to MORRIS HELPRIN

(Reading time: 8 minutes 35 seconds.)

BEFORE I learned that Broadway's favorite beverage was bicarbonate of soda, and that gentlemen with top hats and silver-headed canes usually tipped a hat-check girl thin dimes, and that Walter Winchell ate veal cutlets exclusively, and that Maurice Chevalier existed mainly on Swiss-cheese sandwiches and coffee, I served a long and interesting apprenticeship as custodian of top pieces.

And those weren't the only things I picked up in my five years of hanging up hats and overcoats in a little hook-lined cubicle at the entrance of one of New York's most famous restaurants.

One of my rewards is an unusual memory for names and faces. When Robert L. Ripley of Believe It or Not fame left his straw hat with me in the fall and came back from one of his travels the following spring, I was standing there holding his forgotten hat in my hand.

I've learned which hat belongs to who in five hundred cases, and have never made a mistake, even to rubbers and umbrellas. A little trick I developed was to check the garments of a roomful of people without giving out a single check, and then to return each article to the proper owner.

From my little booth I can tell not only what's going on out on Broadway, but can catch indications of events in the wider world.

When the big movie producers come in with a worried expression, forget to tip, and handle their hats nervously, I can give any odds on the number of points lower their stocks will drop later in the day.

Usually, if a man is married, the little loop inside his coat is torn; because wives, once they are securely wed, don't pay much attention to sewing baskets. But if the loop has been torn and sewn again, I'll bet that there's a girl friend somewhere who knows what she's doing.

I've had many unusual experiences during my career as a checker on Broadway, more than if I had stuck to my last as stenographer. I wasn't going to be one of the gapers who stood at the door and watched Buddy Rogers come out—I was going to be inside that door. A year later I *was* inside. For wasn't it Buddy himself who, before all the world, came up to my booth and kissed my hand as I took his hat? Yes, sir! Just on the other side of the glass door, where I might have been, stood more than a hundred girls, two of whom fainted in the excitement.

Everybody on Broadway, especially the high-powered celebrities, seems to be built on high-tensioned lines. I can remember watching Jack Donahue not long before he died. He'd come in every day for lunch, and between bites on a sandwich he'd try to write his book, Letters from a Hoofer to His Ma. Once I said to him, "Gee, Jack, you don't look so healthy these days." He turned away, muttering something about life being too short and work too long. It was for him, all right.

A lot of nice things happen to you on a job like mine. Ben Hecht, newspaper man, author, and scenario writer, came in one day carrying a beautiful silver-headed walking stick. I admired it, and he presented it to me. Once I admired the big ten-gallon hat Buck Jones, the cowboy movie star, was wearing, and he immediately said, "It's yours." I still have it.

And once I asked Gertrude Lawrence for her autograph. I happened to be wearing a little bangle that I'd bought in a five-and-ten because of its attractive color.

"I'll swap my autograph for that bracelet," the famous English actress offered.

"Do you think your autograph is worth a dime?" I asked.

Whenever I can I avoid checking women's things, because generally they expect too much attention. And women very rarely tip, because they can't be bothered. Nevertheless, I have a great many women friends.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich came to America from Germany and lunched at our place, nobody as much as cast an inquiring glance in her direction.

I spoke to her, and told her that she seemed to be, in appearance, a cross between the late Jeanne Eagels and Greta Garbo. She was furious, though in a kindly way; she didn't want people to "type" her.

Later, after she had made her first picture in Hollywood, she came back for lunch, and remembered what I had said.

"Do you still believe it?" she wanted to know.

But I switched the conversation to her little daughter whom she had brought with her. Unlike most famous and rich persons, she had no nurse along for the child, and removed the little girl's coat and hat herself, and later fed her every spoonful, interrupting the process once in a while to ask whether she still loved mama.

When Maurice Chevalier came to the restaurant one afternoon in Walter Donaldson's automobile, I didn't hesitate a moment to tell him:

"Mr. Chevalier, I just saw your picture and paid a dollar admission."

"Oh, yes? Thank you!" he told me, his famous lower lip curled outward in his characteristic smile.

"But," I continued, "why do you leave your hat in Mr. Donaldson's car?"

The celebrated Maurice saw my point immediately, and ran out to the car for his hat, which he left with me. Walter Donaldson thought it a great joke and almost exploded with laughter. After that Maurice brought his hat to me as soon as he crossed our threshold. Incidentally, I have never seen Chevalier with a straw hat, despite the fact that most of his pictures show him sporting one.

The biggest tip I ever received was a hundred-dollar bill from a big business man who was slightly inebriated and who wanted to impress his associates. But he came

WAY

Girls Tells What She
of Her Patrons

I'LL stick by the title a gagman bestowed on me. It's "Renée, the girl with the checks appeal."

Picture by
CHARLES DE FEO

back and asked for it. I gave it back. And I had planned already on the dresses I was going to get the next day!

The smallest tip I ever received was from a nearsighted gentleman who gave me a penny. He discovered it later, and ever since then he comes to me saying, "You remember me, don't you, Renée?" As if I could forget!

One night, just before closing time, I received a telephone call from Olive Borden, the motion-picture star.

"Renée darling," she said over the phone, "I'm famished. Can't you bring over something to eat?"

"Sure; right away, Olive," I told her.

I'd do anything for any of my friends. So I ordered our chef to make up some chicken sandwiches and things right away.

Just as they finished wrapping the sandwiches Robert L. Ripley pulled up to the restaurant in his marvelous big imported car, one of those with jewel-studded door handles and things. I had an idea.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ripley," I pardoned myself. "Would you mind awfully if I used your car for a few minutes?"

Like the good sport he is, with a great flourish he swept me, chicken sandwiches and all, into his limousine and ordered the chauffeur to drive me to Olive Borden's in Fifty-seventh Street. To cap the climax, Olive happened to be looking out of her window when I drove up!

I check all manner of things at my window. Once I checked a pair of Russian wolfhounds, and another time the same Rip checked his overcoat and, after walking away from my booth, looked back and told me to put my hand in his pocket to see what was there.

I did, and brought out an object that made me scream so loud everyone came running. It seems Rip had been making one of his short films in Brooklyn, and had with him the withered head of a Borneo head-hunter. It was about five inches high and was the real thing. I didn't eat any dinner that night.

OFTEN I have checked manuscripts for our Broadway producers—Jed Harris, Herman Shumlin, the late David Belasco, Gilbert Miller, and the rest. Sometimes one of them would say, as he checked a manuscript with me, "Guard this with your life, Renée. I'm putting it on in two weeks." And five weeks later he might come back saying, "Oh, if you had only lost that script five weeks ago I would have saved ten thousand dollars!" Well, I can't know everything.

Press agents are the wittiest of all Broadwayites, the famous laugh-makers included. Celebrities are generally drab people, anyhow. There are, of course, exceptions. Eddie Cantor's life is a series of gags—and yet he can be serious when he wants to be. Just get him talking about his daughters and their future!

When Cantor comes into the restaurant to have lunch with Walter Winchell, Eddie wants to pay, but Walter won't allow it because he won't even think of being obligated to anyone in any way at all.

I can remember when Robert Montgomery was in pretty much of a fix in town before he ever dreamed of going Hollywood. Things weren't any too good, and he would come in hoping to meet someone who would have a lead on a job. After the meal he'd come to collect his hat and coat and he'd smile at me, saying, "Put the tip on the cuff, Renée." I was glad to for Bob.

ADOLPH ZUKOR usually lunches with us. He used to give me a dime. But once I was out for a week, laid up with a cold. The day I came back to work he was at the counter waiting for his hat. He had never spoken a word to me. But now he seemed interested in his quiet way.

"I'm glad to see you back," he said. "We missed you."

And from that day to this he has been tipping a quarter.

His business associate, Jesse Lasky, once left in an awful rush, and, not stopping as usual, picked what he thought was his hat and hurried out. A moment later I rushed after him into the street, shouting, "Mr. Lasky, you've taken the wrong one!"

Half a block away he stopped and turned around. I halted and let out a peal of laughter. The dignified Mr. Lasky was wearing a hat at least two sizes too small.

I caught up to him and offered his hat in exchange. He thanked me and wanted to tip me.

"I'll flip you for double the tip or nothing, Mr. Lasky."

He accepted. I always win!

I've been five years checking up on famous people, watching them come and go, and I still think I'm better off than they are because here I stay while they speak their short pieces and fade out of the picture.

Somebody may have been feeling foolish when he said it, but I'll stick by the title a gagman bestowed on me. It's "Renée, the girl with the checks appeal."

THE END

DON'T LET IT GO TO

YOUR HEAD!

We're almost afraid to advertise this booklet. A lot more of you will send for it—read it—follow its advice. Then your present loveliness will be so increased that you'll get vain and flighty. And it will be all our fault.

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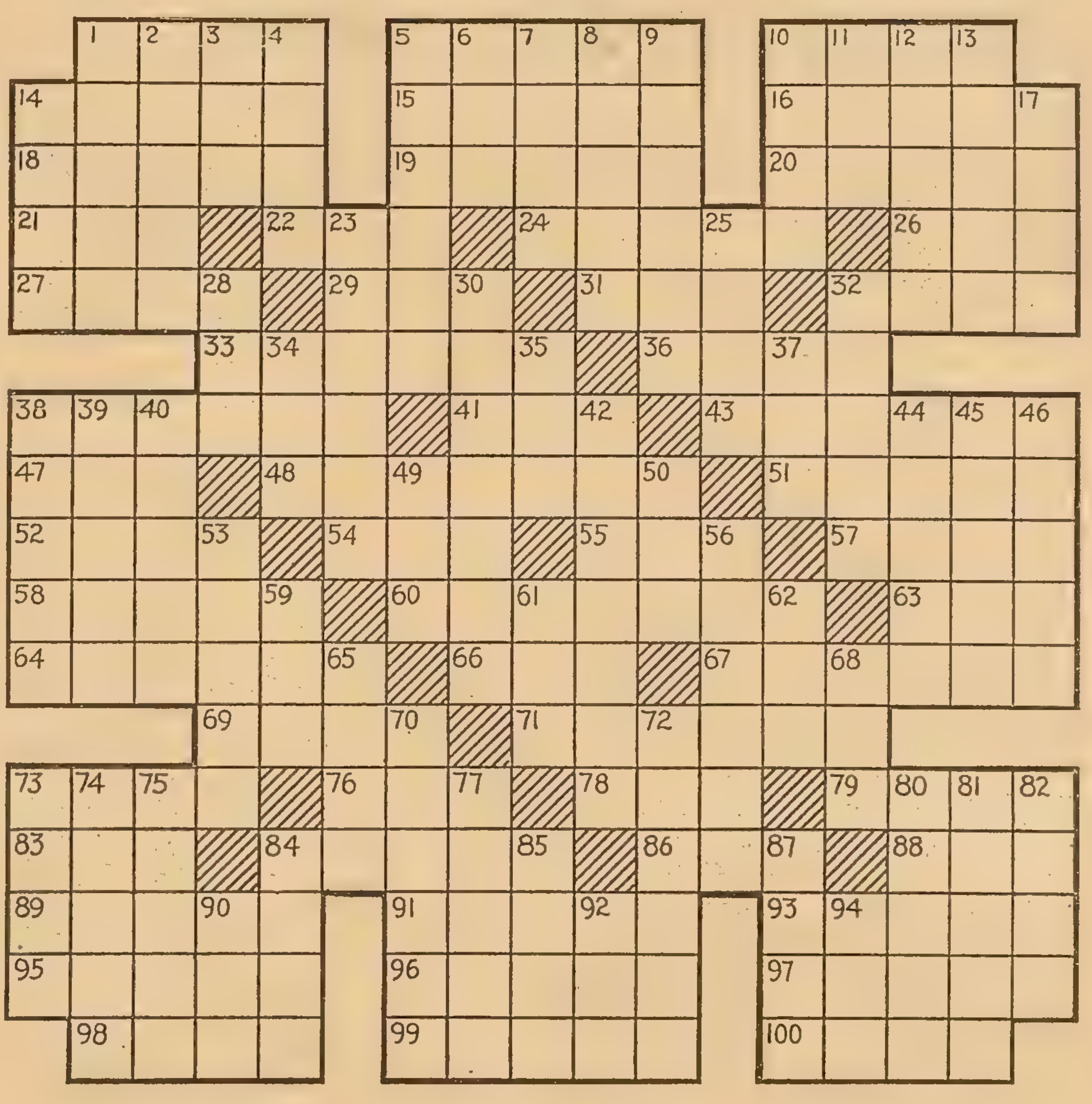
CORN CURE
"Removes-not only relieves pain"

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 3



HORIZONTAL
1 Pack away
5 Steps
10 A fuel
14 An allotment
15 Declaim
16 Strayed
18 More pallid
19 Net
20 Speed of movement in music
21 A simian
22 Corrode
24 Titles
26 Over
27 Trial
29 Small cultivated plot
31 Stitch
32 Superficial content of a figure
33 Peruser
36 Business transaction
38 Mute
41 Oath
43 Silken fabric (plural)
47 Prefix: three
48 Mocks
51 Ethical
52 Split
54 Syllable sounded in solmization
55 Body of water
57 Identical
58 Employers
60 Frames for stretching cloth
63 Man's nickname
64 Menace
66 River in England and Wales
67 Passengers
69 Character indicating pitch of a musical scale
71 Mistakes in printing
73 Diplomacy
76 Areas ten meters square
78 Negative prefix
79 Measure of length
83 Constellation
84 Greek philosopher
86 American Indian
88 Court
89 Embankment
91 Student at a military academy
93 Passageway
95 Dens
96 Solitary
97 Cornered
98 Lath
99 Becomes dry and withered
100 Puts in place

VERTICAL
1 Contour
2 Romances
3 Crude metal
4 Form of to be
5 Mailed
6 Exist
7 One of the sons of Adam and Eve
8 Boiling pots
9 Appeared to be
10 Fits of ill temper
11 Sooner than
12 A protective covering
13 Indian wigwam
14 Gaiter
17 Feminine personal name
23 Lessens
25 Sheep
28 The Italian word for three
30 Grilled with pepper and hot condiments
32 Low female voice (plural)
34 Conclusion
35 A measure of length
37 Old Dutch liquid measure
38 Walk pompously
39 Gaelic
40 The largest gland in the body
42 Pertaining to a point of the compass
44 Angry
45 Nominator
46 Wheelless vehicles
49 A disease of sheep
50 Comprehend
53 Upstanding
56 Notoriously bad
59 Salt
61 Born
62 Perch
65 A duck
68 A measure of time
70 Noisy quarrel
72 Courses or roads traveled
73 High
74 Districts
75 To raise frivolous objections
77 Not fresh or new
80 An article of one's possessions
81 Governs
82 An act
84 An annoyance
85 Scent
87 Devours
90 Period
92 Compass point
94 Anger

HERE! HERE! HERE!

WIN THE MONEY

$500 *in* Cash

FOR CROSS-WORD SOLUTIONS

It Costs Nothing to Enter, Folks, and You Can Win a Big Prize!

FIVE hundred dollars, ladies and gentlemen! Five hundred dollars in cash for filling the little white squares correctly. Five hundred dollars in a test of skill at synonyms! It's the berries—500 of them. You can win $100, ladies and gentlemen. You can win $50. You can win $25. And there's a $5 prize for each and every one of the next sixty-five highest in the scoring. Sixty-eight handsome cash prizes in all. Count 'em—sixty-eight!

Come one, come all! Step this way, friends, for the easy money. Get into the game. Test your skill. Win a cash prize. Place the correct words in the correct spaces, up and down and sideways, until each of the little white squares bears its proper alphabetic symbol (letter, to you and you over there eating pop corn).

It's a chance for comparative wealth! It's your opportunity to win easy money for fun—for keeps! Can you afford to pass it up? Of course not. Can you find use for some extra cash? Of course YES! So step right this way, folks. Step right in. There's no charge for admission. Step right in and have a go at the handsome cash prizes!

And now that the ballyhoo is over and we're all inside the tent, let's get down to serious business. This week's Liberty cross-word-puzzle contest is the third of a series that will continue until further notice. $500 in cash prizes will be paid for the best entries each week. In order to compete, just solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page and send it in, together with a brief letter explaining "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why." The brief rules explain how, when, and where to send your entry.

We will make every effort to announce this week's winners in the issue of Liberty dated June 25, on sale June 16.

THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.

3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."

4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.

5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.

6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, May 9, 1932.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

BUY A NEW CAR . . .

Whether business is good or bad . . . the trees are going to wear their new green dresses just the same. That spot where you lay back and looked at the sky till you were late for dinner is still there. Summer is waiting for you . . . and for your car.

CERTAINLY—we've been through an economic squeeze. But can't you still thrill to the hum of a powerful motor? Don't your fingers itch to pilot one of the new marvels the automobile industry is offering?

Prices have tumbled with lower material costs. Engineers have worked overtime—crowded more improvements into 1932 models than usually come in several years. Free-wheeling . . . automatic clutches . . . silent gearing . . . ride control . . . streamline bodies . . . high compression engines that give greater power from the same amount of gasoline! Here is the motor industry's contribution to more for your money.

And the oil industry—see what it has done to further increase the value of your motoring dollar!

These high compression engines require Ethyl, the high compression fuel. The oil companies first made Ethyl available everywhere. Now they have just raised its antiknock quality still higher. Yet today the price of the even higher quality Ethyl is no more, on the average, than the price of regular gasoline a few years ago!

Buy a new car and save with Ethyl Gasoline. Or give your old car its helping hand. The whole story is told on the opposite page.

WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

HIGH COMPRESSION IS HERE!

New automobiles take full advantage of Ethyl Gasoline . . . more power from every gallon . . . Ethyl anti-knock standard raised by oil companies . . . restores power to old cars.

DURING the past five years the oil companies have covered the highways and byways of North America with Ethyl pumps. At the same time car manufacturers have been steadily raising compression ratios. *And now high compression is here!*

1932 finds nearly every automobile manufacturer building a line of cars in which high compression engines are either standard or optional! And the oil industry, in turn, has kept abreast by raising the anti-knock quality of Ethyl still higher—so high as to bring out all the extra performance of these new cars.

What high compression means to you

The tighter gasoline is compressed or squeezed inside a motor, the more power it develops. Regular gasoline can not stand high compression. Beyond a certain point it breaks down, explodes unevenly —causing harmful knock, overheating, loss of power, and engine wear and tear.

But Ethyl Gasoline is like a steel spring. The more you compress it, the more force you get out of it. Thanks to the Ethyl fluid, it delivers more of gasoline's energy to the piston as POWER and leaves less to be wasted as HEAT through the cooling system. You, as a car driver, notice the difference in superior hill climbing, greater response and safety in traffic, a cooler, sweeter-running motor and lessened strain on you and the engine.

New cars require Ethyl

The new high compression cars develop greater power from every gallon of gasoline. But it must be gasoline of Ethyl quality; otherwise knocking and power-loss result. In fact, many car factories specifically designate Ethyl Gasoline in their instruction books.

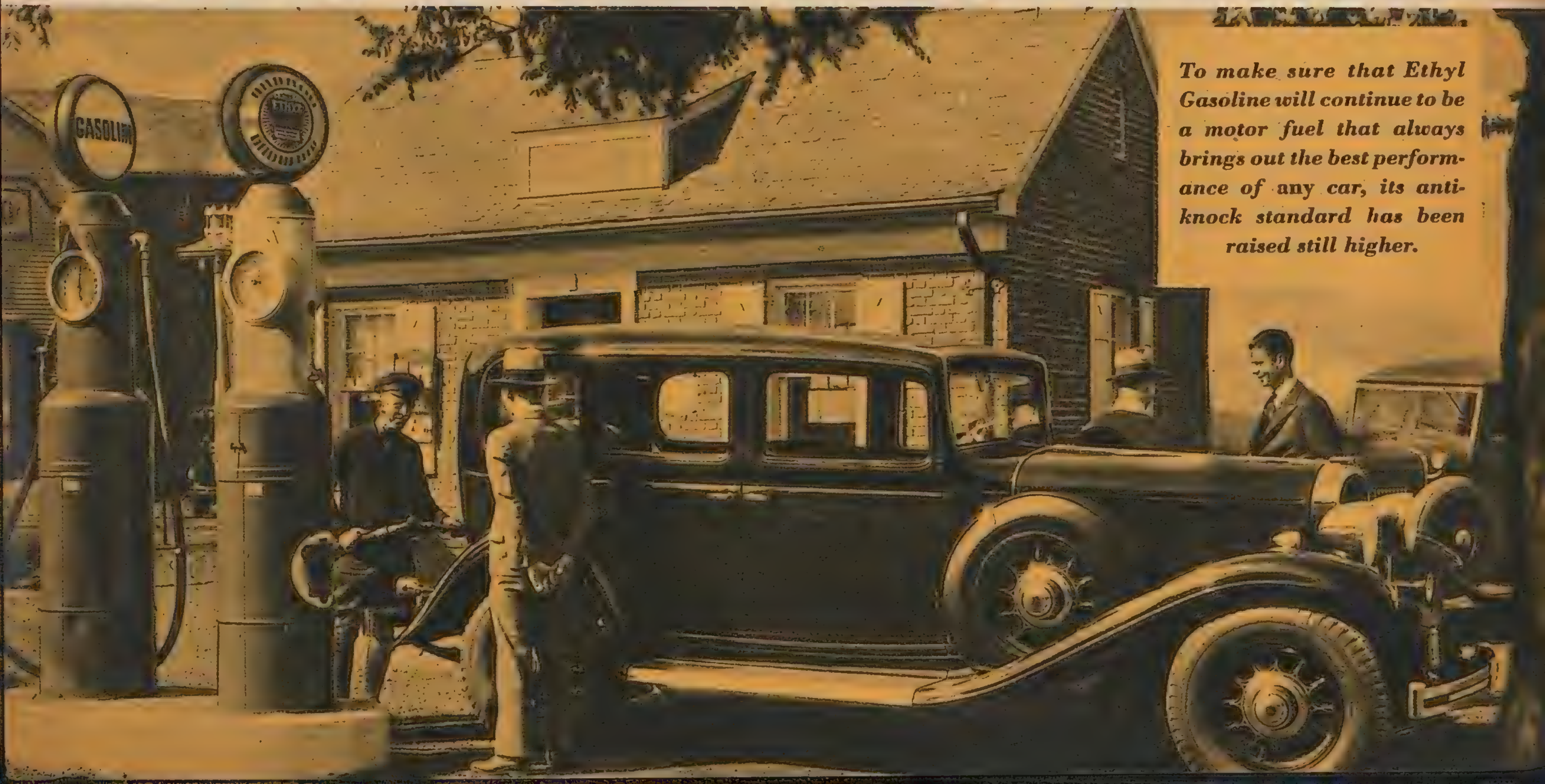
New life for old cars

The same qualities that make Ethyl essential to new cars give older cars new life. Even used car dealers use Ethyl for demonstrating! If Ethyl didn't make such a difference to the older cars of lower compression, it would never have become what it is today—the biggest selling brand of motor fuel!

Ethyl saves money

"Does Ethyl cost more?" you may ask. It does cost pennies more at the pump, but it saves dollars in the long run. After all, it's how much power you get out of each gallon of gasoline—how each gallon makes your car run—that is the real measure of value. Ethyl gives *greater* power, *full* power to *any* car. And remember that today you pay less, on the average, for Ethyl than you paid for regular gasoline a few years ago. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

USE ETHYL GASOLINE



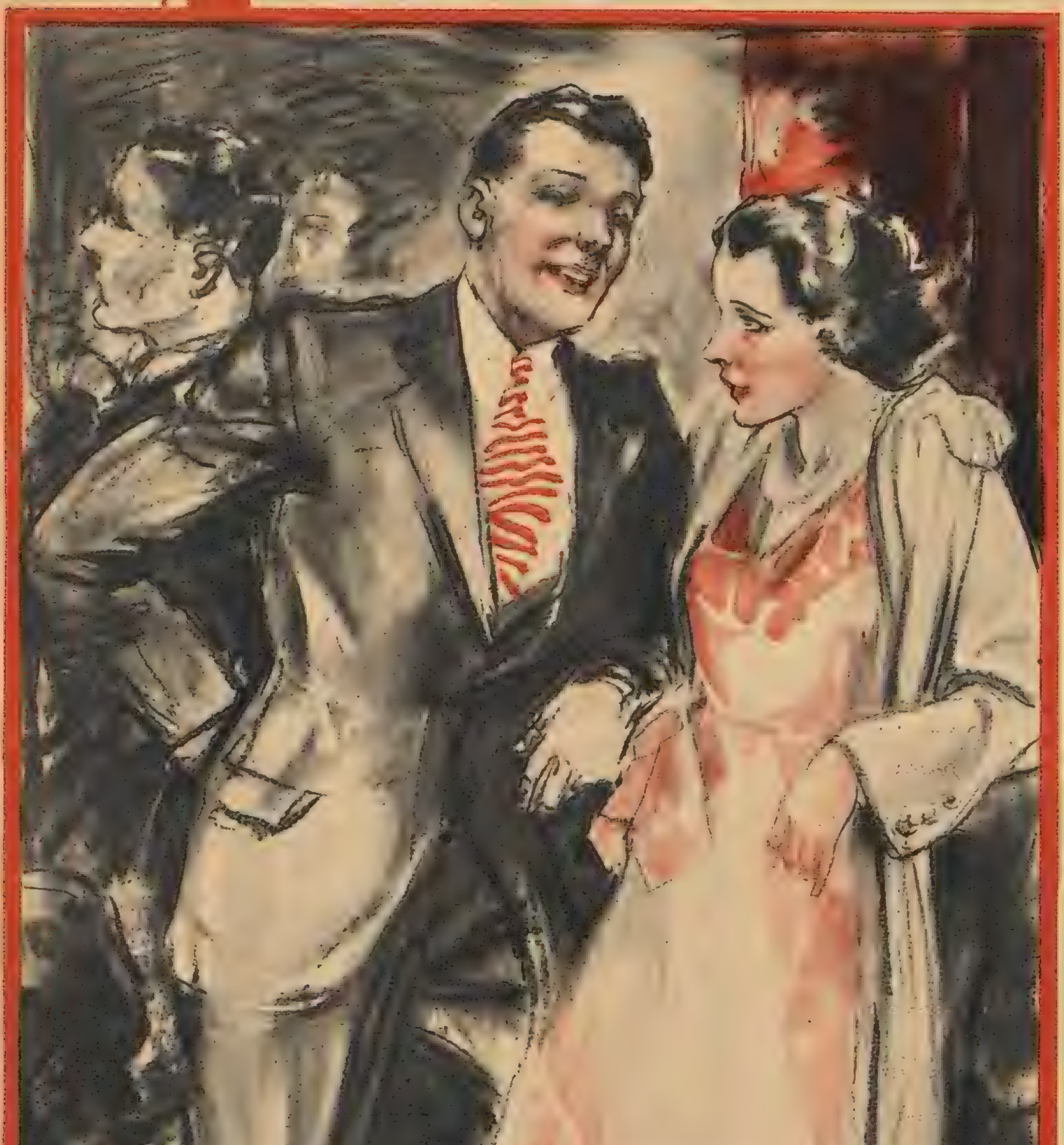
To make sure that Ethyl Gasoline will continue to be a motor fuel that always brings out the best performance of any car, its anti-knock standard has been raised still higher.

A Chance

Playing at Being Poor—Mama Dream in a Doll's House—Unexpected—Strong

By VIÑA

Pictures by



We gave the party because it was Glory's birthday. It was a regular party this time.

(Reading time: 34 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is Blacky Gorman's own story of his amazing marriage. Rich Mrs. Franklyn arrived in Silver Beach, where Blacky ran a filling station, with a beautiful daughter, Glory, and Glory's fiancé, Dr. Larrick. Blacky, already engaged to Marjory Harris, was stunned by Glory's interest in him. Marjory broke her engagement. Dr. Larrick, as a cure, threw the pair together. But they eloped, were married, and began housekeeping in Blacky's bungalow. Blacky, home from work one evening, was startled to find Glory's trunks gone.

PART FIVE—THE CRISIS

FOR a minute I damn' near get heart failure. I thought maybe the missus was gone, too. But she comes out of the bedroom all dressed in white and grinning from ear to ear and looking like she's got secrets.

" Where are the trunks? " I ask her.

" In the cellar."

" Bungalows have no cellars."

" No; but Marjory has."

" Why did you ask her to take them, Glory? "

" I didn't. She suggested it. And besides, where could I have put them? "

" How did you get them over there? "

" Marjory sent a man with a truck and he wouldn't take any money. He's a friend of her father's and she says he always does favors for them."

" But, Glory, we mustn't use Mr. Harris's friends."

" I didn't use him. Marjory did. Now don't look so grumpy about it. You're a husband, all right, Blacky. I understand they always come home cranky from work."

But you couldn't stay cranky with her. When anybody looks like Glory they just do what they please and you get so that you kind of like it. I couldn't help wondering, though, what Mr. and Mrs. Harris were going to say every time they bumped into Glory's trunks.

After I was bathed and dressed Glory produced the dinner. It's not bad, if she did say so herself. It's a swell big salad with a million vegetables in it and iced tea and sponge cake. Not much, you see, but O. K., especially when I could look across the table at the missus. She sure looked beautiful.

" I've got a girl to help around,

at Heaven

Waits for the Split-Up—Love's
The Sudden Shock of the
Nerves Needed

DELMAR

HUBERT MATHIEU

Blacky. I'm going to do the cooking. She only does the cleaning and dish washing and makes beds and that kind of thing, you know. Of course, she'll peel potatoes and do all the dirty work. She's only going to get ten dollars a week. She's only seventeen and hasn't had any experience. That's why she's cheap."

"You could have had a better girl, Glory. Don't get the idea that I'm just trying to get along. Honest, kid, what I'll clear before the summer's over is considered big money."

She laughed and I said, "That is, big money unless you're comparing it to your mother's income."

"Oh, I know, dear, but you don't understand. I've had expensive help. I want to try teaching a little green girl to be a good maid. Please don't interfere."

"All right. What else did you do?"

"I bought paint. I'm going to paint the walls cream color and the woodwork scarlet. I bought silver theatrical gauze, too, to make curtains out of. I bought the cutest ash trays you ever saw. I bought them in the ten-cent store. Mama would never buy anything in there, but I always knew they had cute things. I got shades there, too, for all the lights. I want to buy a rug for the bedroom, too, Blacky. I won't let it run to too much money, but we really need it."

"You can get it any time, kid. Want to get it tomorrow?"

SHE shook her head. "I must save for it, Blacky, out of the household money."

"Why, you crazy little widget! I've got a bank balance of—"

"Sh, Blacky. Don't you know how to play?"

She laughed again and kissed me, and we went for a ride up and down the ocean and stopped for a while to play some miniature golf. After that we went home, and Glory wanted to cut the silver stuff she had bought, but there was no scissors around, so we cut it with a razor blade and found an awful lot of things to laugh at.

"I think the place will look real cute," she said. "I get so thrilled when I think of that scarlet woodwork. All my life I've wanted scarlet woodwork, Blacky!"

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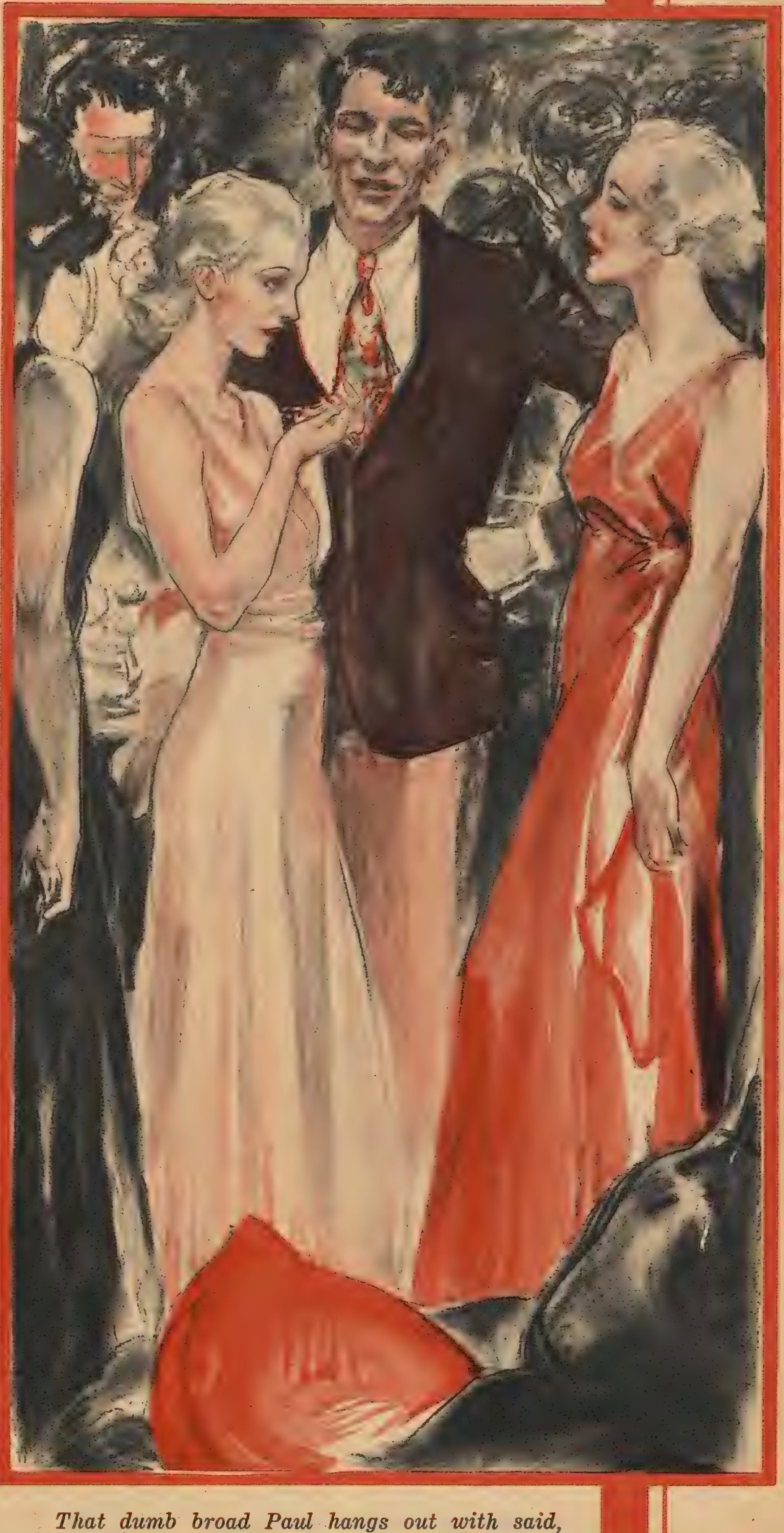
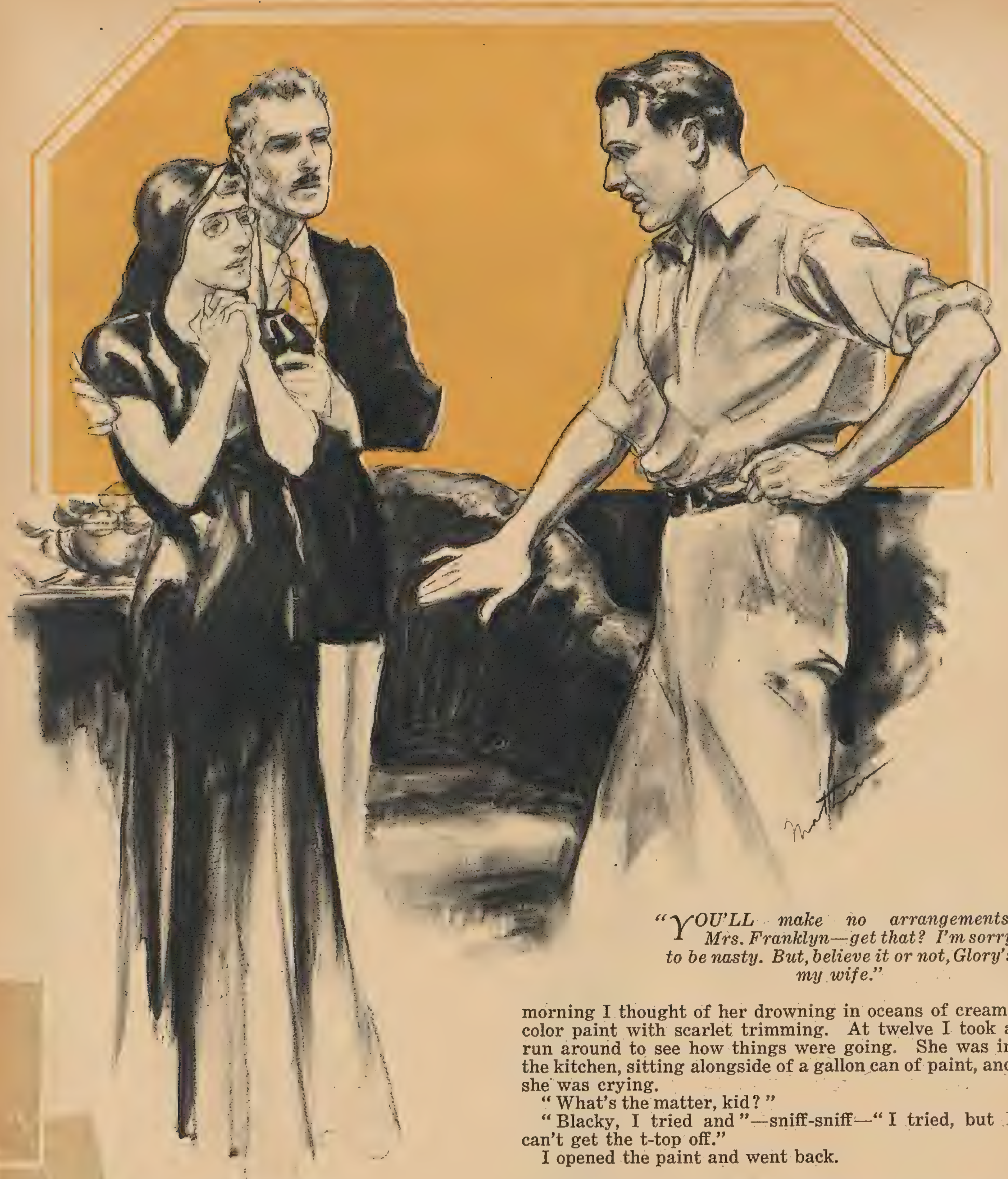


That dumb broad Paul hangs out with said, "You know, Glory, pearls mean tears."



"YOU'LL make no arrangements, Mrs. Franklyn—get that? I'm sorry to be nasty. But, believe it or not, Glory's my wife."

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-nine

I wanted to kiss her then just because she'd always wanted scarlet woodwork and was finally going to get it; but she held me off and mumbled to herself, "Two yards and twenty-three inches multiplied six times—"

When she got through figuring I said to her, "Now about this painting, my little star. That's going to be one hell of a job!"

"Well, it's just a matter of brushing the paint on the wall, isn't it?"

"That's all, baby."

"I'm going to start it in the morning as soon as I get rid of you."

She was rid of me by five minutes of seven, and all morning I thought of her drowning in oceans of cream-color paint with scarlet trimming. At twelve I took a run around to see how things were going. She was in the kitchen, sitting alongside of a gallon can of paint, and she was crying.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"Blacky, I tried and"—sniff-sniff—"I tried, but I can't get the t-top off."

I opened the paint and went back.

AROUND three thirty Marje arrives looking just as triumphant as Glory looked when she told me about the trunks. Having been married a few days, I know already that women look triumphant over some very funny things; but Marje has really got something to tell me.

"Listen," she says—"listen carefully. I know what the dirty dogs are up to with their gee-dee sweetness. I've got the story. It's like this: I was in the store this morning, when who should glide in but your mother-in-law, Mrs. S. B. Franklyn."

"They're not her initials."

"They'll do. In she walks and asks Molly Hansen to show her some maid's morning uniforms. While Molly is getting the boxes down I edge over and say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Franklyn.' She looks at me as though she's never seen me before, which of course she hasn't, and I hurry along and say, 'I'm Marjory Harris. I'm the local girl who didn't make good.' She says, 'Oh, I know. You're the girl who was engaged to Blacky Gorman.' And I say, 'That's right. Your daughter was certainly lucky, wasn't she? To get such a handsome and bright, intelligent fellow as Blacky?'"

"Quit kidding, Marje. What really happened?"

"That's on the level, Blacky. I had to exaggerate things to make my point. Then I said, 'I bet you hope she makes him a good wife so that he won't get sick of her and leave her.' I wish you could have seen her face, Blacky. She turned that nice shade of purple that was so fashionable a few summers back. She said, 'Blacky sick of Glory! Why, you foolish girl, he'll never get the chance to be. How long do you think a girl like Glory will put up with an ignorant boy who gives her a shoe box of a house to live in?'"

"Why, the kid's crazy about it."

"Don't interrupt, Blacky. I said, 'Well, it sure must burn you up to see her there; and as for the doctor, I'll bet he's nearly crazy.' Now, get this, Blacky. She curled her lips scornfully—and can she curl her lips scornfully!—and she said, 'The doctor is satisfied. He understands Glory's mind well enough to see that the experience will be good for her. She will stop dramatizing herself once she has really done something dramatic. And we'll be here waiting when Glory is through with her silly adventure.'"

"WELL, I'll be damned!"

"So there's the story, Blacky. You're the cure for Glory's hysteria. The bungalow is the sanatorium and her loved ones wait to fold her to their bosoms as soon as she's recovered. You see, the old bat knows your family aren't cutthroats or what nots, so she's taking a chance on Glory coming through the adventure sane and reconciled to Larrick and a duplex apartment."

"She certainly did enough talking, didn't she?"

"She was mad. Besides, she thinks I'm not speaking to you and Glory. When she finds out that Glory and I are pals she'll be sore she spoke so much, long, and loud."

"Gee, Marje, you're a swell pal."

"Thanks, Blacky. I make it a point to go through life spreading sunshine."

"No kidding, Marje, you're wonderful. Take the trunks, for instance—"

"I did."

"Well, you're a swell fellow, even if you can't be serious. You're not only a good scout but you're a lady."

"Don't go spreading that report about me."

She went away then, and I had a lot of time to think over how I liked running a sanatorium. After much thinking I decided to say nothing to Glory about what I'd found out; also to pretend to her mother and the doctor that I knew nothing. The idea of those palookas just standing around waiting for everything to blow up! The more I thought of them the madder I got. So that's why they were sweet! Just so they could come often and watch and judge how near the crack-up was. Lousy bums! I guess that's the strongest language you can use in a story.

When I got home that night I found out that Glory's painting wasn't getting on so well. She had a little square in the dining room all finished, and it looked just like a bad sunburn. It was all blistered and sick-looking, and even Glory saw it wasn't so handsome. She felt very low about it until the bright idea came to her that she could take me into partnership. I'd do the painting and she'd make the curtains.

"Fair?" she asked me. Swindling would be fair if swindlers could smile like Glory.

SO I bought a whole flock of brushes and had the boys come over in the evenings. Rogerson and Nicky and Paul Maloney and I painted the bungalow while Glory sat rooting like hell for us. We did a good job and had a lot of fun out of it. Glory would make drinks and sandwiches and the painting sessions turned out to be parties.

Once, when Larrick and the old lady called, everybody shouted, "Grab a brush!" at the doctor, and he actually did, but he wasn't much help.

Glory got a big kick out of having the boys around. She knew how to egg them on to fuller evenings of painting, and once, when Nicky broke training to take his girl out, Glory stopped speaking to him and threatened not to let him paint any more. It was a bad hour Nicky had convincing her that he'd had the date before he'd had the brush.

She got the curtains finished swell, and finally the place was all done, and let me tell you it was beautiful. I don't know whether you've ever seen cream color and scarlet and silver all used together, but it certainly was great. Those mugs that had helped with the painting couldn't believe they'd had a hand in such a swell-looking job. Nicky said he thought he'd go in for interior decorating, which was a laugh because that's what his line is called anyhow by people trying to be funny.

The bungalow got to be the talk of the town. Glory bought a dandy rug for the bedroom, and touched up the wicker furniture in the living room with scarlet paint here and there. Also she bought dishes that were the niftiest things I ever saw. Black, they were, solid black. Different from other people's. And she bought them all piece by piece in the ten-cent store. Then there were millions of gadgets she picked up here and there that sure made the place look cute.

One of the swellest things in the place was Evalina, the green girl. Of course she wasn't really green. She was dark brown and had a nice pleasant look about her. Glory bought her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SURE COMFORT ...SAFETY WITH MODESS
Modess
Johnson & Johnson

COSTS MUCH LESS NOW

DURING *the* 50 trying days of the year—a total of seven weeks out of 52—you want comfort and absolute security. Only Modess has a covering of soft gauze fluffed through and through with downy cotton to prevent irritation. Only Modess has a gently conforming filler which shapes itself naturally. Only Modess has a special protective backing for added safety. Modess, soft as down, inconspicuous, and surgically clean is now on sale at your local stores at a new low price.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page sixty-one

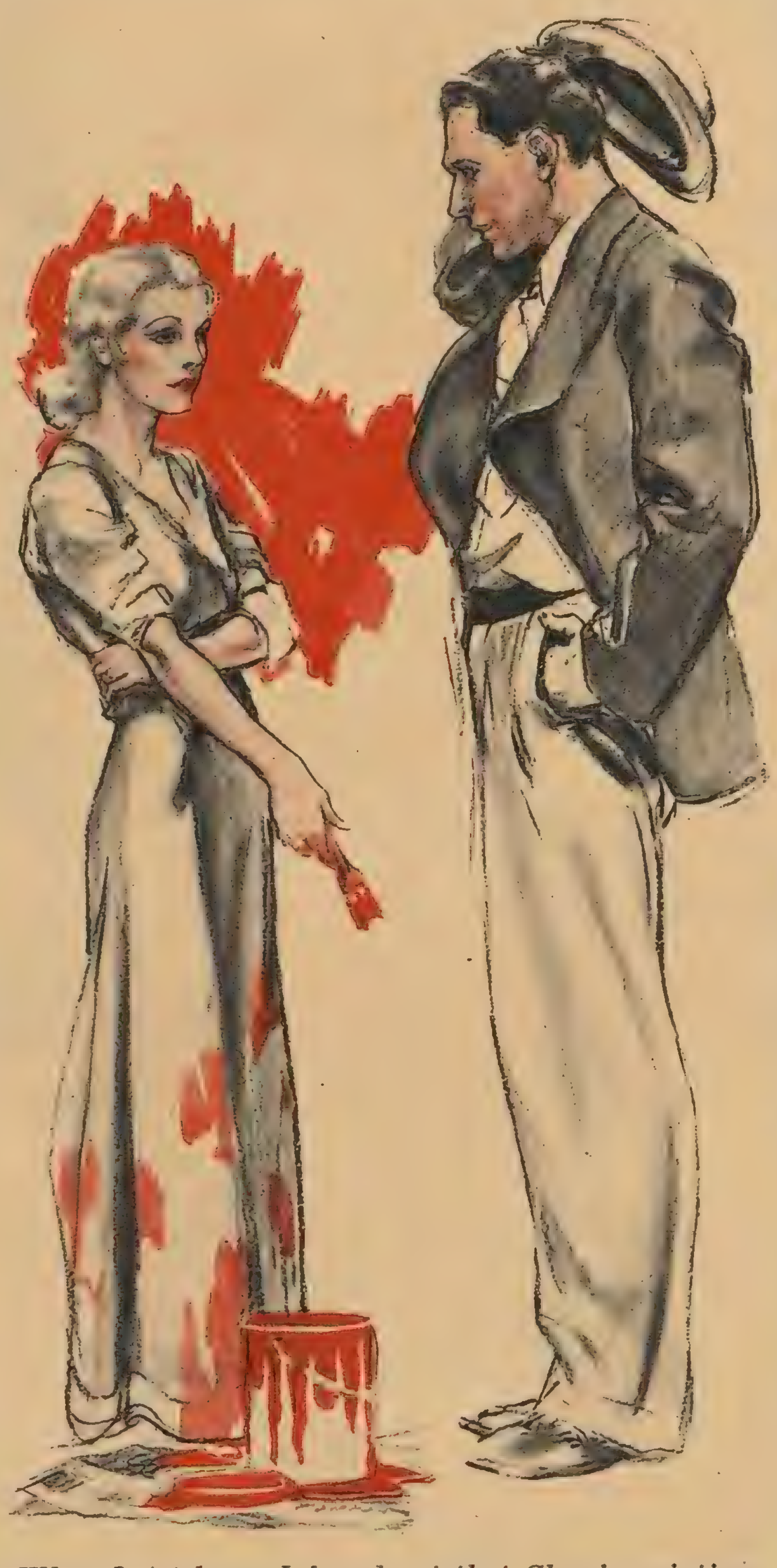
bright-colored uniforms, and she was tickled to death with them and did everything Glory taught her to do. Honest, the place was swell. Everybody who came said they never thought a bungalow could be like ours—except, of course, the doctor and the old lady. The bungalow couldn't have surprised them if it had run for Congress and played a pipe organ at the same time.

Glory was cute as the dickens round about that time, too. Her English was going to pot plenty, but she looked so well she didn't have to speak. I wish you'd seen the faces on Dr. Larrick and Mrs. Franklyn one evening when Glory, after looking high and low, finally turned to them and asked, "Which one of you palookas cracked down on my cigarettes?"

I'm telling you, they just stared at her and looked like they were going to bust out crying. They didn't say anything, however, because they knew once they started to complain they'd have to admit there hadn't been any hysterics or scenes from the little lady. She'd been happy as a lark all along, and I often thought about the things Mrs. Franklyn had told Marje and wondered if my sanatorium was working out just the way the doctor had planned.

I never did see anybody go for a house the way Glory went for that bungalow. She was fussing over it all the time, and inviting people over just because she wanted to show the place off. Of course she liked to have the gang in. She liked them because they were different from the people her mother had tried to shove down her throat. She learned to play rummy and black jack, but she never did make a decent poker player.

ALMOST every day Glory went to the beach, and she soon acquired a tan that made Evalina jealous. Sometimes Marje went with her; but that didn't work out so good, because Marje can swim and Glory never found out how it's done.



When I got home I found out that Glory's painting wasn't getting on so well.

We saw an awful lot of Marje. She was certainly around often. She took Glory out in the car a couple of times, and showed her what you have to do when the traffic light turns red, and also how to back out of somewhere taking your fenders with you. I had Glory out several times myself teaching her how to drive, but Marje managed to impress her more than I could, because Glory couldn't grab Marje and kiss her like she could me when she wanted to dodge a scolding.

"She's like my mother," Marje always said. "She does her best driving from the back seat."

Marje was always in on our card games, too, and lobster parties. When we were short a hand or plus a lobster, Glory always phoned for Marje and Marje came on over. She never seemed to have any dates or anything, though I know plenty guys who did a lot of raving over her.

I asked her once how come she was free all the time; but she only said that nobody cared that she was back in circulation, which seemed funny to me, as Marje is a very pretty girl.

She and I got a lot of laughs out of old lady Franklyn's visits. They really were funny. The old girl always acted like I was minding Glory for her. Of course Glory thought her mother was trying to be nasty; but I knew that it was because the old lady believed Larrick, and believed that Glory would get sick of looking at me any day now.

Even Larrick didn't have the nerve to treat me as a rank outsider, the way the old lady did. More and more all the time she showed Glory that she looked upon me as just a silly idea only tolerated for the time being because she was a big-hearted mother. She didn't dare pester Glory to leave me, you see, because, as Marje in her cute way said, further arguments would give me a false importance. So Glory and I lived in the little bungalow while Mrs. Franklyn and the doctor waited for signs of a crack-up. They were going to be there to sympathize the first time Glory had a complaint to make about the way I expected her to live.

II

GLORY and I had been married seven weeks when we gave a party. On the level, it didn't seem possible to me that it could be seven weeks. The time had just gone by like seven minutes. But calendars don't lie, and there it was—seven weeks. We gave the party because it was Glory's birthday. It was a regular party this time. Not just having the gang in, but a regular party, with Evalina serving sandwiches and a guy that Nicky Annella recommended serving drinks. We invited everybody we knew, including Dr. Larrick and my mother-in-law.

You never saw a place so crowded in your life. Marje was there, of course, and Paul Maloney and everybody. Mrs. Franklyn and the doctor only stayed long enough to wish Glory nice things and to slip her a small string of pearls and a bottle of swell perfume. They beat it then, and I can't say the party suffered any by their departure.

It was a nice evening. Glory sure looked pretty. She had on a white dress that was long and swishy. I can always remember her putting on the pearls and running to look at herself in the mirror in them. I'm sure that nobody except Marje realized that those beany little things were real pearls and worth a lot of dough.

That dumb broad Paul hangs out with said, "You know, Glory, pearls mean tears."

The kid looked kind of frightened at that, till Marje spoke up and said, "Real ones don't."

"Don't they?" Glory asked. She'd learned to put a lot of stock in what Marje said.

I guess nothing happened that night that's worth reporting. Only I wanted to write about it because after the gang had all gone home, and the sun was coming up out of our ocean, Glory and I stood for a minute on our little porch. She didn't look yellow and shiny in the face like a lot of girls do when they've been up all night. She looked pretty.

She said, "It was fun, wasn't it?" And she kissed me, and we went back in the bungalow, and laughed because Paul had said something funny before he went and we both remembered it at the same minute. All of a sudden Glory stopped laughing and said, "Oh, I'm so sleepy! I could sleep standing here." So I picked her up and put her to bed. She was so little, you know, just like a kid. She only weighed ninety pounds. Just a tiny little thing.

I had arranged with the help to open the station at seven o'clock, so I didn't have to go to work till six that night. In fact, I didn't go till six thirty, on account of him never walking in on me promptly on time. It was a Sunday night and business was heavy. Everybody and his brother was out driving. Glory had taken our car for the evening in order to go see a movie. I never did like her to drive, especially in traffic, but she didn't want to stay home alone and I couldn't blame her for that. But right away I thought of her when I heard the screechy, weird first-aid whistle begin to blow. I was filling a tank when it started. The guy who owned the car said, "Must be an accident."

"Yes," I said, and I was all for leaving him flat and calling the police station to find out what it was. But I tell myself I'm a damn' fool, because there's always accidents every Sunday, what with the once-a-week drivers out in full swing. Besides, there's nearly always a drowning, too, or at least a near drowning, and sometimes a kid gets hit with a car, and maybe, I say to myself, it's an airplane over at the hop field.

But I don't feel easy in the pit of my stomach. I think I'll call the police station just for fun. But there's another tank right away, and then another one, and I keep telling myself I'm a worrisome old woman. But I can't get the picture out of my mind of how Glory always dashes out of side streets on to the Ocean Drive without looking or slowing down.

It's fifteen minutes before I get a minute to myself, and when I do I rush to the phone and call up.

"It was an automobile smash-up," the guy on the desk says, but that's all he knows.

"Where did it happen?"

"Ocean and Seventh."

"You don't know who they were?"

"No."

"Let me know, will you?"

"Sure, when I find out."

I GO back to the pumps, and I feel lousy. Glory could have been sailing out of Seventh. I keep wishing that Nicky or anybody I know would breeze over, so I could get them to mind the station and I could borrow their car.

Suddenly I see Marje driving toward me. I know she'll at least wave, and I get ready to signal her to stop; but I see her heading for the driveway. I figure she'll do. She can just lend me her car and tell all the customers that the guy who sells gas is out. But the minute I get a look at her face I know that I won't have to tell her anything. She's come to tell me.

"Blacky," she says, "Glory's been in a smash-up. They've taken her to the hospital. Here, get over there fast."

She jumps out of the car and I see the tears streaming down her face and her hands trembling.

"I'll give the gas, Blacky."

"Oh, to hell with the gas! How badly is she hurt? Don't lie."

"I don't know how badly. I'd tell you, but I don't know. There was a big crowd. You know how people are. I wouldn't look. Someone said, 'It's the blonde that married the filling-station fellow.'"

"Phone her mother, and phone my brother and tell him to send the best doctor he can get down here right away—no matter what it costs."

I beat it then to the hospital. I'll never tell you how I ever got through that Sunday traffic. I don't remember anything except leaning out of the car once and cursing at a pedestrian who slowed me down by crossing the street. It's a wonder I didn't run right over him.

When I got to the hospital they'd already taken Glory out of the ambulance and carried her upstairs. I guess I looked pretty wild, because a young nurse looked at me and said, "There, there, she isn't dead. She isn't dead."

"I want to see her!"

"Not now. Not now. Perhaps later."

I walked up and down and up and down the corridor. Nobody paid any attention to me. Nobody came to tell me anything. It was pretty tough. I'd have banged the damn' door down, only I thought maybe they were doing something for her in there. Up and down. Up and down.

Suddenly Mrs. Franklyn and the doctor came to life at the end of the corridor. They run toward me.

The old lady is crying and the doctor looks less like a brain without a heart than I've ever seen him look before. I nearly fall over when I think about it now, but then it seemed perfectly natural that he should be crying, too.

THE old lady says, "Tell me what's happened to her. Is she alive?"

"Yes, she's alive," I tell them, "but I don't know what's happened to her. She's in there."

"Clinton, go speak to the doctors. Tell them who you are. I want you in there with her to see that they do the right things for her," the old lady says.

"No, Edna," Larrick says. "I couldn't watch. When it's Glory I'd only go to pieces."

"Oh, if someone would only come tell us how seriously she's hurt!" the old lady wails.

"As soon as they do," Larrick says, "I'll telephone New York and get Sheridan or Brooks or perhaps both. There are no better men in the country on fractures and—and things that sometimes result from accidents."

We stayed in the hall for ages. A nurse brought a chair for Mrs. Franklyn, but when we pounced on her with questions she said she didn't know any answers. I guess that wait in the hall is the nearest I ever came to going batty. It was terrible!

After a thousand years a doctor came out of the room, and looked from Larrick to me and back again to Larrick and then at me again.

"Who is the husband?" he asked.

"I am, doctor," I said.

"I'm her mother," Mrs. Franklyn said. "Please tell me quickly what's happened to her."

"Well, she's not dead and as things appear at the moment she's not going to die. She's had a serious accident, however. Her spine is injured."

"How badly?" I asked.

"I'm not prepared to say exactly. We'll have to take X-rays."

Mrs. Franklyn introduced Doc Yak then and said, "Please speak freely to Dr. Larrick. He can explain to me anything I don't understand."

"None of us will understand anything till the X-rays have been taken," the hospital doctor said.

Then Mrs. Franklyn wanted to know if Glory could be moved.

"Not now. It would be inadvisable."

"When can she be moved?"

"I don't know, my dear woman."

"I want her in a private room if she has to stay here," Mrs. Franklyn says. "And I want her to have day and night nurses and—"

"You arrange for that at the desk." The hospital doctor walked away then. He seemed to have had all the Franklyn he wanted.

The old lady said:

"Clinton, you can telephone now for those doctors you spoke of. I'll make arrangements for her room. When she's better we can take her over to the house. She can have the whole top floor. It's bright and airy there. Oh,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page sixty-three

God, why did she have to drive a car and nearly kill herself?"

I saw that I had to talk up, now that things were really going to be done. "You'll make no arrangements, Mrs. Franklyn—get that? I'm sorry to be nasty now, because I know how bad you feel. But, believe it or not, Glory's my wife, and I got official say on what's done about her. See?"

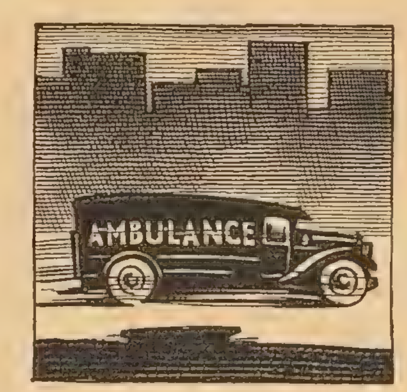
"Do you mean to say that you can stand in the way of my child getting proper attention?"

"I mean to say that every court in the country is behind me when I say I'm picking her doctor and paying her hospital bills. She's my wife, you lunatic. Can't you understand that?"

"But she's also my daughter."

"That's secondary. I'm boss in this show. See? I've sent for a doctor and I'll get her a room here and I'll pay for everything she needs."

"He's right," Dr. Larrick said. "But I'm certain that he won't persist in being boss when he sees his folly. Look here, Blacky. How do you know you've picked a good doctor? *I* know Dr. Brooks' reputation and what he has accomplished. What do you know of your doctor?"



"If you want to know, I don't even know his name. But I'll tell you this: Marje Harris has told my brother what happened and she's asked him to send a good New York doctor down. So I know that the man who walks in here to treat my wife is going to be an ace. Neither Marje nor my brother ever fail in doing their jobs, and the doctor that comes won't, either."

"A very superior sort of logic," said Larrick.

"And don't get tough, either, or I'll see that you and Mrs. Franklyn get barred out of Glory's room. I can do it on the grounds that you make the patient nervous and weaken her faith in her doctor. See? Now shut up, the pair of you, and lay off me, because I've had all I can bear for one day and I might make you sorry."

They shut up; but they smiled in that satisfied way of theirs when a nurse brought me a glass of some kind of sizzly stuff and talked me into drinking it.

"You'll feel better now," Larrick said.

"Not with you around, I won't. Go on home, will you? You're not going to do any doctoring around here."

He and the old lady went to a far end of the corridor and stood whispering together. I went to the desk and ordered the best private room that was vacant for Glory, and arranged about nurses.

"Can I see Mrs. Gorman?" I asked.

"I'll find out."

She went away. When she came back she said, "Not right now. You can see her for a moment after she's moved to her room."

WHILE I'm waiting Marje came in. She had to pass the doctor and Mrs. Franklyn to get to me, and I saw them kind of sniff as she passed by.

"I got a hitch over in the Steels' car," she said. "I called the help and he's minding the station. How is Glory?"

"She's alive. It's her spine that's hurt, Marje. I guess it's pretty serious."

"Thank God she's alive!"

"I do. Did you get my brother?"

"Yes. He said he'd call his boss right away and ask him to get a good doctor to come down. He said he thought his boss would have more influence with the medical aristocracy, on account of him being who he is, than just a plain, desperate guy calling up out of a clear sky."

"Sure."

"Then he called back about forty minutes later and said that his boss had spoken to the doctor who had treated Countess Bairsworth when the horse threw her. The doctor is a pal of your brother's boss and he said he'd come down. Not tonight, though. Tomorrow morning."

"My God—tomorrow!"

"Sure, tomorrow, Blacky. It seems the doctor said he couldn't do any better than that."

"It seems long to wait."

"I know, kid; but there you are."

"Well, thanks, Marje. You're swell. Say, they're going to let me in to see Glory soon."

"Really? Are Tweedledee and Tweedledum going to see her, too?" As she spoke Marje threw a dirty look down the hall at the whisperers.

"I don't think so. It isn't going to be a mob scene if I can help it."

"Well, I'll wait and drive you home. I guess your nerves are feeling kind of shot. They've carted your car away, Blacky, and it's not feeling so well, either."

"Oh, to hell with the car!"

"That's the way I figure, too; but I make it a point to give a complete report."

"Thanks, Marje."

I had been waiting and waiting for the door to open and to see Glory being carried out. I had figured that that would be the first thing to happen. I was surprised when a nurse wiggled a finger at me that meant that I should follow her upstairs. Then I realized that naturally there would be other exits from the emergency room.

"You can only stay a second," the nurse said.

IN fact, I wasn't even allowed in the room. The door was opened and they let me take a little squint at the kid as she lay in the little white bed. She looked littler and more helpless than I ever saw her look before. She was very white and her eyes were closed. It gave me needles!

"Is she in pain?" I asked the nurse as she led me away.

"She's barely conscious."

"But when she is fully conscious will she have pain?"

"I couldn't say."

Downstairs Mrs. Franklyn was crying because a stranger (meaning me!) had been up to see Glory and *she* wasn't allowed. I felt sorry for her, so I buzzed the nurse about it; but the nurse said that Dr. Cummings had said only one person was to see the patient.

"And that one person was not her mother!" Mrs. Franklyn bellowed.

"Nor is it likely to be," Marje said, "unless you control yourself better."

"Why don't you mind your own business?" Dr. Larrick asked Marje.

"Because Blacky's is more interesting," Marje says. "And what's going on around here is certainly Blacky's business."

"But it isn't yours," the doctor says to her.

"Well, I have power of attorney. I can sign Blacky's name to any dirty remark I make."

Marje and I leave then because I know the palookas won't get in to pester Glory and there's nothing I can do around there except smack Larrick, and a hospital is no place to do that in, as it would be too convenient for him to get treatments there.

Marje drives the car and I just sit and think. I feel rotten. I could have bust right out crying. In fact, after a while I do. What made me break down was the thought of that crazy song again. The one about the nodding violets. The words come to me without me sending for them at all, and the part that comes is the ones about "There sleeps the fairy queen" and—you know—all about the flowers; and for the first time it hits me that maybe it's a sad song. Maybe it's the poet's way of saying that the fairy queen is dead when he says she's sleeping where cowslips and nodding violets blow.

When I thought of that I slumped over and went to pieces. Marje says, "Poor kid!" She reaches in the pocket of the car and pulls out a flask of applejack. "Here, Blacky, take a drink."

I did, and after a while I stopped acting up, but I didn't feel a damn' bit better. I kept thinking of Glory with the yards and yards of silver cloth around her making those curtains for the bungalow, and how she was just last night so happy at her birthday party.

I didn't think of anything else, and I was surprised when I got out of the car and found myself walking up the steps of the Harris house. I feel too low to insist upon going home, and besides I did kind of hate to be alone.

I remember saying to Marje, “Gee, Marje, your folks must think I'm terrible. They won't be glad you brought me here.”

And I remember her answering, “O. K. They can put us out if they want.”

But everything was different in the Harris house than I thought it would be. We walked in and Marje said to the old folks, “Blacky's going to stay here tonight.”

There was just a second when nobody answered her. Then Mr. Harris got up and came over to me. He took my hand and he said, “The house is yours, boy. I'm terribly sorry for your trouble.”

Then suddenly Marje put her head against her father's shoulder and cried like I'd never seen her cry before.

Mrs. Harris said, “Marjory has always liked your little wife, Blacky.”

But it was one minute when I was seeing things unusually clear and I said to her, “I know; but she's crying now because she's proud that her father's such a swell guy.”

Mrs. Harris went away then to fix some coffee for all of us, and afterwards I went to sleep in the spare room.

I didn't sleep so good, though, and I was out of the house by six in the morning and over to the hospital. I got Paul Maloney out of bed and borrowed his car, and set him to work to find a guy to take my hours at the station. I wanted to be free to hang around the hospital.

When I got there they said that Glory was no worse. She was quite the same. No, I couldn't see her now. Perhaps later. No, no doctor had come from New York to see her. Of course the staff doctors were looking after her.

So long as I couldn't see Glory or do anything, I figured I might as well go and get a cup of coffee. So out I went. At eight o'clock I asked again if I could have a glimpse of my wife, and they said in a little while. So I ran back to the filling station to see if it had been opened all right and how things were going there. Everything was O. K. there, so back I dash again to the hospital.

When I get there the girl on the desk says to me, “Your doctor from New York has come. He's with Mrs. Gorman. You may go up, I guess.”

I went up and found the door of Glory's room open on account of it being so hot. There's a screen halfway around her bed, and a broad-shouldered guy in a tweed suit speaking to the nurse. When he sees me looking in, he comes out in the hall.

“ARE you Mr. Gorman?” he asks me.

“Yes,” I says.

“I'm Dr. Brooks.”

“Brooks! Who the hell said you could walk in my wife's room? I'm picking her doctors and I don't need any help from outsiders.”

He looks at me like he thinks I'm crazy. “Aren't you Gorman, who owns a filling station somewhere around?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Well, didn't you get your brother to ask J. L. Durkin, his boss, to send me down here?”

“Oh, gee, doc, excuse me! I've had so much trouble I'm a little hasty. It's a long story—I'll tell you sometime.”

The doctor laughs. “You never know what you'll get when you order by mail or telephone,” he says.

“Well, I'm tickled to death with you,” I says. “I've got it on authority that you're a topnotcher. How is the wife, doc?”

“I just got here a few minutes ago, Mr. Gorman. I haven't examined her yet. The nurse is getting me the interne's report of her condition when she was brought in.”

“Gee, doc, I'd give anything to see her pull through O. K.!”

“Of course you would. We'll all do our best and that must suffice. Do you know J. L. Durkin, Mr. Gorman?”

“No, I don't. My brother's been his personal secretary, though, for fifteen years. Goes all over with him. Tough job he's got. He never gets anything worse than Durkin buys for himself.”

“Great man, Durkin. I know your brother, too. He's been up on the Durkin estate at Peekskill often when I've been visiting J. L.”

The nurse comes bustling along just then, and the doctor says, “Mr. Gorman, would you mind going downstairs? I'll look you up the minute I've finished my examination.”

I go downstairs thinking about this and that. My brother's evidently sent down a topnotcher. Even old lady Franklyn and Doc Larrick aren't going to be able to say I picked a cluck for Glory. The thought of Larrick throws a fly in my soup. What's going to happen when Larrick arrives at the hospital and greets his pal Brooks? Brooks has been friendly, but what will he do when he finds out that Larrick and I are on the outs? How will he react to me trying to keep Larrick from butting in? Probably his friendship with Doc Yak will put me in a bad fix. I can just picture the two doctors giving each other big welcomes and deciding that Glory's husband is just a guy that runs a filling station.

BY and by Larrick and Mrs. Franklyn sail in the hospital. They look as bad as I feel. They say good morning like it hurt, and Mrs. Franklyn says to me, “Did your doctor come?”

“Yes.”

“What did he say?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing!”

“He's making his examination now. We have to wait.”

“Oh.”

They sat down on a bench and took up their whisperings where they'd left off last night. About a half hour passed, and then Marjory arrives and asks all the same questions about the doctor. Did he come and what did he say? Then she sits down to wait, too. We wait a long time. About two hours pass before Dr. Brooks marches downstairs and looks around for me. I jump up when I see him, and so does the rest of the gang. But he doesn't look at anybody except me. He says, “Mr. Gorman, is there some place we can go to discuss your wife's condition?”

Mrs. Franklyn is right on my neck, and I know how near crazy she must be, so I say, “Dr. Brooks, this is Mrs. Gorman's mother, Mrs. Franklyn.”

He says, “How do you do.”

I wave a careless hand in Larrick's direction because I don't like him to jump in and say, “Oh, you needn't introduce me to Brooks.”

But to my surprise Larrick gerwillips over and says, “Dr. Brooks, my name is Larrick. For some time I've wanted to meet you and congratulate you on your success with the Kraft case. Dr. Randall is a great friend of mine and also of yours, I believe.”

“Yes indeed,” Dr. Brooks says; “I know Dr. Randall very well. I'm very pleased to know you and thanks for the congratulations. Now, Mr. Gorman, if you and I could sort of—”

He and I go out and sit in Marje's car. I could have taken him over to the bungalow, I suppose, but I figured Mrs. Franklyn would get the news quicker if we stuck around.

Besides, he said the car was private enough. His main idea was to give the verdict to the closest relative alone and then he'd only have one person's questions to cope with.

“What's the answer, doc?” I ask him the minute we were sitting in the car. “How's the wife?”

Will the great doctor's answer foreshadow life or death? You'll learn his prediction, and whether or not it is fulfilled, in next week's concluding installment.

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

TEN glasses of milk a day nourish the wits of Ely Culbertson, who has just said me some very wise sayings about contract bridge.

Professors of mathematics make the world's worst bridge players, he told me. They try to think it all out along the laws of average. Smart but does not work.

Diplomats aren't so hot, either. Authors, as a class, play crazy bridge. Gloomy writers bid too hopefully. Hopeful writers vice versa.

Ely Culbertson

Doctors take the lead among professional people. Generally speaking, they play better bridge than the business men, lawyers, etc. That's because of their scientific training, practice in diagnosis. Mr. Culbertson said, "They realize that every hand must be played very largely on its own merits. Doctors don't often go astray through sweeping generalities."

The average woman plays better bridge than the average man. According to Mr. Culbertson, we girls are less conceited mentally than the boys, are more inclined to face facts (cards in this case), and are not so prone to rely upon fancy attempts at analysis.

Do you know who Ely Culbertson is? Where he comes from? You'd never guess.

His father, an American engineer of Scottish Puritan lineage, had a big job in Russia. His mother's ancestors were Cossack chiefs. The bridge champ himself was born in Caucasian Russia, where big-boy Stalin comes from. He (Culbertson) knows a lot about political economy. Writes books on it. Is now writing one on Russia.

Mrs. Culbertson is American, a bridge champ in her own right.

Their two children, Joyce (called Fifi) and Ely, Jr. (called Jump-Bid), dress alike, take lessons in juggling, tumbling, all-around acrobatics. They will soon learn bridge. Fifi is three and a half, Jump-Bid two and a half.

I'VE been hearing some first-class complaints against the sexiness of current novels. One objector is a retired gentleman who used to be prominent in the management of the Rockefeller Foundation. He said:

"My grudge against all these sex novels is selfish and sensible. I'm not interested in sex any more. I'm too old for it.

"There must be millions like me in this respect, and I believe the publishers are unwise in not taking us into account more than they do. We read a lot—but we're through with sex."

Phyllis Bottome, the English writer, had an interesting viewpoint on the subject when I met her recently.

"Sex," she says, "resembles asthma in its effect upon a good many people. Asthma sufferers seem to spend most of their time talking and reading about asthma, trading symptoms among themselves, comparing remedies. With a great many other people it's sex instead of asthma. That's the only difference."

HAVE you seen the new stick-on eyelashes? Each lash has to be glued on separately. They stay stuck for about three weeks. Weepers can't wear them. A good cry soaks them off.

I saw a big mink-coated blonde wearing some the other day. Evidently they were new, and bothered her, because she kept blinking her eyes in a careful, slow-motion way that made her look like an ox.

The "beauticians" also have a new process for giving you red, blue, or green hair if you want it. The color is sprayed on in powder form, followed by a liquid varnish to fix it and set the wave. All of which gives you that sculptured effect, makes you look carved out of something —peppermint, for instance.

As you may have guessed by my description, I don't think much of glued eyelashes or hair lacquer.

I TAKE it all back. Men don't read this page on the sly. They read it openly and unashamed. Of this I have been assured by emphatic correspondents since I told you, some weeks ago, that they do it with stealth. Now they write me letters saying they're hurt, insulted, outraged. They say they read what they please, read it right out in public, before the eyes of the world. To the Ladies! doesn't scare them a bit.

I say, "Bravo! Hurrah for the dauntless male!" And I want to thank all the men who answered my plea for inventions. By regiments they've come forth with swell ideas for nonstop ice trays, nonskid tooth-paste caps, nonbump suitcases.

TUCKS and plaits have returned to fashion again. Very smart are the all-over tucks on georgette dresses of the "Sunday night" or the "every night" type. With a jacket or shoulder cape to match, a frock of this kind is most useful to possess, I find, since it may be worn for almost any occasion.

The skirt length should be ten to twelve inches off the ground.

Plaits (in groups) are favored for evening wear as well as day wear. Patou shows evening gowns with machine-plaited skirts, the plaits starting at the waist.

CAULIFLOWER fritters served with tomato sauce will boost the family's opinion of your vegetable dinner. Vegetables need showmanship. Novelty helps put them over. Try this one:

Cook your cauliflower. Be careful not to overcook it. Break into natural sprigs and drain well. Sprinkle generously with chopped parsley and marinate for twenty minutes in salad oil to which a good dash of lemon juice has been added. Dip each cauliflower sprig in any frying batter until well coated, then fry crisp in deep fat. Serve piping hot on a folded napkin garnished with bouquets of fried parsley. Serve the tomato sauce separately.

A YOUNG woman I know has joined a club composed almost entirely of elderly ladies. "When mother died," she told me, "I missed the companionship of an older woman so much that I decided to join mother's club. I find that it somehow restores my balance to listen, at times, to the opinions of women who are out of the fight of life. And it's nice, once in a while, to be the youngest of the bunch."

A wise and interesting viewpoint, I think. For if you ever want sound appraisal, sound comment on persons and happenings, cultivate the acquaintance of elderly ladies.

On my lecture tours I have found them the most alert, the best informed of all audiences.

READ That Girl, by Jacques Deval. Unusual romance of a French girl in Panama. (The Viking Press.)

Which star is 19...
which is 39?...

Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth and clear."

Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Screen stars know the secret of *keeping* youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19—the other radiantly beautiful at 39!

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I'm 39!"

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. I'm glad I know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*—and have for years."

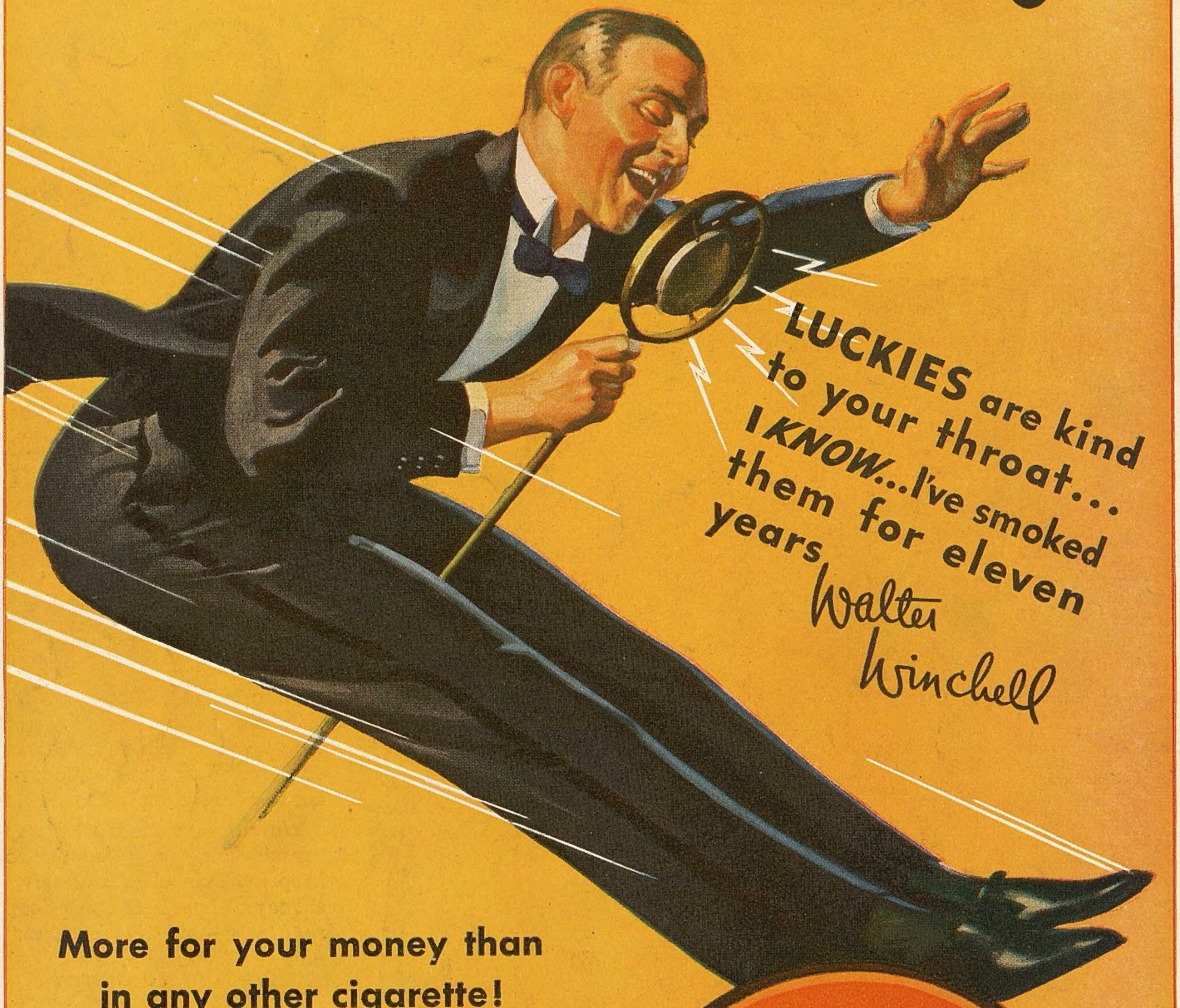
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So it is official in all great film studios. It is so fragrantly gentle and utterly *white*.

LUX Toilet Soap

10¢

OK-AMERICA!



LUCKIES are kind to your throat... *I KNOW*...I've smoked them for eleven years

Walter Winchell

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